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The Gift of the Honord  
Richard Ward to  
Elisabeth His daughter  
August 1. 1754

Elisabeth Ward's Book

One thousand seven hun-  
-dred sixty Six 1766  
seventeen hundred Sixty Six

Elen Flagg

Maria Ward G. A daughter  
of R. Ward died in 1832

Anna M. Greene  
Great Grand daughter  
of Richard Ward to her  
Sister George M. Greene  
1841—





AT THE  
Court of KENSINGTON,

December the 3d, 1696.

P R E S E N T

The KING's Most Excellent Majesty  
in COUNCIL.

**U**PON the Humble Petitions of N. Brady and N. Tate, this Day read at the Board, setting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmost Care and Industry, compleated A new Version of the Psalms of David, in English Metre, fitted for publick Use; and humbly praying his Majesty's Royal Allowance, that the Version may be used in such Congregations as think fit to receive it:

His Majesty taking the same into his Royal Consideration, is pleased to order in Council, that the said New Version of the Psalms in English Metre, be, and the same is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be used in all Churches, Chappels, and Congregations as shall think fit to receive the same.

W. Bridgman.





A  
New Version  
OF THE  
PSALMS  
OF  
DAVID,

Fitted to the  
TUNES used in CHURCHES.

---

BY  
N. BRADY, D.D.  
Chaplain in Ordinary,  
AND  
N. TATE, Esq;  
Poet-Laureat } to His MAJESTY.

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L O N D O N:

Printed by J. ILIVE, for the Company of  
STATIONERS. 1733.

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P S A L M I.

**H**O W blest'd is he who ne'er consents  
by ill Advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in Sinner's Ways, nor sits  
where Men prophanely talk :

- 2 But makes the perfect Law of God  
his Bus'ness and Delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by Day,  
and meditates by Night.
- 3 Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams,  
with timely Fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and Success  
all his Designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,  
no lasting Root shall find ;  
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd  
like Chaff before the Wind.
- 5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb  
before their Judges Face :  
No formal Hypocrite shall then  
among the Saints have Place.
- 6 For God approves the just Man's Ways,  
to Happiness they tend :  
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,  
shall both in Ruin end.

P S A L M II.

- 1 **W**I T H restless and ungovern'd Rage  
why do the Heathen storm ?  
Why in such rash Attempts engage,  
as they can ne'er perform ?
- 2 The great in Counsel and in Might  
their various Forces bring ;  
Against the Lord they all unite,  
and his Anointed King.
- 3 Must we submit to their Commands ?  
presumptuously they say :

- No, let us break their slavish Bands,  
and cast their Chains away.
- 4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,  
and sees how they combine,  
Does their conspiring Strength defy,  
and mocks their vain Design.
- 5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break  
on his rebellious Foes ;  
And thus while he in Thunder speaks  
to all that dare oppose :
- 6 “ Tho’ madly you dispute my Will,  
“ the King that I ordain,  
“ Whose Throne is fix’d on Sion’s Hill,  
“ shall there securely reign.
- 7 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare  
God’s uncontroul’d Decree ;  
“ Thou art my Son, this Day, my Heir,  
“ have I begotten thee.
- 8 “ Ask, and receive thy full Demands,  
“ thine shall the Heathen be ;  
“ The utmost Limits of the Lands  
“ shall be possess’d by thee.
- 9 “ Thy threat’ning Sceptre thou shalt shake,  
“ and crush them ev’ry-where ;  
“ As massy Bars of Iron break  
“ the Potter’s brittle Ware. ”
- 10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give Ear,  
ye Judges of the Earth ;
- 11 Worship the Lord with holy Fear,  
rejoice with awful Mirth.
- 12 Appease the Son, with due Respect  
your timely Homage pay ;  
Lest he revenge the bold Neglect,  
incens’d by your Delay.
- 13 If but in part his Anger rise,  
who can endure the Flame ?  
Then blest are they whose Hope relies  
on his most holy Name.

Then Shouts of universal Joy  
 should loudly echo through the Land.

## P S A L M XV.

1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man, that may  
 to thy blest Courts repair;  
 Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,  
 but to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he whose ev'ry Thought and Deed  
 by Rules of Virtue moves;  
 Whose generous Tongue disdains to speak  
 the Thing his Heart disproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge,  
 his Neighbour's Fame to wound;  
 Nor hearken to a false Report,  
 by Malice whisper'd round.

4 Who Vice, in all it's Pomp and Pow'r,  
 can treat with just Neglect;  
 And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,  
 religiously respect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Trust  
 has ever firmly stood;

And tho' he promise to his Loss,  
 he makes his Promise good:

5 Whose Soul in Usury disdains  
 his Treasure to employ;  
 Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,  
 the Guiltless to destroy.

The Man, who by this steady Course  
 has Happiness ensur'd,

When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand,  
 by Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XVI.

1 **P**rotect me from my cruel Foes,  
 and shield me, Lord, from Harm;  
 Because my Trust I still repose  
 on thy Almighty Arm.

2 My Soul all Help but thine does slight,  
 all gods but thee disown;

Yet

- 4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast  
   'twas their own Strength o'ercame ;  
 Permit not them that vex my Soul,  
   to triumph in my Shame.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust  
   beneath thy Mercy's Wing,  
 Thy saving Health will come, and then  
   my Heart with Joy shall spring.
- 6 Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,  
   to thee my God ascend,  
 Who to thy Servant in Distress,  
   such Bounty did'st extend.

## P S A L M    XIV.

- 1 **S**URE, wicked Fools must needs suppose  
   that God is nothing but a Name ;  
 Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,  
   no Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high  
   and all the sons of men did view,   [Tow'r,  
 To see if any own'd his Pow'r ;  
   if any Truth or Justice knew.
- 3 But all, he saw were gone aside,  
   all were degen'rate grown, and base ;  
 None took Religion for their Guide,  
   not one of all the sinful Race.
- 4 But can these Workers of Deceit  
   be all so dull and senseless grown ?  
 That they, like Bread, my People eat,  
   And God's Almighty Pow'r disown ?
- 5 How will they tremble then for fear,  
   when his just Wrath shall them o'ertake ?  
 For, to the Righteous, God is near,  
   and never will their Cause forsake.
- 6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose  
   those Methods which the Good pursue ;  
 Since God a Refuge is for those  
   whom his just Eyes with Favour view.
- 7 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,  
   to break his Peoples servile Band ;   Then



## P S A L M III.

- 1 **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown  
the Troublers of my Peace !  
And as their Numbers hourly rise,  
so does their Rage increase.
- 2 Insulting they my Soul upbraid,  
and him whom I adore ;  
The God in whom he trusts, say they,  
shall rescue him no more.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence ;  
on thee my Hopes rely :  
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet  
lift up my Head on high.
- 4 Since, whensoever in like Distress  
to God I made my Pray'r,  
He heard me from his holy Hill ;  
why should I now despair ?
- 5 Guarded by him I laid me down  
my sweet Repose to take ;  
For I thro' him securely sleep,  
thro' him in Safety wake.
- 6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes  
my Courage shall confound,  
Were they as many Hosts as Men,  
that have beset me round.
- 7 Arise, and save me, O my God,  
who oft hast own'd my Cause,  
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me,  
and to thy righteous Laws.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
he only can defend ;  
His Blessing he extends to all  
that on his Pow'r depend.

## P S A L M IV.

- 1 **O** Lord that art my righteous Judge,  
to my Complaint give ear ;  
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress :  
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.

- 2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,  
to blot my Fame devise?  
How long your vain Designs pursue,  
and spread malicious Lies?
- 3 Consider that the righteous Man  
is God's peculiar Choice;  
And when to him I make my Pray'r,  
he always hears my Voice.
- 4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,  
flee ev'ry thing that's ill;  
Commune in private with your Hearts,  
and bend them to his Will.
- 5 The Place of other Sacrifice  
let Righteousness supply;  
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,  
on God alone rely.
- 6 While worldly Minds impatient grow,  
more prosp'rous Times to see,  
Still let the Glories of thy Face  
shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 7 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,  
more lasting and more true,  
Than theirs who Stores of Corn and Wine  
successively renew.
- 8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,  
and take my needful Rest:  
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,  
of thy Defence possess'd.

## P S A L M V.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,  
accept my secret Pray'r;
- 2 To thee alone, my King, my God,  
will I for Help repair.
- 3 Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear;  
and with the dawning Day  
To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
to thee devoutly pray.
- 4 For thou the Wrongs that I sustain  
can'st never, Lord, approve,      Who

- Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place  
all Evil dost remove.
- 5 Not long shall stubborn Fools remain  
unpunish'd in thy View ;  
All such as act unrighteous Things,  
thy Vengeance shall pursue.
- 6 The stand'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,  
by thee shall be destroy'd ;  
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood,  
and in Deceit employ'd.
- 7 But when thy boundless Grace shall me  
to thy lov'd Courts restore,  
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,  
and humbly there adore.
- 8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws ;  
for watchful is my Foe :  
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,  
wherein I ought to go.
- 9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,  
their Heart is set on Wrong ;  
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,  
they flatter with their Tongue.
- 10 By their own Counsels let them fall,  
oppress'd with Loads of Sin ;  
For they against thy righteous Laws  
have harden'd Rebels been.
- 11 But let all those that trust in thee,  
with Shouts their Joy proclaim ;  
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,  
and all that love thy Name.
- 12 To righteous Men the righteous Lord  
his Blessing will extend ;  
And with his Favour all his Saints,  
as with a Shield, defend.

## P S A L M VI.

- 1 **T**H Y dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,  
and spare a Wretch forlorn ;  
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,  
too heavy to be born.      B 3      2 Have

- 2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,  
unable to endure  
The Anguish of my aking Bones,  
which thou alone can'st cure.
- 3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,  
and fills my Soul with Grief;  
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay  
to grant me thy Relief?
- 4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,  
and ease my troubled Soul;  
Lord, for thy wondrous Mercies sake,  
vouchsafe to make me whole.
- 5 For after Death no more can I  
thy glorious Acts proclaim;  
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave  
can magnify thy Name.
- 6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,  
no Hope of Ease I see;  
The Night, that quiets common Grievs,  
is spent in Tears by me.
- 7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,  
my Eyes with Weakness close,  
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think  
on my insulting Foes.
- 8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs  
ye shall no more rejoice;  
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,  
and listens to my Voice.
- 9, 10 He hears and grants my humble Pray'r;  
and they that wish my Fall  
Shall blush and rage, to see that God  
protects me from them all.

## P S A L M VII.

- 1 **O** Lord, my God, since I have plac'd  
my Trust alone in thee,  
From all my Persecutor's Rage  
do thou deliver me.
- 2 To save me from my threatening Foe,  
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r,                      Left,

- Lest, like a savage Lion, he  
 my helpless Soul devour.  
 3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er  
 against his Peace combine ;  
 Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,  
 who fought unjustly mine ;  
 5 Let then to persecuting Foes  
 my Soul become a Prey ;  
 Let them to Earth tread down my Life,  
 in Dust my Honour lay.  
 6 Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,  
 in my Defence engage ;  
 Exalt thyself above my Foes,  
 and their insulting Rage :  
 Awake, awake, in my behalf,  
 the Judgment to dispense,  
 Which thou hast righteously ordain'd  
 for injur'd Innocence.  
 7 So to thy Throne adoring Crouds  
 shall still for Justice fly ;  
 Oh ! therefore, for their sakes, resume  
 the Judgment-seat on high.  
 8 Impartial Judge of all the World,  
 I trust my Cause to thee ;  
 According to my just Deserts,  
 so let thy Sentence be.  
 9 Let wicked Arts, and wicked Men,  
 together be o'erthrown ;  
 But guard the Just, thou God, to whom  
 the Hearts of both are known.  
 10, 11 God me protects, nor only me,  
 but all of upright Heart ;  
 And daily lays up Wrath for those  
 who from his Laws depart.  
 12 If they persist, he whets his Sword,  
 his Bow stands ready bent ;  
 13 E'en now, with swift Destruction wing'd,  
 his pointed Shafts are sent.



- 14 The Plots are fruitless which my Foe  
unjustly did conceive :
- 15 The Pit he dig'd for me has prov'd  
his own untimely Grave.
- 16 On his own Head his Spite returns,  
whilst I from Harm am free :  
On him the Violence is fall'n,  
which he design'd for me.
- 17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways  
of Providence proclaim ;  
I'll sing the Praise of God Most High,  
and celebrate his Name.

## P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whom all Creatures bow  
within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art thou !  
how glorious is thy Name !  
In Heav'n thy wondrous Acts are sung,  
nor fully reckon'd there ;
- 2 And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue  
thy boundless Praise declare :  
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,  
and crush their haughty Foes ;  
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng,  
that thee and thine oppose.
- 3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,  
employs my wondring Sight ;  
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
with Stars of feebler Light :
- 4 What's Man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
to keep him in thy Mind ?  
Or what his Off-spring, that thou prov'st  
to them so wondrous kind ?
- 5 Him next in Pow'r thou didst create  
to thy celestial Train,  
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,  
o'er all thy Works to reign.
- 7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway,  
the Beasts that prey or graze ;      8 The

- 8 The Bird that wings its airy Way ;  
the Fish that cuts the Seas.  
9 O thou, to whom all Creatures bow  
within this earthly Frame ;  
Thro' all the World how great art Thou !  
how glorious is thy Name !

## P S A L M IX.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,  
I will my Heart prepare ;  
To all the lift'ning World thy Works,  
thy wondrous Works, declare.  
2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul  
exalted Pleasure bring ;  
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,  
triumphant Praise I sing.  
3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn-  
their Backs in shameful Flight :  
Struck with thy Presence, down they fell ;  
they perish'd at thy Sight.  
4 Against insulting Foes advanc'd,  
thou didst my Cause maintain ;  
My Right asserting from thy Throne,  
where Truth and Justice reign.  
5 The Insolence of Heathen Pride  
thou hast reduc'd to Shame ;  
Their wicked Off-spring quite destroy'd,  
and blotted out their Name.  
6 Mistaken Foes ! your haughty Threats  
are to a Period come :  
Our City stands, which you design'd  
to make our common Tomb.  
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has  
his righteous Throne prepar'd,  
Impartial Justice to dispense,  
to punish, or reward.  
9 God is a constant sure Defence  
against oppressing Rage ;  
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids  
in our Behalf engage.



- 10 All those who have his Goodness prov'd,  
will in his Truth confide ;  
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man  
that on his Help rely'd.
- 11 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,  
from Sion his Abode,  
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World  
confess no other God.

## P A R T II.

- 12 When he Enquiry makes for Blood,  
he calls the Poor to mind ;  
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint  
Relief from him shall find.
- 13 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,  
which spiteful Foes create,  
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft  
from Death's devouring Gate.
- 14 In Sion then I'll sing thy Praise,  
to all that love thy Name ;  
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy  
thy saving Pow'r proclaim.
- 15 Deep in the Pit they dig'd for me  
the Heathen Pride is laid ;  
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare  
are heedlessly betray'd.
- 16 Thus, by the just Returns he makes,  
the mighty Lord is known,  
While wicked Men by their own Plots  
are shamefully o'erthrown,
- 17 No single Sinner shall escape,  
by Privacy obscur'd ;  
Nor Nation, from his just Revenge,  
by Numbers be secur'd.
- 18 His suff'ring Saints when most distress'd,  
he ne'er forgets to aid ;  
Their Expectation shall be crown'd,  
tho' for a Time delay'd.
- 19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,  
and let not Man o'ercome ;

- Descend to Judgment, and pronounce  
 The guilty Heathens Doom.  
 20 Strike Terror through the Nations round,  
 'till, by consenting Fear,  
 They to each other, and themselves,  
 but mortal Men appear.

## P S A L M X.

- 1 **T**Hy Prefence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?  
 why hid'st thou now thy Face;  
 When dismal Times of deep Distress  
 call for thy wonted Grace?  
 2 The Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,  
 have made the Poor their 'Prey:  
 O let them fall by those Designs  
 which they for others lay.  
 3 For strait they triumph, if Success  
 their thriving Crimes attend;  
 And fordid Wretches whom God hates,  
 perversely they commend.  
 4 To own a Pow'r above themselves  
 Their haughty Pride disdains;  
 And therefore in their stubborn Mind  
 No Thought of God remains.  
 5 Oppressive Methods they pursue,  
 and all their Foes they sligh;  
 Because thy judgments unobserv'd  
 are far above their Sight:  
 6 They fondly think their prosp'rous State  
 shall unmolested be;  
 They think their vain Designs shall thrive,  
 from all Misfortune free.  
 7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,  
 with Curses fill'd and Lyes;  
 By which the Mischief of their Heart  
 they study to disguise.  
 8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,  
 and all their Art employ,  
 The Innocent and Poor at once  
 to rife and destroy.

- 9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,  
 surprize their heedless Prey  
 With greater Cunning, or express  
 more savage Rage than they.
- 10 Sometimes they act the harmless Man,  
 and modest Looks they wear;  
 That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less  
 their sudden Onset fear.

## P A R T II.

- 11 For God, they think, no Notice takes  
 of their unrighteous Deeds;  
 He never minds the suff'ring Poor,  
 nor their Oppression heeds.
- 12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise;  
 stretch forth thy mighty Arm:  
 And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,  
 defend the Poor from Harm.
- 13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,  
 and proudly boasting, say,  
 "Tush, God regards not what we do,  
 "He never will repay.
- 14 But sure thou seest, and all their Deeds  
 impartially do'st try;  
 The Orphan therefore, and the Poor,  
 on thee for Aid rely.
- 15 Defenceless let the Wicked fall,  
 of all their Strength bereft:  
 Confound, O God, their dark Designs,  
 'till no Remains are left.
- 16 Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,  
 which shall for ever stand;  
 Thou who the Heathen did'st expel  
 from this thy chosen Land.
- 17 Thou do'st the humble Suppliants hear  
 that to thy Throne repair;  
 Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,  
 and then accept'st their Pray'r.
- 18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st  
 the Fatherless and Poor;                    That

That so the Tyrants of the Earth  
may persecute no more.

## P S A L M XI.

- 1 **S**INCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,  
a Refuge always nigh,  
Why shou'd I, like a tim'rous Bird,  
to distant Mountains fly?
- 2 Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,  
and ready fix their Dart,  
Lurking in Ambush to destroy  
the Man of upright Heart.
- 3 When once the firm Assurance fails  
which publick Faith imparts,  
'Tis time for Innocence to fly  
from such deceitful Arts.
- 4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,  
and righteous Throne above;  
Whence he surveys the Sons of Men,  
and how their Counsels move.
- 5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,  
for Trial does correct;  
What must the Sons of Violence,  
whom he abhors, expect?
- 6 Snares, Fire, and Brimstone on their Heads  
shall in one Tempest show'r;  
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge  
into their Cup shall pour.
- 7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds  
with signal Favour grace;  
And to the upright Man disclose  
the Brightness of his Face.

## P S A L M XII.

- 1 **S**INCE godly Men decay, O Lord,  
do thou my Cause defend;  
For scarce these wretched Times afford  
one just and faithful Friend.
- 2 One Neighbour now can scarce believe  
what t'other does impart;

With

- With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,  
and with a double Heart.
- 3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,  
can never prosper long;  
God's righteous Vengeance will confound  
the proud blaspheming Tongue.
- 4 In vain those foolish Boasters say,  
" Our Tongues are sure our own;  
" With doubtful Words we will betray,  
" and be controul'd by none. "
- 5 For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,  
and their Oppression knows,  
Will soon arise and give them Rest,  
in spite of all their Foes.
- 6 The Word of God shall still abide,  
and void of Falshood be:  
As is the Silver seven times try'd,  
from drossy Mixture free.
- 7 The Promise of his aiding Grace  
shall reach the purpos'd End;  
His Servants from this faithless Race  
he ever shall defend.
- 8 Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,  
nor know which way to fly?  
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,  
shall be advanc'd on high.

## P S A L M    XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?  
must I for ever mourn?  
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?  
Oh! never to return?
- 2 How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,  
and Grief my Heart oppress?  
How long my Enemies insult,  
and I have no Redress?
- 3 Oh, hear! and to my longing Eyes  
restore thy wonted Light;  
And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
in everlasting Night.



- Yet can no Deeds of mine requite  
the Goodness thou hast shown.
- 3 But those that strictly virtuous are,  
and love the Thing that's right,  
To favour always and prefer  
shall be my chief Delight.
- 4 How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,  
who other gods adore ?  
Their bloody Off'rings I detest,  
their very Names abhor.
- 5 My Lot is fall'n in that blest'd Land,  
where God is truly known ;  
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,  
'tis he supports my Throne.
- 6 In Nature's most delightful Scene  
my happy Portion lies :  
The Place of my appointed Reign  
all other Lands outvies.
- 7 Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord,  
whose Precepts give me Light,  
And private Counsel still afford  
in Sorrow's dismal Night.
- 8 I strive each Action to approve  
to his all-seeing Eye :  
No Danger shall my Hopes remove,  
because he still is nigh.
- 9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,  
my Glory does rejoice ;  
My Flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,  
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.
- 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,  
my Soul from Hell shalt free ;  
Nor let thy Holy One in Death  
the least Corruption see.
- 11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,  
that to thy Presence lead ;  
Where Pleasures dwell without Allay,  
and Joys that never fade.

## P S A L M XVII.

- 1 **T**O my just Plea and sad Complaint  
 attend, O righteous Lord ;  
 And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,  
 a gracious Ear afford.
- 2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,  
 so let my Sentence be :  
 And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,  
 my upright Dealing see.
- 3 For thou hast search'd my Heart by Day,  
 and visited by Night ;  
 And on the strictest Trial, found  
 its secret Motions right.  
 Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone  
 my Heart's Designs acquit ;  
 For I have purpos'd that my Tongue  
 shall no Offence commit.
- 4 I know what wicked Men would do,  
 their Safety to maintain ;  
 But me thy just and mild Commands  
 from bloody Paths restrain.
- 5 That I may still, in spite of Wrongs,  
 my Innocence secure,  
 O ! guide me in thy righteous Ways,  
 and make my Footsteps sure.
- 6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain  
 to thee my Pray'r address'd ;  
 O ! now, my God, incline thine Ear  
 to this my just Request.
- 7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love  
 in my Defence engage,  
 Thou whose right Hand preserves thy Saints  
 from their Oppressors Rage.

## P A R T II.

- 8, 9 O ! keep me in thy tend'rest Care ;  
 thy shelt'ring Wing stretch out,  
 To guard me safe from savage Foes,  
 that compass me about ;



- 10 O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd  
in their own Fat they lie ;  
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth,  
both God and Man defy.
- 11 Well may they boast, for they have now  
my Paths encompass'd round ;  
With Eyes at Watch, and Bodies bow'd,  
and couching on the Ground.
- 12 In Posture of a Lion set,  
when greedy of his Prey ;  
Or a young Lion, when he lurks  
within a Covert-way.
- 13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,  
their swelling Rage controul ;  
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,  
deliver thou my Soul :
- 14 From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,  
whose Portion's here below ;  
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, desire  
no other Blis to know :
- 15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake  
their Substance, while they live ;  
Their Heirs survive, to whom they may  
the vast Remainder give.
- 16 But I, in Uprightness, thy Face  
shall view without Controul ;  
And waking, shall its Image find  
reflexed in my Soul.

## P S A L M XVIII.

- 1, 2 **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock  
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee ;  
For thou hast always been my Rock,  
a Fortrefs and Defence to me.  
Thou my Deliv'rer art, O God,  
my Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r ;  
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,  
at home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

- 3 To thee I will address my Pray'r,  
 ( to whom all Praise we justly owe ) ;  
 So shall I, by thy watchful Care,  
 be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
- 4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,  
 with Seas of Sorrow compass'd round,  
 With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,  
 in Death's unweildy Fetters bound,
- 6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,  
 to God address'd my humble Moan ;  
 Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,  
 and heard me from his lofty Throne.

## P A R T II.

- 7 When God arose my Part to take,  
 the conscious Earth was struck with Fear ;  
 The Hills did at his Presence shake,  
 nor could they then his Fury bear.
- 8 Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,  
 Ensigns of Wrath, before him came ;  
 Devouring Fire around him glow'd,  
 that Coals were kindled at his Flame.
- 9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,  
 while Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head ;  
 Beneath his Feet, substantial Night  
 was like a sable Carpet spread.
- 10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,  
 which active Troops of Angels drew  
 On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,  
 with most amazing Swiftness flew.
- 11, 12 Black watry Mists and Clouds conspir'd  
 with thickest Shades his Face to veil ;  
 But at his Brightness soon retir'd,  
 and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
- 13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,  
 God's angry Voice did loudly roar ;  
 While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,  
 and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

- 14 His sharpen'd Arrows round he threw,  
     which made his scatter'd Foes retreat ;  
     Like Darts his nimble Lightnings flew,  
     and quickly finish'd their Defeat.  
 15 The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd,  
     the World's Foundation naked lay ;  
     By his avenging Wrath expos'd,  
     which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

## P A R T    III.

- 16 The Lord did on my Side engage,  
     from Heav'n (his Throne) my Cause upheld,  
     And snatch'd me from the furious Rage  
     of threatning Waves that proudly swell'd.  
 17 God his resiftless Pow'r employ'd,  
     my strongest Foes Attempts to break ;  
     Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd  
     the weak Defence that I could make.  
 18 Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,  
     when I distress'd and friendless lay ;  
     But still, when other Succours fail'd,  
     God was my firm Support and Stay.  
 19 From Dangers that inclos'd me round,  
     he brought me forth, and set me free ;  
     For some just Cause his Goodness found,  
     that mov'd him to delight in me.  
 20 Because in me no Guilt remains,  
     God does his gracious Help extend ;  
     My Hands are free from bloody Stains,  
     therefore the Lord is still my Friend.  
 21, 22 For I his Judgments keep in Sight,  
     in his just Paths I always trod ;  
     I never did his Statutes slight,  
     nor loosely wander'd from my God.  
 23, 24 But still my Soul, sincere and pure,  
     did e'en from darling Sins refrain ;  
     His Favours therefore yet endure,  
     because my Heart and Hands are clean.

## P A R T IV.

- 25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways  
 to various Paths of human Kind ;  
 They who for Mercy merit Praise,  
 with thee shall wondrous Mercy find.  
 Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew,  
 the Pure thy Purity shall see ;  
 Such as perversely chuse to go,  
 shall meet with due Returns from thee.
- 27, 28 That he the humble Soul will save,  
 and crush the Haughty's boasted Might,  
 In me the Lord an Instance gave,  
 whose Darkeness he has turn'd to Light.
- 29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,  
 and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail ;  
 Nor fear'd, while he was on my Side,  
 the best-defended Walls to scale.
- 30 For God's Designs shall still succeed,  
 his Word will bear the utmost Test :  
 He's a strong Shield to all that need,  
 and on his sure Protection rest.
- 31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
 but God, on whom my Hopes depend ?  
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
 can with resistless Pow'r defend ?

## P A R T V.

- 32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,  
 and all my just Designs fulfils ;  
 Thro' him my Feet can swiftly run,  
 and nimbly climb the steepest Hills.
- 34 Lessons of War from him I take,  
 and manly Weapons learn to wield ;  
 Strong Bows of Steel with Ease I break,  
 forc'd by my stronger Arms to yield.
- 35 The Buckler of his saving Health  
 protects me from assaulting Foes ;  
 His Hand sustains me still ; my Wealth  
 and Greatness from his Bounty flows.

- 36 My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,  
till then to narrow Paths confin'd ;  
And when in slipp'ry Ways I trod,  
the Method of my Steps design'd.
- 37 Thro' him I num'rous Hosts defeat,  
and flying Squadrons captive take ;  
Nor from my fierce Pursuit retreat,  
till I a final Conquest make.
- 38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try  
their vanquish'd Heads again to rear ;  
Spite of their boasted Strength, they lie  
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
- 39 God, when fresh Armies take the Field,  
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms ;  
He makes my strong Opposers yield,  
subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
- 40 Thro' him the Neck of prostrate Foes  
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph press ;  
Aided by him, I root out those,  
who hate and envy my Success.
- 41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,  
but none was able to defend ;  
At length for Help to God they cry'd,  
but God would no Assistance lend.
- 42 Like flying Dust, which Winds pursue,  
their broken Troops I scatter'd round ;  
Their slaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,  
like loathsome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

## P A R T VI.

- 43 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,  
by God's Appointment me obey ;  
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,  
and foreign Nations own my Sway :
- 44 Remotest Realms their Homage send,  
when my successful Name they hear ;  
Strangers for my Commands attend,  
charm'd with Respect, or aw'd by Fear.
- 45 All to my Summons tamely yield,  
or soon in Battle are dismay'd ;      For



For stronger Holds they quit the Field,  
and still in strongest Holds afraid,

46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,  
the Rock on whose Defence I rest!

O'er highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,  
who me with his Salvation blest'd!

47 'Tis God that still supports my Right,  
his just Revenge my Foes pursues;

'Tis he that with resistless Might,  
fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.

48 My universal Safeguard he!  
from whom my lasting Honours flow;  
He made me great, and set me free  
from my remorseless bloody Foe.

49 Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,  
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise;  
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,  
shall thus be taught to sing his Praise:

50 " God to his King Deliv'rance sends,  
" shews his Anointed signal Grace;  
" His Mercy evermore extends  
" to David, and his promis'd Race."

P S A L M XIX.

1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
which that alone can fill;  
The Firmament and Stars express  
their great Creator's Skill.

2 The Dawn of each returning Day  
fresh Beams of Knowledge brings;  
And from the dark Returns of Night,  
divine Instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm  
or Region is confin'd;  
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood  
alike by all Mankind.

4 Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense  
thro' Earth's Extent display;  
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun  
does round the World convey. 5 No

- 5 No Bridegroom on his Nuptial-day  
has such a chearful Face ;  
No Giant does, like him, rejoice  
to run his glorious Race.
- 6 From East to West, and West to East,  
his restless Course he goes ;  
And thro' his Progress, chearful Light  
and vital Warmth bestows.

## P A R T II.

- 7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,  
reclaims from false Desires ;  
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word  
the Ignorant inspires.
- 8 The Statutes of the Lord are just,  
and bring sincere Delight ;  
His pure Commands in Search of Truth  
assist the feeblest Sight.
- 9 His perfect Worship here is fix'd,  
on sure Foundations laid :  
His equal Laws are in the Scales  
of Truth and Justice weigh'd.
- 10 Of more esteem than golden Mines,  
or Gold refin'd with Skill ;  
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops  
that from the Comb distill.
- 11 My trusty Counsellors they are,  
and friendly Warnings give :  
Divine Rewards attend on those  
who by thy Precepts live.
- 12 But what frail Man observes how oft  
he does from Virtue fall ?  
Oh, cleanse me from my secret Faults,  
thou God that know'st them all.
- 13 Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,  
Dominion have o'er me ;  
That by thy Grace, preserv'd, I may  
the great Transgression flee.
- 14 So shall my Pray'r and Praises be  
with thy Acceptance bless'd ;

And



And I secure, on thy Defence,  
my Strength and Saviour, rest.

## P S A L M XX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord to thy Request attend,  
and hear thee in Distress ;  
The Name of Jacob's God defend,  
and grant thy Arms Success.
- 2 To aid thee from on High repair,  
and Strength from Sion give ;
- 3 Remember all thy Off'rings there,  
thy Sacrifice receive.
- 4 To compass thy own Heart's Desire,  
thy Counsels still direct ;  
May kindly all Events conspire  
to bring them to Effect.
- 5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid  
we chearfully repair  
With Banners, in thy Name displaid ;  
“ The Lord accept thy Pray'r. ”
- 6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord  
our Sov'reign will defend ;  
From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,  
and to his Pray'r attend.
- 7 Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,  
on Chariots some rely ;  
Against them all, we call to mind  
the Pow'r of God Most High.
- 8 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,  
behold them thro' the Plain,  
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,  
whilst firm our Troops remain.
- 9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed  
our rightful Cause to bless ;  
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,  
the Pray'rs that we address.

## P S A L M XXI.

- 1 **T**HE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise  
shall in thy Strength rejoice ;  
With

- With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise  
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
- 2 For thou, whate'er his Lips request,  
not only dost impart,  
But hast with thy Acceptance blest'd  
the Wishes of his Heart.
- 3 Thy Goodness and thy tender Care  
have all his Hopes out-gone ;  
A Crown of Gold thou mad'st him wear,  
and sett'dst it firmly on.
- 4 He pray'd for Life ; and thou, O Lord,  
did'st to his Pray'r attend,  
And graciously to him afford  
a Life that ne'er shall end.
- 5 Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round  
has spread his glorious Name ;  
And his successful Actions crown'd  
with Majesty and Fame.
- 6 Eternal Blessings thou bestow'st,  
and mak'st his Joys encrease ;  
Whilst thou to him, unclouded, shew'st  
the Brightness of thy Face.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Because the King on God alone  
for timely Aid relies ;  
His Mercy still supports his Throne,  
and all his Wants supplies.
- 8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn Foes  
shall feel thy dreadful Hand ;  
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those  
that hate thy mild Command.
- 9 When thou against him dost engage,  
thy just, but dreadful Doom,  
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,  
their Hopes and them consume.
- 10 Nor shall thy furious Anger cease,  
or with their Ruin end ;  
But root out all their guilty Race,  
and to their Seed extend.

- 11 For all their Thoughts were set on Ill,  
 their Hearts on Malice bent ;  
 But thou with watchful Care didst still  
 the ill Effects prevent.
- 12 While they their swift Retreat shall make,  
 t'escape thy dreadful Might ;  
 Thy swifter Arrows shall o'ertake,  
 and gaul them in their Flight.
- 13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Strength disclose,  
 and thus exalt thy Fame ;  
 Whilst we glad Songs of Praise compose  
 to thy Almighty Name.

## P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me,  
 when I with Anguish faint ?  
 Oh, why so far from me remov'd,  
 and from my loud Complaint ?
- 2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,  
 to thee do I complain ;  
 With Cries implore Relief all Night,  
 but cry all Night in vain.
- 3 Yet thou art still the righteous Judge  
 of Innocence oppress'd ;  
 And therefore Israel's Praises are  
 of Right to thee address'd.
- 4, 5 On thee our Ancestors rely'd,  
 and thy Deliv'rance found ;  
 With pious Confidence they pray'd,  
 and with Success were crown'd.
- 6 But I am treated like a Worm,  
 like none of human Birth :  
 Not only by the Great revil'd,  
 but made the Rabble's Mirth.
- 7 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd  
 my Agonies survey ;  
 They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,  
 and thus, deriding, say,
- 8 " In God he trusted ; boasting oft,  
 " that he was Heav'n's Delight ; " Let

“ Let God come down to save him now,  
 “ and own his Favourite.

## P A R T    II.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb  
 a living Off-spring bear ;  
 When but a Suckling at the Breast,  
 I was thy early Care.

10 Thou, Guardian-like, didst shield from  
 my helpless Infant-days ;        [ Wrongs  
 And since hast been my God and Guide,  
 through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11 Withdraw not then so far from me,  
 when Trouble is so nigh :  
 Oh, send me Help ! thy Help, on which  
 I only can rely.

12 High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,  
 from Bason's Forest met,  
 With Strength proportion'd to their Rage  
 have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and every Mouth  
 a yawning Grave appears ;  
 The Desert Lion's savage Roar  
 less dreadful is than theirs.

## P A R T    III.

14 My Blood, like Water's spill'd, my Joints  
 are rack'd, and out of Frame ;  
 My Heart dissolves within my Breast,  
 like Wax before the Flame.

15 My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is parch'd,  
 my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws ;  
 And to the silent Shades of Death  
 my fainting Soul withdraws.

16 Like Blood-hounds, to surround me, they  
 in pack'd Assemblies meet ;  
 they pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,  
 pierc'd my harmless Feet.

My Bones are rack'd, 'till all my Bones  
 may be told :

Yet

- Yet such a Spectacle of Woe,  
as Pastime they behold.
- 18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,  
Lots for my Vesture cast ;
- 19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,  
and to my Succour haste.
- 20 From their sharp Sword protect thou me,  
( of all but Life bereft ! )  
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r  
of cruel Dogs be left.
- 21 To save me from the Lion's Jaws,  
thy present Succour send ;  
As once, from goring Unicorns,  
thou didst my Life defend.
- 22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare  
the Triumphs of thy Name,  
In Presence of assembled Saints  
thy Glory thus proclaim ;
- 23 " Ye Worshipers of Jacob's God,  
" all you of Israel's Line,  
" O praise the Lord, and to your Praise  
" sincere Obedience join.
- 24 " He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress  
" to cast a gracious Eye ;  
" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,  
" but hears its humble Cry. "

## P A R T IV.

- 25 Thus in thy sacred Courts will I  
my chearful Thanks express,  
In Presence of thy Saints perform  
the Vows of my Distress.
- 26 The meek Companions of my Grief  
shall find my Table spread ;  
And all that seek the Lord, shall be  
with Joys immortal fed.
- 27 Then shall the glad converted World  
to God their Homage pay ;  
And scatter'd Nations of the Earth  
one Sov'reign Lord obey. 28 'Tis



- 28 'Tis his supreme Prerogative  
     o'er Subject-Kings to reign :  
 'Tis just that he should rule the World,  
     who does the World sustain.
- 29 The Rich who are with Plenty fed,  
     his Bounty must confess ;  
 The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,  
     their gen'rous Patron bless.  
 With humble Worship to his Throne  
     they all for Aid resort :  
 That Pow'r which first their Beings gave,  
     can only them support.
- 30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless Race,  
     devoted to his Name,  
 To their admiring Heirs, his Truth  
     and glorious Acts proclaim.

## P S A L M    XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the Mighty Lord,  
     vouchsafes to be my Guide :  
 The Shepherd, by whose constant Care,  
     my Wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender Grass he makes me feed,  
     and gently there repose ;  
 Then leads me to cool Shades, and where  
     refreshing Water flows.
- 3 He does my wandring Soul reclaim,  
     and, to his endless Praise,  
 Instruct with humble Zeal to walk  
     in his most righteous Ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,  
     from Fear and Danger free ;  
 For there his aiding Rod and Staff  
     defend and comfort me.
- 5 In Presence of my spiteful Foes  
     he does my Table spread ;  
 He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,  
     with Oil anoints my Head.
- 6 Since God does thus his wondrous Love  
     thro' all my Life extend ;                      That

That Life to him I will devote,  
and in his Temple spend.

## P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's ;  
the Lord's her Fulness is :  
The World, and all that dwell therein,  
by sov'reign Right are his.
- 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas ;  
and his Almighty Hand  
Upon inconstant Floods hath made  
the stable Fabrick stand.
- 3 But for himself, this Lord of All,  
one chosen Seat design'd ;  
Oh ! who shall to that sacred Hill  
desir'd Admittance find ?
- 4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,  
whose Thoughts from Pride are free ;  
Who honest Poverty prefers  
to gainful Perjury.
- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
shall show'r his Blessings down ;  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
with Righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom  
the Sacred Courts are trod ;  
And such the Profelytes, that seek  
the Face of Jacob's God.
- 7 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,  
unfold, to entertain  
The King of Glory : See! he comes  
with his celestial Train.
- 8 Who is this King of Glory ? who ?  
The Lord, for Strength renown'd ;  
In Battle mighty ; o'er his Foes,  
eternal Victor crown'd.
- 9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates ; unfold  
in State, to entertain  
The King of Glory : See! he comes,  
with all his shining Train.

10 Who



- 10 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd :  
 Of Glory he alone is King,  
 who is with Glory crown'd.

## P S A L M XXV.

- 1, 2 **T**O God, in whom I trust,  
 I lift my Heart and Voice ;  
 Oh, let me not be put to Shame,  
 nor let my Foes rejoice.
- 3 Those who on Thee rely,  
 Let no Disgrace attend :  
 Be that the shameful Lot of such  
 as wilfully offend.
- 4, 5 To me thy Truth impart,  
 and lead me in thy Way :  
 For thou art He that brings me Help ;  
 on Thee I wait all Day.
- 6 Thy Mercies and thy Love,  
 O Lord, recall to Mind ;  
 And graciously continue still,  
 as thou wer't ever, kind.
- 7 Let all my youthful Crimes  
 be blotted out by Thee ;  
 And for thy wondrous Goodness sake,  
 in Mercy think on me.
- 8 His Mercy and his Truth  
 the righteous Lord displays ;  
 In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,  
 and teaching them his Ways.
- 9 He those in Justice guides,  
 who his Direction seek ;  
 And in his sacred Paths shall lead  
 the Humble and the Meek.
- 10 Through all the Ways of God  
 both Truth and Mercy shine,  
 To such as with religious Hearts  
 to his bless'd Will incline.

## P A R T   II.

- 11 Since Mercy is the Grace  
that most exalts thy Fame ;  
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,  
and so advance thy Name.
- 12 Whoe'er with humble Fear  
to God his Duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,  
in all his righteous Ways.
- 13 His quiet Soul with Peace  
shall be for ever bless'd ;  
And, by his num'rous Race, the Land  
successively possess'd.
- 14 For God to all his Saints  
his secret Will imparts,  
And does his gracious Cov'nant write  
in their obedient Hearts.
- 15 To him I lift my Eyes,  
and wait his timely Aid,  
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous Snare  
which for my Feet was laid.
- 16 Oh, turn, and all my Grievs,  
in Mercy, Lord, redress ;  
For I am compass'd round with Woes,  
and plung'd in deep Distress.
- 17 The Sorrows of my Heart  
to mighty Sums increase ;  
Oh, from this dark and dismal State  
my troubled Soul release !
- 18 Do thou with tender Eyes  
my sad Affliction see ;  
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt  
entirely set me free.
- 19 Consider, Lord, my Foes,  
how vast their Numbers grow !  
What lawless Force and Rage they use,  
what boundless Hate they show !
- 20 Protect, and set my Soul,  
from their fierce Malice, free :                      Nor

Nor let me be asham'd, who place  
my stedfast Trust in Thee.

21 Let all thy righteous Acts  
to full Perfection rise ;  
Because my firm and constant Hope  
on Thee alone relies.

22 To Israel's chosen Race  
continue ever kind ;  
And in the midst of all their Wants,  
let them thy Succour find.

## P S A L M XXVI.

1 **J**udge me, O Lord ; for I the Paths  
of Righteousness have trod :  
I cannot fail, who all my Trust  
repose on Thee, my God.

2, 3 Search thou my Heart, whose Innocence  
will shine, the more 'tis try'd ;  
For I have kept thy Grace in View,  
and made thy Truth my Guide.

4 I never for Companions took  
the Idle or Profane ;  
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,  
cou'd e'er my Friendship gain.

5 I hate the busy plotting Crew,  
who make distracted Times ;  
And shun their wicked Company,  
as I avoid their Crimes.

6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,  
and bring a Heart so pure ;  
That when thy Altar I approach,  
my Welcome shall secure.

7, 8 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
how thy Renown excells :  
That Seat affords me most Delight,  
in which thy Honour dwells.

9 Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,  
who Murder make their Trade ;

10 Who others Rights, by secret Bribes,  
or open Force, invade. D 2 11 But

36 P S A L M xxvi, xxvii.

- 11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,  
and Innocence pursue ;  
Protect me therefore, and to me  
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
- 12 In spite of all assaulting Foes,  
I still maintain my Ground ;  
And shall survive amongst thy Saints,  
thy Praises to resound.

P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **W**Hom should I fear, since God to me  
is Saving-health and Light ?  
Since strongly He my Life supports,  
what can my Flesh affright ?
- 2 With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,  
when Foes beset me round,  
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests  
were made to strike the Ground.
- 3 Thro' Him, my Heart, undaunted, dares  
with mighty Hosts to cope ;  
Thro' Him, in doubtful Straits of War,  
for good Success I hope.
- 4 Henceforth within his House to dwell,  
I earnestly desire,  
His wondrous Beauty there to view,  
and of his Will enquire.
- 5 For there may I with Comfort rest,  
in Times of deep Distress ;  
And safe as on a Rock abide,  
in that secure Recess :
- 6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes  
my lofty Head shall raise ;  
And I my joyful Tribute bring  
with grateful Songs of Praise.

P A R T II.

- 7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,  
whene'er to thee I cry ;  
In Mercy my Complaints receive,  
nor my Request deny.

- 8 When us to seek thy glorious Face  
 thou kindly do'st advise ;  
 " Thy glorious Face I'll always seek, "  
 my grateful Heart replies.
- 9 Then hide not thou my Face, O Lord,  
 nor me in Wrath reject :  
 My God and Saviour, leave not him  
 thou didst so oft protect.
- 10 Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too  
 their helpless Charge forsake ;  
 Yet Thou, whose Love excels them all,  
 wilt Care and Pity take.
- 11 Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,  
 my Ways directly guide ;  
 Lest envious Men, who watch my Steps,  
 should see me tread aside.
- 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes,  
 defeat their ill Desire,  
 Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands  
 against my Peace conspire.
- 13 I trusted that my future Life  
 should with thy Love be crown'd ;  
 Or else my fainting Soul had sunk,  
 with Sorrow compass'd round.
- 14 God's Time with patient Faith expect,  
 who will inspire thy Breast  
 With inward Strength : Do thou thy Part,  
 and leave to Him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **O** LORD my Rock, to thee I cry,  
 in Sighs consume my Breath :  
 Oh, answer, or I shall become  
 like those that sleep in Death.
- 2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,  
 the Cries that I repeat,  
 With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands,  
 before thy Mercy-seat.
- 3 Let me escape the Sinners Doom,  
 who make a Trade of Ill, D 3 And



38 P S A L M xxviii, xxix.

- And ever speak the Person fair,  
 whose Blood they mean to spill.
- 4 According to their Crimes Extent,  
 Let Justice have its Course ;  
 Relentless be to them, as they  
 have sinn'd without Remorse,
- 5 Since they the Works of God despise,  
 nor will his Grace adore ;  
 His Wrath shall utterly destroy,  
 and build them up no more.
- 6 But I, with due Acknowledgment,  
 his Praises will resound,  
 From whom the Cries of my Distress  
 a gracious Answer found.
- 7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd  
 in God, my Strength and Shield ;  
 In him I trusted, and return'd  
 triumphant from the Field.  
 As he has made my Joys compleat,  
 'tis just that I should raise  
 The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,  
 and thus resound his Praise :
- 8 " His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops  
 " that my just Cause maintain ;  
 " 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,  
 " 'tis he secures my Reign. "
- 9 Preserve thy Chosen, and proceed  
 thine Heritage to bless ;  
 With Plenty prosper them, in Peace ;  
 in Battle, with Success.

P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 **Y**E Princes that in Might excell,  
 your grateful Sacrifice prepare ;  
 God's glorious Actions loudly tell,  
 his wondrous Pow'r to all declare.
- 2 To his great Name fresh Altars raise,  
 devoutly due Respect afford ;

Him

- Him in his holy Temple praise,  
 where he's with solemn State ador'd.
- 3 'Tis He that with amazing Noise  
 the watry Clouds in funder breaks ;  
 The Ocean trembles at his Voice,  
 when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
- 4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears !  
 with what majestick Terror crown'd !  
 Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,  
 and strews their scatter'd Branches round.
- 6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,  
 are sometimes hurry'd far away ;  
 And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,  
 or Unicorns in youthful Play.
- 7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly speaks,  
 and scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends,  
 The Forest nods, the Desert quakes,  
 and stubborn Kadesh lowly bends :
- 9 He makes the Hinds to cast their Young,  
 and leaves the Beasts dark Coverts bare ;  
 While those that to his Courts belong,  
 securely sing his Praises there.
- 10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high ;  
 his boundless Sway shall never cease :  
 His Saints with Strength he will supply,  
 and bless his own with constant Peace.

## P S A L M    XXX.

- 1 **I**'LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,  
 who didst thy Pow'r employ,  
 To raise my drooping Head, and check  
 my Foes insulting Joy.
- 2, 3 In my Distress I cry'd to Thee,  
 who kindly didst relieve,  
 And from the Grave's expecting Jaws  
 my hopeless Life retrieve.
- 4 Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,  
 with Songs of Praise repair ;  
 With me commemorate his Truth,  
 and providential Care.    D 4    5 His



40 P S A L M xxx, xxxi.

- 5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,  
his Favour no Decay ;  
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd  
with Joy's returning Day.
- 6 But I in prosp'rous Days presum'd ;  
no sudden Change appear'd,  
Whilst in my Sun-shine of Success  
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
- 7 But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,  
my Empire's only Trust :  
For when thou hidd'st thy Face, I saw  
my Honour laid in Dust.
- 8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,  
my Error I confess'd,  
And thus, with supplicating Voice,  
thy Mercy's Throne address'd :
- 9 " What Profit is there in my Blood,  
" congeal'd by Death's cold Night ?  
" Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,  
" thy wondrous Truth recite ?
- 10 " Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,  
" thy wonted Aid extend ;  
" Do thou send Help, on whom alone  
" I can for Help depend. "
- 11 'Tis done ! Thou hast my mournful Scene  
to Songs and Dances turn'd ;  
Invested me in Robes of State,  
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
- 12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
thy Praise in grateful Verse ;  
And, as thy Favours endless are,  
thy endless Praise rehearse.

P S A L M XXXI.

- 1 **D**Efend me, Lord, from Shame,  
for still I trust in thee :  
As Just and Righteous is thy Name,  
from Danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,  
and speedy Succour send ;

Do

- Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,  
to shelter and defend.
- 3 Since Thou, when Foes oppress,  
my Rock and Fortrefs art,  
To guide me forth from this Distress,  
thy wonted Help impart.
- 4 Release me from the Snare  
which they have closely laid ;  
Since I, O God my Strength, repair  
to Thee alone for Aid.
- 5 To thee, the God of Truth,  
my Life and all that's mine,  
( For thou preserv'd'st me from my Youth )  
I willingly resign.
- 6 All vain Designs I hate,  
of those that trust in Lies ;  
And still my Soul in ev'ry State,  
to God for Succour flies.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Those Mercies thou hast shown  
I'll chearfully express ;  
For thou hast seen my Straits, and known  
my Soul in deep Distress.
- 8 When Keilah's treach'rous Race  
did all my Strength inclose,  
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger Space  
to shun my watchful Foes.
- 9 Thy Mercy, Lord, display,  
and hear my just Complaint ;  
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,  
with Grief and Hunger faint.
- 10 Sad Thoughts my Life oppress,  
my Years are spent in Groans ;  
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,  
and e'en consum'd my Bones.
- 11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,  
my Neighbours did upbraid ;  
My Friends at Sight of me were shock'd,  
and fled as Men dismay'd.

- 12 Forsook by all am I,  
as dead, and out of mind ;  
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,  
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.
- 13 Yet stand'ring Words they speak,  
and seem my Pow'r to dread ;  
Whilst they together Counsel take,  
my guiltless Blood to shed.
- 14 But still my stedfast Trust  
I on thy Help repose ;  
That thou, my God, art Good and Just,  
my Soul with Comfort knows.
- P A R T III.*
- 15 Whate'er Events betide,  
thy Wisdom times them all ;  
Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide  
from those that seek his Fall.
- 16 The Brightness of thy Face,  
to me, O Lord, disclose ;  
And, as thy Mercies still increase,  
preserve me from my Foes.
- 17 Me from Dishonour save,  
who still have call'd on Thee ;  
Let That, and Silence in the Grave,  
the Sinner's Portion be.
- 18 Do thou their Tongues restrain,  
whose Breath in Lies is spent ;  
Who false Reports with proud Disdain  
against the Righteous vent.
- 19 How great thy Mercies are  
to such as fear thy Name !  
Which thou, for those that trust thy Care,  
doest to the World proclaim.
- 20 Thou keep'st them in thy Sight,  
from proud Oppressors free :  
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,  
they are preserv'd by Thee.
- 12 With Glory and Renown  
God's Name be ever blest'd ;      Whose

Whose Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Town  
was wondrously express'd !

22 I said in hasty Flight,  
" I'm banish'd from thine Eyes : "  
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy Sight,  
and hear'st my earnest Cries.

23 O all ye Saints, the Lord  
with eager Love pursue ;  
Who to the Just will Help afford,  
and give the Proud their Due.

24 Ye that on God rely,  
courageously proceed :  
For he will still your Hearts supply  
with Strength, in Time of Need.

## P S A L M XXXII.

1 **H**E's bless'd, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,  
no more in Judgment to appear ;  
2 Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,  
and whose Repentance is sincere.  
3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,  
my Bones consum'd without Relief ;  
All Day did I with Anguish roar,  
but no Complaint asswag'd my Grief.  
4 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,  
by Day and Night alike distress'd ;  
Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,  
like Land with Summer's Drought oppress'd.  
5 No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,  
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,  
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.  
6 True Penitents shall thus succeed,  
who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found ;  
They, from the common Deluge freed,  
shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.  
7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Distress,  
my Tow'r of Refuge, I must own ;

Thou

Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,  
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8 In my Instruction then confide,  
you that would Truth's safe Path descry,  
Your Progress I'll securely guide,  
and keep you in my watchful Eye.

9 Submit yourselves to Wisdom's Rule,  
like Men that Reason have attain'd ;  
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,  
whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd  
the harden'd Sinner shall confound ;  
But them who in his Truth confide,  
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.

11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,  
their Life in Triumphs shall employ :  
Let them ( as they alone have Cause )  
in grateful Raptures shout for Joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1 **L**ET all the Just to God with Joy  
their chearful Voices raise ;

For well the Righteous it becomes  
to sing glad Songs of Praise.

2, 3 Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lute  
in joyful Concert meet ;  
And new-made Songs of loud Applause  
the Harmony compleat.

4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God,  
his Works with Truth abound ;  
He Justice loves, and all the Earth  
is with his Goodness crown'd.

6 By his Almighty Word at first  
the heav'nly Arch was rear'd ;  
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light  
at his Command appear'd.

7 The swelling Floods, together roll'd,  
he makes in Heaps to lie ;  
And lays, as in a Store-house safe,  
the watry Treasures by.

8, 9 Let



- 8, 9 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,  
before him trembling stand ;  
For when he spake the Word, 'twas made,  
'twas fix'd at his Command.
- 10 He, when the Heathen closely plot,  
their Counsels undermines ;  
His Wisdom ineffectual makes  
the People's rash Designs.
- 11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
shall stand for ever sure ;  
The settled Purpose of his Heart  
to Ages shall endure.

## P A R T II.

- 12 How happy then are they, to whom  
the Lord for God is known !  
Whom he from all the World besides  
has chosen for his own !
- 13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth,  
from Heav'n, his Throne, survey'd ;  
He saw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts,  
by him their Hearts were made.
- 16, 17 No King is safe by mighty Hosts,  
their Strength the Strong deceives ;  
No manag'd Horse, by Force or Speed,  
his warlike Rider saves :
- 18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him,  
beholds with gracious Eyes :  
He frees their Soul from Death ; their Want,  
in Time of Dearth, supplies.
- 20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits ;  
our Help and Shield is He !  
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,  
because we trust in Thee.
- 22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
do thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want or wish,  
on Thee alone depend.

## P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 **T**Hro' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
 in Trouble and in Joy,  
 The Praises of my God shall still  
 my Heart and Tongue employ.
- 2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
 'till all that are distress'd,  
 From my Example Comfort take,  
 and charm their Grievs to Rest, 11
- 3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me ;  
 with me exalt his Name :
- 4 When in Distress to him I call'd,  
 he to my Rescue came.
- 5 Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd,  
 who look'd to him for Aid ;  
 Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face  
 a chearful Air displaid.
- 6 " Behold, ( say they ) behold the Man  
 " whom Providence reliev'd ;  
 " The Man so dang'rously beset,  
 " so wondrously retriev'd ! "
- 7 The Hosts of God incamp around  
 the'Dwellings of the Just ;  
 Deliv'rance he affords to all  
 who on his Succour trust.
- 8 Oh, make but Trial of his Love,  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest'd they are, and only they,  
 who in his Truth confide.
- 9 Fear him, ye Saints, and ye will then  
 have nothing else to fear ;  
 Make you his Service your Delight,  
 your Wants shall be his Care.
- 10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,  
 the Lord will Food provide  
 For such as put their Trust in him,  
 and see their Needs supply'd.



## P A R T II.

- 11 Approach, ye Piously-dispos'd,  
and my Instruction hear ;  
I'll teach you the true Discipline  
of his religious Fear.
- 12 Let him who Length of Life desires,  
and prosp'rous Days would see,  
13 From sland'ring Language keep his Tongue,  
his Lips from Falshood free :
- 14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,  
and Virtue's Ways pursue :  
Establish Peace, where 'tis begun ;  
and where 'tis lost, renew.
- 15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just.  
with favourable Eyes ;  
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear  
is open to their Cries :
- 16 But turns his wrathful Look on those  
whom Mercy can't reclaim,  
To cut them off, and from the Earth  
blot out their hated Name.
- 17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,  
when his Relief they crave :
- 18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,  
and contrite Spirit save.
- 19 The Wicked oft, but still in vain,  
against the Just conspire ;
- 20 For under their Affliction's Weight  
he keeps their Bones intire.
- 21 The Wicked from their wicked Arts  
their Ruin shall derive ;  
Whilst righteous Men, whom they detest,  
shall them and theirs survive.
- 22 For God preserves the Souls of those  
who on his Truth depend ;  
To them and their Posterity  
his Blessings shall descend.

## P S A L M XXXV.

- 1 **A** Gainst all those that strive with me,  
O Lord, assert my Right;  
With such as War unjustly wage,  
do thou my Battles fight.
- 2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield  
upon thy warlike Arm ;  
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,  
and keep me safe from Harm.
- 3 Bring forth thy Spear, and stop their Course  
that haste my Blood to spill ;  
Say to my Soul, “ I am thy Health,  
“ and will preserve thee still. ”
- 4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er  
who my Destruction sought ;  
And such as did my Harm devise,  
be to Confusion brought.
- 5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff  
before the driving Wind ;  
God's vengeful Minister of Wrath  
shall follow close behind.
- 6 And when thro' dark and slipp'ry Ways  
they strive his Rage to shun,  
His vengeful Ministers of Wrath  
shall goad them as they run.
- 7 Since, unprovok'd by any Wrong,  
they hid their treach'rous Snare ;  
And for my harmless Soul a Pit  
did causelessly prepare :
- 8 Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,  
by their own Arts betray'd,  
Their Feet shall fall into the Net  
which they for me had laid.
- 9 Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name  
for this Deliv'rance blefs,  
And, by his saving Health secur'd,  
a grateful Joy express.
- 10 My very Bones shall say, O Lord,  
who can compare with Thee ?      Who

Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man  
from strong Oppressors free ?

## P A R T II.

- 11 False Witnesses, with forg'd Complaints,  
against my Truth combin'd ;  
And to my Charge such Things they laid,  
as I had ne'er design'd.
- 12 The Good which I to them had done,  
with Evil they repaid ;  
And did, by Malice undeserv'd,  
my harmless Life invade.
- 13 But as for me, when they were sick,  
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd ;  
I pray'd and fasted, and my Prayer  
to my own Breast return'd.
- 14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,  
I could have done no more ;  
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief,  
a Mother's Loss deplore.
- 15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,  
in Times of my Distress ?  
When they, in Crowds together met,  
did savage Joy express.  
The Rabble too, in mighty Throngs,  
by their Example, came,  
And ceas'd not with reviling Words  
to wound my spotless Fame.
- 16 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,  
and earn their Bread with Lies,  
Did gnash their Teeth, and slandering jests  
maliciously devise.
- 17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on ?  
on my Behalf appear ;  
And save my guiltless Soul, which they,  
like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

## P A R T III.

- 18 So I before the list'ning World  
shall grateful Thanks express ;

- And where the great Assembly meets,  
thy Name with Praises blefs.
- 19 Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,  
who me unjustly hate,  
With open Joy, or secret Signs,  
to mock my sad Estate.
- 20 For they with Hearts averſe from Peace,  
induftriouſly deviſe  
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds  
to forge malicious Lies.
- 21 Nor with theſe private Arts content,  
aloud they vent their Spite ;  
And ſay, “ At laſt we found him out,  
“ He did it in our Sight. ”
- 22 But thou, who doſt both them and me  
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,  
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,  
and keep not far away.
- 23 Stir up Thyſelf, in my Behalf  
to Judgment, Lord, awake ;  
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,  
to thy Deciſion take.
- 24 Lord, as my Heart hath upright been,  
Let me thy Juſtice find ;  
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain  
the Triumph they deſign'd.
- 25 Oh, let them not amongſt themſelves,  
in boaſting Language, ſay,  
“ At length our Wiſhes are compleat,  
“ at laſt he's made our Prey. ”
- 26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd,  
for Shame their Faces hide ;  
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe  
that proudly me deſy'd :
- 27 Whiſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,  
who my juſt Cauſe befriend,  
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make  
Succeſs the Saints attend.

28 So shall my Tongue thy Judgments sing,  
 inspir'd with grateful Joy ;  
 And chearful Hymns in Praise of Thee,  
 shall all my Days employ.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,  
 his wicked Purpose would disguise :  
 But Reason whispers to my Heart,  
 He ne'er set God before his Eyes.
- 2 He sooths himself, retir'd from Sight,  
 secure he thinks his treach'rous Game ;  
 'Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,  
 their false Contriver brand with Shame.
- 3 In Deeds he is my Foe confess'd,  
 whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair :  
 True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast,  
 and Vice has sole Dominion there.
- 4 His wakeful Malice spends the Night  
 in forging his accurs'd Designs ;  
 His obst'nate unregen'rate Spite  
 no execrable Means declines.
- 5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,  
 above the heav'nly Orb ascends ;  
 Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope  
 beyond the spreading Sky extends.
- 6 Thy Justice like the Hills remains,  
 unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;  
 Thy Providence the World sustains,  
 The whole Creation is thy Care.
- 7 Since of thy Goodness all partake ;  
 With what Assurance should the Just  
 Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,  
 and Saints to thy Protection trust !
- 8 Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,  
 to banquet on thy Love's Repast,  
 And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,  
 of Joys that shall for ever last.
- 9 With Thee the Springs of Life remain,  
 thy Presence is eternal Day ;



52 P S A L M xxxvi, xxxvii.

- 10 Oh ! let thy Saints thy Favour gain ;  
to upright Hearts thy Truth display.  
11 Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,  
and wicked Hand my Life surprize ;  
12 Their Mischiefs on themselves return ;  
down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **T**H O' wicked Men grow rich or great,  
Yet let not their successful State  
thy Anger or thy Envy raise :  
2 For they, cut down like tender Grass,  
Or like young Flow'rs, away shall pass,  
whose blooming Beauty soon decays.  
3 Depend on God, and him obey ;  
So thou within the Land shalt stay,  
secure from Danger, and from Want :  
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight ;  
And He, thy Duty to requite,  
shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.  
5 In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,  
And He will needful Help afford,  
to perfect ev'ry just Design ;  
6 And make, like Light, serene and clear,  
Thy clouded Innocence appear,  
and as a Mid-day Sun to shine.  
7 With quiet Mind on God depend,  
And patiently for him attend ;  
nor let thy Anger fondly rise,  
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,  
And with Success the Plots are crown'd,  
which they maliciously devise.  
8 From Anger cease, and Wrath forsake :  
Let no ungovern'd Passion make  
thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime :  
9 For God shall sinful Man destroy,  
Whilst only they the Land enjoy,  
who trust on Him, and wait his Time.



- 10 How soon shall wicked Men decay !  
Their Place shall vanish quite away,  
nor by the strictest Search be found ;  
11 Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,  
Rejoycing still with godly Mirth,  
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

## P A R T II.

- 12 Whilst sinful Crowds, with false Design,  
Against the righteous Few combine,  
and gnash their Teeth, and threatening stand ;  
13 God shall their empty Plots deride,  
And laugh at their defeated Pride ;  
he sees their Ruin near at hand.  
14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,  
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,  
and Men of upright Lives to slay :  
15 But their strong Bow shall soon be broke,  
Their sharpen'd Weapons mortal Stroke  
thro' their own Hearts shall force its way.  
16 A Little, with God's Favour bless'd,  
And by one righteous Man possess'd,  
the Wealth of many Bad excels :  
17 For God supports the just Man's Cause ;  
But as for those that break his Laws,  
their unsuccessful Pow'r he quells.  
18 His constant Care the Upright guides,  
And over all their Life presides ;  
their Portion shall for ever last :  
19 They, when Distress o'erwhelms the Earth,  
Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in Dearth  
the happy Fruits of Plenty taste.  
20 Not so the wicked Men, and those  
Who proudly dare God's Will oppose ;  
Destruction is their hapless Share :  
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they  
Shall in an Instant melt away,  
and vanish into Smoke and Air.

## P. A R T III.

- 21 Whilst Sinners brought to sad Decay,  
Still borrow on, and never pay,  
the Just have Will and Pow'r to give ;
- 22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,  
Shall peaceably the Earth possess :  
and those he curses, shall not live.
- 23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight,  
He orders all the Steps aright  
of him that moves by his Command ;
- 24 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,  
Yet shall he ne'er be quite depress'd,  
for God upholds him with his Hand.
- 25 From my first Youth, 'till Age prevail'd,  
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,  
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race ;
- 26 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,  
And he did chearfully impart, [crease.  
God made his Off-spring's Wealth in-
- 27 With Caution shun each wicked Deed,  
In Virtue's Way with Zeal proceed,  
and so prolong your happy Days :
- 28 For God, who Judgment loves, does still  
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,  
while soon the wicked Race decays.
- 29, 30, 31 The Upright shall possess the Land,  
His Portion shall for Ages stand,  
his Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd ;  
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,  
His Heart the Law of God approves,  
therefore his Footsteps never slide.

## P A R T IV.

- 32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,  
In vain the Righteous to surprise ;  
in vain his Ruin does decree :
- 33 God will not him defenceless leave,  
To his Revenge expos'd, but save ;  
and when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

- 34 Wait still on God, keep his Command,  
And thou exalted in the Land,  
thy blest'd Possession ne'er shalt quit :  
The Wicked soon destroy'd shall be,  
And at his dismal Tragedy  
thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.
- 35 The Wicked I in Power have seen,  
And, like a Bay-tree, fresh and green,  
that spreads its pleasant Branches round :
- 36 But he was gone as swift as Thought ;  
And though in every Place I sought,  
no Sign or Track of him I found,
- 37 Observe the perfect Man with Care,  
And mark all such as upright are ;  
their roughest Days in Peace shall end :
- 38 While on the Latter-end of those  
Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,  
a common Ruin shall attend.
- 39 God to the Just will Aid afford,  
Their only Safeguard is the Lord ;  
their Strength, in Times of Need, is He :
- 40 Because on Him they still depend,  
The Lord will timely Succour send,  
and from the Wicked set them free.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HY chaf'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
though I deserve it all ;  
Nor let at once on me the Storm  
of thy Displeasure fall.
- 2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me  
thy Arrows deep remain ;  
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight  
I can no more sustain.
- 3 My Flesh is one continu'd Wound,  
thy Wrath so fiercely glows ;  
Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt,  
my Bones have no Repose.

- 4 My Sins, that to a Deluge swell,  
my sinking Head o'erflow ;  
And, for my feeble Strength to bear,  
too vast a Burthen grow.
- 5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,  
my Folly's just Return ;
- 6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,  
and all Day long I mourn.
- 7 A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,  
infecting ev'ry Part ;
- 8 With Sickness worn, I groan and roar,  
thro' Anguish of my Heart.
- P A R T II.
- 9 But, Lord, before thy searching Eyes  
all my Desires appear ;  
And sure my Groans have been too loud,  
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
- 10 My Heart's oppress'd, my Strength decay'd,  
my Eyes depriv'd of Light :
- 11 Friends, Lovers, Kinsmen gaze aloof  
on such a dismal Sight.
- 12 Mean while the Foes that seek my Life,  
their Snares to take me set ;  
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day  
to forge some new Deceit.
- 13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,  
nor heard, nor once reply'd ;
- 14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose Tongue  
with conscious Guilt is ty'd.
- 15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,  
my Innocence to clear ;  
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,  
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
- 16 " Hear me, said I, lest my proud Foes  
" a spiteful Joy display ;  
" Insulting, if they see my Foot  
" but once to go astray : "
- 17 And with continual Grief oppress'd,  
to sink I now begin ;
- 18 To

- 18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,  
to thee bewail my Sin.  
19 But whilst I languish, my proud Foes  
their Strength and Vigour boast ;  
And they that hate me without Cause,  
are grown a dreadful Host.  
20 E'en they whom I oblig'd, return  
my Kindness with Despite,  
And are my Enemies, because  
I chuse the Path that's right.  
21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,  
nor far from me depart ;  
Make haste to my Relief, O thou  
who my Salvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **R**esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,  
I kept my Tongue in Awe ;  
I curb'd my hasty Words, when I  
the Wicked prosp'rous saw.  
2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood,  
and did my Tongue refrain  
From good Discourse ; but that Restraint  
increas'd my inward Pain.  
3 My Heart did glow with working Thoughts,  
and no Repose could take,  
'Till strong Reflection fann'd the Fire,  
and thus at length I spake :  
4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,  
how soon my Life will end ;  
The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,  
which this frail State attend.  
5 My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span,  
a Cypher sums my Years ;  
And ev'ry Man in best Estate  
but Vanity appears.  
6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,  
with fruitless Cares oppress'd ;  
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell  
by whom 'twill be possess'd. 7 Why



- 7 Why then should I on worthless Toys  
with anxious Care attend?  
On thee alone my stedfast Hope  
shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 8, 9 Forgive my Sins, nor let me scorn'd  
by foolish Sinners be;  
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,  
because 'twas done by Thee.
- 10 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath  
in Mercy soon remove;  
Lest my frail Flesh too weak to bear  
the heavy Load should prove.
- 11 For when thou chast'nest Man for Sin,  
thou mak'st his Beauty fade,  
(So vain a Thing is he!) like Cloth  
by fretting Moths decay'd.
- 12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,  
and listen to my Pray'r,  
Who sojourn like a Stranger here,  
as all my Fathers were.
- 13 Oh, spare me yet a little Time;  
my wasted Strength restore,  
Before I vanish quite from hence,  
and shall be seen no more.

## P S A L M XL.

- 1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
'till he vouchsaf'd a kind Reply;  
Who did his gracious Ear afford,  
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal Pit,  
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;  
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,  
and suffer'd not my Steps to stray.
- 3 The Wonders he for me has wrought,  
shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise;  
And others to his Worship brought,  
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.
- 4 For Blessings shall that Man reward,  
who on th' Almighty Lord relies; . Who



Who treats the Proud with Disregard,  
and hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.

- 5 Who can the wondrous Works recount,  
which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?  
The Treasures of thy Love surmount  
the Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.
- 6 I've learn'd, that thou hast not desir'd  
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone ;  
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,  
for Man's Transgression to atone.
- 7 I therefore come ——— come to fulfil  
the Oracles thy Books impart :
- 8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will ;  
thy Law is written in my Heart.

## P A R T II.

- 9 In full Assemblies I have told  
thy Truth and Righteousness at large ;  
Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips withhold  
from utt'ring what thou gav'st in Charge.
- 10 Nor kept within my Breast confin'd  
thy Faithfulness and saving Grace,  
But preach'd thy Love, for all design'd,  
that all might That, and Truth embrace.
- 11 Then let those Mercies I declar'd  
to others, Lord, extend to me ;  
Thy Loving-kindness my Reward,  
thy Truth my safe Protection be.
- 12 For I with Troubles am distress'd,  
too numberless for me to bear ;  
Nor less with Loads of Guilt oppress'd,  
that plunge and sink me to Despair.  
As soon, alas ! may I recount  
the Hairs on this afflicted Head ;  
My vanquish'd Courage they surmount,  
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

## P A R T III.

- 13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near ;  
for never was more pressing Need :

- In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
- 14 Confusion on their Heads return,  
who to destroy my Soul combine;  
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,  
insnar'd in their own vile Design.
- 15 Their Doom let Desolation be,  
with Shame their Malice be repaid,  
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,  
and Sport of my Affliction made.
- 16 While those that humbly seek thy Face,  
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;  
And all who prize thy saving Grace,  
with me resound, The Lord be prais'd.
- 17 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,  
of me th' Almighty Lord takes Care:  
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,  
to my Relief with Speed repair.

## P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **H**A P P Y the Man, whose tender Care  
relieves the Poor distress'd;  
When Troubles compass him around,  
the Lord shall give him Rest.
- 2 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,  
in Safety shall prolong;  
And disappoint the Will of those,  
that seek to do him Wrong.
- 3 If he in languishing Estate  
oppress'd with Sicknefs lie,  
The Lord will easy make his Bed,  
and inward Strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to Thee, my God,  
I thus my Pray'r address'd;  
“ Lord, for thy Mercy heal my Soul,  
“ tho' I have much transgress'd.”
- 5 My cruel Foes with slanderous Words  
attempt to wound my Fame;  
“ When shall he die, ( say they ) and Men  
“ forget his very Name ? ”

- 6 Suppose they formal Visits make,  
 'tis all but empty Show ;  
 They gather Mischief in their Hearts,  
 and vent it, where they go.
- 7, 8 With private Whispers, such as these,  
 to hurt me they devise ;  
 “ A sore Disease afflicts him now,  
 “ he’s fall’n, no more to rise. ”
- 9 My own familiar Bosom-Friend,  
 on whom I most rely’d,  
 Has me, whose daily Guest he was,  
 with open Scorn defy’d.
- 10 But thou my sad and wretched State  
 in Mercy, Lord, regard ;  
 And raise me up, that all their Crimes  
 may meet their just Reward.
- 11 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear  
 is open, when I call ;  
 Because thou suffer’st not my Foes  
 to triumph in my Fall.
- 12 Thy tender Care secures my Life  
 from Danger and Disgrace ;  
 And thou vouchsaf’st to set me still  
 before thy glorious Face.
- 13 Let therefore Israel’s Lord and God  
 from Age to Age be bless’d ;  
 And all the People’s glad Applause  
 with loud Amens express’d.

## P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams,  
 when heated in the Chace,  
 So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,  
 and thy refreshing Grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
 my thirsty Soul doth pine ;  
 Oh, when shall I behold thy Face,  
 thou Majesty Divine !
- 3 Tears are my constant Food, while thus  
 insulting Foes upbraid, “ De-

“ Deluded Wretch, where’s now thy God ?  
 “ and where his promis’d Aid ? ”

- 4 I sigh, whene’er my musing Thoughts  
 those happy Days present,  
 When I with Troops of pious Friends  
 thy Temple did frequent ;  
 When I advanc’d with Songs of Praise,  
 my solemn Vows to pay,  
 And led the joyful sacred Throng,  
 that kept the Festal Day.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?  
 trust God, who will employ  
 His Aid for thee, and change these Sighs  
 to thankful Hymns of Joy.
- 6 My Soul’s cast down, O God, but thinks  
 on Thee, and Sion still :  
 From Jordan’s Banks, from Hermon’s Heights,  
 and Mizar’s humbler Hill,
- 7 One Trouble calls another on,  
 and gath’ring o’er my Head,  
 Fall spouting down, ’till round my Soul  
 a roaring Sea is spread.
- 8 But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,  
 has once dispell’d this Storm,  
 To thee I’ll Midnight Anthems sing,  
 and all my Vows perform.
- 9 God of my Strength, how long shall I  
 like one forgotten mourn ?  
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos’d  
 to my Oppressor’s Scorn.
- 10 My Heart is pierc’d as with a Sword,  
 while thus my Foes upbraid ;  
 “ Vain Boaster, where is now thy God ?  
 “ and where his promis’d Aid ? ”
- 11 Why restless, and cast down, my Soul ?  
 hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The Praise of him who is thy God,  
 thy Health’s Eternal Spring.

## P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 **J**UST Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes  
do thou assert my injur'd Right :  
Oh, set me free, my God, from those  
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
- 2 Since thou art still my only Stay,  
why leav'st thou me in deep Distress ?  
Why go I mourning all the Day,  
whilst me insulting Foes oppress ?
- 3 Let me with Light and Truth be bless'd ;  
be these my Guides, to lead the Way,  
'Till on the holy Hill I rest,  
and in thy sacred Temple pray.
- 4 Then will I there fresh Altars raise  
to God, who is my only Joy ;  
And well-tun'd Harps, with Songs of Praise,  
shall all my grateful Hours employ.
- 5 Why then cast down, my Soul ? and why  
so much oppress'd with anxious Care ?  
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,  
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

## P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **O**LORD, our Fathers oft have told  
in our attentive Ears,  
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,  
and elder Times than theirs :
- 2 How thou to plant them here, didst drive  
the Heathen from this Land ;  
Dispeopled by repeated Strokes  
of thy avenging Hand.
- 3 For, not their Courage nor their Sword  
to them Possession gave ;  
Nor Strength, that, from unequal Force,  
their fainting Troops could save :  
But thy right Hand, and pow'rful Arm,  
whose Succour they implor'd ;  
Thy Presence with the chosen Race,  
who thy great Name ador'd.



64 P S A L M xliv.

- 4 As thee their God our Fathers own'd,  
thou art our Sov'reign King ;  
Oh therefore, as thou didst to them,  
to us Deliv'rance bring.
- 5 Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms  
the proudest Foes shall quell,  
And crush them with repeated Strokes,  
as oft as they rebel.
- 6 I'll neither trust my Bow, nor Sword,  
when I in Fight ingage ;
- 7 But thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,  
and sham'd their spiteful Rage.
- 8 To thee the Triumph we ascribe,  
from whom the Conquest came ;  
In God we will rejoice all Day,  
and ever blest his Name.

P A R T II.

- 9 But thou hast cast us off, and now  
most shamefully we yield ;  
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead  
our Armies to the Field.
- 10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart Foe  
we turn our Backs in Fight ;  
And with our Spoil their Malice feast,  
who bear us ancient Spite.
- 11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep  
into their butch'ring Hands ;  
Or ( what's more wretched yet ) survive,  
dispers'd thro' Heathen Lands.
- 12 Thy People thou hast sold for Slaves,  
and set their Price so low,  
That not thy Treasure by the Sale,  
but their Disgrace, may grow.
- 13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,  
the Heathen's By-word grown,  
Whose Scorn of us is both in Speech  
and mocking Gestures shown ;
- 15 Confusion strikes me blind, my Face  
in conscious Shame I hide ;      16 While



16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd,  
by their licentious Pride.

P A R T III.

17 On us this Heap of Woe is fall'n,  
all this we have endur'd ;  
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name ;  
or Faith to Thee abjur'd.

18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept  
our Hearts and Steps with Care ;

19 Tho' thou hast broken all our Strength,  
and we almost despair.

20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,  
on other gods rely,

21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts  
the treach'rous Crime descry ?

22 Thou see'st what Suff'rings for thy Sake  
we ev'ry Day sustain ;

All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep  
appointed to be slain.

23 Awake, arise ; let seeming Sleep  
no longer thee detain ;

Nor let us, Lord, who sue to Thee,  
for ever sue in vain.

24 Oh, wherefore hidest thou thy Face  
from our afflicted State,

25 Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth  
with Grief's oppressive Weight !

26 Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste  
to our Deliv'rance make ;

Redeem us, Lord, — if not for our's,  
yet for thy Mercy's sake.

P S A L M XLV.

1 **W**HILE I the King's loud Praise rehearse,  
indited by my Heart,

My Tongue is like the Pen of him  
that writes with ready Art.

2 How matchless is thy Form, O King !  
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows ;

Because fresh Blessings God on thee  
eternally bestows.

- 3 Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,  
and clad in rich Array,  
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,  
majestick Pomp display.
- 4 Ride on in State, and still protect  
the Meek, the Just, the True ;  
Whilst thy right Hand with swift Revenge  
does all thy Foes pursue.
- 5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them  
that dare thy Pow'r despise :  
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart  
the feather'd Arrow flies.
- 6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd  
for ever to endure ;  
Thy Sceptre's Sway shall always last,  
by righteous Laws secure.
- 7 Because thy Heart, by Justice led,  
did upright Ways approve,  
And hated still the crooked Paths  
where wandring Sinners rove.  
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee  
the Oil of Gladness shed ;  
And has above thy Fellows round  
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
- 8 With Cassia, Aloes, and Myrrh  
thy royal Robes abound ;  
Which from the stately Wardrobe brought,  
spread grateful Odours round.
- 9 Among the honourable Train  
did princely Virgins wait ;  
The Queen was plac'd at thy right Hand,  
in golden Robes of State.

P A R T II.

- 10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,  
and to my Words attend ;  
Forget thy native Country now,  
and ev'ry former Friend.

- 11 So shall thy Beauty charm the King,  
nor shall his Love decay ;  
For He is now become thy Lord,  
to Him due Rev'rence pay.
- 12 The Tyrian Matrons, rich and proud;  
shall humble Presents make ;  
And all the wealthy Nations sue  
thy Favour to partake.
- 13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul  
all inward Graces fill ;  
Her Raiment is of purest Gold,  
adorn'd with costly Skill.
- 14 She in her nuptial Garment dress'd,  
with Needles richly wrought,  
Attended by her Virgin Train,  
shall to the King be brought.
- 15 With all the State of solemn Joy  
the Triumph moves along,  
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court  
receives the pompous Throng.
- 16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,  
must princely Sons expect ;  
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'st send,  
to govern and protect :
- 17 Whilst this my Song to future Times  
transmits thy glorious Name ;  
And makes the World with one Consent  
thy lasting Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our Refuge in Distress,  
A present Help, when Dangers press ;  
in him, undaunted, we'll confide :
- 2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Centre toss'd,  
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,  
torn Piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
- 4 A gentler Stream with Gladness still  
The City of our Lord shall fill,  
the Royal Seat of God most High :

68 P S A L M xlvi, xlvii.

- 5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair Tow'rs  
Shall mock th'Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,  
while his Almighty Aid is nigh.
- 6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,  
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,  
he thunder'd, and dispers'd their Pow'rs :
- 7 The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
our Fathers Guardian-God, and ours.
- 8 Come, see the Wonders He hath wrought,  
On Earth what Desolation brought,  
how He has calm'd the jarring World :
- 9 He broke the warlike Spear and Bow ;  
With them their thundring Chariots too  
into devouring Flames were hurl'd.
- 10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,  
For Him the Heathen shall obey,  
and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confess :
- 11 The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
as to our Fathers in Distress.

P S A L M XLVII.

- 1, 2 **O**H, all ye People, clap your Hands,  
and with triumphant Voices sing :  
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands,  
of God, the Universal King.
- 3, 4 He shall opposing Nations quell,  
and with Success our Battles fight ;  
Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,  
the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
- 5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
with Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound ;  
To Him repeated Praises sing,  
and let the chearful Song go round.
- 7, 8 Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,  
for Him who all the World commands ;  
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,  
and spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

9 Our Chief and Tribes, that far from hence  
to serve the God of Abra'm came,  
Found Him their constant, sure Defence ;  
how great and glorious is his Name !

P S A L M    XLVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the only God, is great,  
and greatly to be prais'd  
In Sion, on whose happy Mount  
his sacred Throne is rais'd.
- 2 Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,  
with beauteous Prospect rise ;  
On her North-side th'Almighty King's  
Imperial City lies.
- 3 God in her Palaces is known,  
his Presence is her Guard :
- 4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,  
and of Success despair'd.
- 5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd, and fled,  
with Grief and Terror struck ;
- 6 Like Women, whom the sudden Pangs  
of Travail overtook.
- 7 No wretched Crew of Mariners  
appear like them forlorn,  
When Fleets from Tarshish wealthy Coasts  
by eastern Winds are torn.
- 8 In Sion we have seen perform'd  
a Work that was foretold ;  
In Pledge, That God, for Times to come,  
his City will uphold.
- 9 Not in our Fortresses and Walls  
did we, O God, confide ;  
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,  
in which thou dost reside.
- 10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,  
thy Praise through Earth extends ;  
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Justice guides,  
chastises or defends.
- 11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy resound,  
her Daughters all be taught    F 3    In



- In Songs his Judgments to extol,  
 who this Deliv'rance wrought.
- 12 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,  
 your Eyes quite round her cast ;  
 Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there  
 you find a Stone displac'd.
- 13 Her Forts and Palaces survey,  
 observe their Order well ;  
 That with Assurance to your Heirs  
 this Wonder you may tell.
- 14 This God is ours, and will be ours,  
 whilst we in him confide ;  
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,  
 'till Death will be our Guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

- 1, 2 **L**ET all the list'ning World attend,  
 and my Instructions hear ;  
 Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,  
 with joint Consent give ear :
- 3 My Mouth with sacred Wisdom fill'd,  
 shall good Advice impart ;  
 The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,  
 Digested in my Heart.
- 4 To Parables of weighty Sense  
 I will my Ear incline ;  
 Whilst to my tuneful Harp I sing  
 dark Words of deep Design.
- 5 Why should my Courage fail in Times  
 of Danger and of Doubt ?  
 When Sinners, that would me supplant,  
 have compass'd me about ?
- 6 Those Men that all their Hope and Trust  
 in Heaps of Treasure place,  
 And boast and triumph when they see  
 their ill-got Wealth increase ;
- 7 Are yet unable from the Grave -  
 their dearest Friend to free ;  
 Nor can, by Force nor Bribes, reverse  
 th' Almighty Lord's Decree. 8, 9 Their



- 8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they must quit,  
the Price is held too high ;  
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,  
that Man should never die.
- 10 Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,  
nor Fools their Folly save ;  
But both must perish, and in Death,  
their Wealth to others leave.
- 11 For tho' they think their stately Seats  
shall ne'er to Ruin fall ;  
But their Remembrance last in Lands  
which by their Names they call :
- 12 Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,  
how great so'er their State ;  
With Beasts their Memory and they  
shall share one common Fate.

## P A R T II.

- 13 How great their Folly is, who thus  
absurd Conclusions make !  
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,  
repeat the gross Mistake.
- 14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,  
the Prey of Death are made ;  
Their Beauty, while the Just rejoice,  
within the Grave shall fade.
- 15 But God will yet redeem my Soul,  
and from the greedy Grave  
His greater Pow'r shall set me free,  
and to himself receive.
- 16 Then fear not thou, when worldly Men  
in envy'd Wealth abound ;  
Nor tho' their prosp'rous House increase,  
with State and Honour crown'd.
- 17 For when they're summon'd hence by Death,  
they leave all this behind ;  
No Shadow of their former Pomp  
within the Grave they find :
- 18 And yet they thought their State was blest'd,  
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare ;      Who,

- Who with their Vanity comply'd,  
 and prais'd their worldly Care.  
 19 In their Forefathers Steps they tread ;  
 and when, like them, they die,  
 Their wretched Ancestors and they  
 in endless Darkneſs lie.  
 20 For Man, how great ſoc'er his State,  
 unleſs he's truly wiſe ;  
 As, like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,  
 ſo, like a Beaſt he dies.

## P S A L M L.

- 1, 2 **T**HE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God  
 Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,  
 from dawning Light, 'till Day declines :  
 The liſtning Earth his Voice hath heard,  
 And he from Sion hath appear'd,  
 where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.  
 3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more  
 Miſconſtru'd Silence, as before ;  
 but waſting Flames before him ſend :  
 Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,  
 While He does Heav'n and Earth engage  
 his juſt Tribunal to attend.  
 5, 6 Aſſemble all my Saints to me,  
 ( Thus runs the great divine Decree )  
 that in my laſting Cov'nant live ;  
 And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care,  
 ( The Heav'ns his Juſtice ſhall declare )  
 for God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.  
 7 Attend, my People ; Iſrael, hear ;  
 Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear ;  
 thy God, thy only God am I :  
 8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,  
 Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,  
 my ſacred Altar did ſupply.  
 9 Will this alone Atonement make ?  
 No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,  
 nor He-goat from thy Fold accept :

- 10 The Forest-Beasts that range alone,  
The Cattle too are all my own,  
that on a thousand Hills are kept.
- 11 I know the Fowls that build their Nests  
In craggy Rocks ; and savage Beasts  
that loosely haunt the open Fields.
- 12 If seiz'd with Hunger I could be,  
I need not seek Relief from thee,  
since the World's mine, and all it yields.
- 13 Think'st thou that I have any Need  
On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,  
to eat their Flesh, and drink their Blood?
- 14 The Sacrifices I require,  
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inspire,  
and Vows with strictest Care made good.
- 15 In Time of Trouble call on me,  
And I will set thee safe and free ;  
and thou Returns of Praise shalt make.
- 16 But to the Wicked, thus saith God,  
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,  
or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
- 17 For Stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,  
Hast Proof against Instruction been,  
and of my Word didst lightly speak.
- 18 When thou a subtle Thief didst see,  
Thou gladly didst with him agree,  
and with Adult'ers didst partake.
- 19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight ;  
Thy Tongue by Envy mov'd and Spite,  
deceitful Tales does hourly spread ;
- 20 Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound  
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound  
the Off-spring of thy Mother's Bed.
- 21 These Things didst thou, whom still I strove  
To gain with Silence and with Love ;  
'till thou didst wickedly surmise,  
That I was such an one as thou ;  
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,  
and set thy Sins before thine Eyes. 22 Mark

- 22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, lest I  
 Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,  
 whilst none shall dare your Cause to own.
- 23 Who praises me, due Honour gives,  
 And to the Man that justly lives,  
 my strong Salvation shall be shown.

## P S A L M LI.

- 1 **H**A V E Mercy, Lord, on me,  
 as thou wert ever kind :  
 Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,  
 thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2, 3 Wash off my foul Offence,  
 and cleanse me from my Sin ;  
 For I confess my Crime, and see  
 how great my Guilt has been.
- 4 Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
 and only in thy Sight,  
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd,  
 must own thy Judgment right.
- 5 In Guilt each Part was form'd  
 of all this sinful Frame ;  
 In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
 the Heir of Sin and Shame.
- 6 Yet thou whose searching Eye  
 does inward Truth require,  
 In secret didst with Wisdom's Laws  
 my tender Soul inspire.
- 7 With Hyssop purge me, Lord,  
 and so I clean shall be :  
 I shall with Snow in Whiteness vie,  
 when purify'd by Thee.
- 8 Make me to hear with Joy  
 thy kind forgiving Voice ;  
 That so the Bones which thou hast broke,  
 may with fresh Strength rejoice.
- 9, 10 Blot out my crying Sin,  
 nor me in Anger view ;  
 Create in me a Heart that's clean,  
 an upright Mind renew.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Withdraw not thou thy Help,  
nor cast me from thy Sight ;  
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
its everlasting Flight ;
- 12 The Joy thy Favour gives,  
let me again obtain ;  
And thy free Spirit's firm Support  
my fainting Soul sustain.
- 13 So I thy righteous Ways  
to Sinners will impart ;  
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men  
to thy just Laws convert.
- 14 My Guilt of Blood remove,  
my Saviour and my God ;  
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell  
thy glorious Acts abroad.
- 15 Do thou unlock my Lips,  
with Sorrow clos'd and Shame ;  
So shall my Mouth thy wondrous Praise  
to all the World proclaim.
- 16 Could Sacrifice atone,  
whole Flocks and Herds should die ;  
But on such Off'rings thou disdain'st  
to cast a gracious Eye :
- 17 A broken Spirit is  
by God most highly priz'd ;  
By him a broken contrite Heart  
shall never be despis'd.
- 18 Let Sion Favour find,  
of thy Good-will assur'd ;  
And thy own City flourish long,  
by lofty Walls secur'd.
- 19 The Just shall then attend,  
and pleasing Tribute pay ;  
And Sacrifice of choicest Kind  
upon thy Altar lay.



## P S A L M LII.

- 1 **I**N vain, O Man of lawless Might,  
 thou boast'st thyself in Ill ;  
 Since God, the God in whom I trust,  
 vouchsafes his Favour still.
- 2 Thy wicked Tongue does stand'ring Tales  
 maliciously devise ;  
 And sharper than a Razor set,  
 it wounds with treach'rons Lies.
- 3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,  
 on Lies than Truth employ'd ;  
 Thy Tongue delights in Words by which  
 the Guiltless are destroy'd.
- 5 God shall for ever blast thy Hopes,  
 and snatch thee soon away ;  
 Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,  
 nor in the World to stay.
- 6 The Just with pious Fear shall see  
 the Downfal of thy Pride ;  
 And at thy sudden Ruin laugh,  
 and thus thy Fall deride :
- 7 “ See there the haughty Man that wars,  
 “ who proudly God defy'd,  
 “ Who trusted in his Wealth, and still  
 “ on wicked Arts rely'd. ”
- 8 But I am like those Olive-Plants,  
 that shade God's Temple round ;  
 And hope with his indulgent Grace  
 to be for ever crown'd.
- 9 So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,  
 extol thy wond'rous Love ;  
 And on thy Name with Patience wait ;  
 for this thy Saints approve.

## P S A L M LIII.

- 1 **T**HE wicked Fools must needs suppose  
 that God is but a Name ;  
 This gross Mistake their Practice shows,  
 since Virtue all disclaim.



- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high  
the Sons of Men to view ; [ Tow'r  
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,  
or Truth and Justice knew.
- 3 But all, he saw, were backwards gone,  
degen'rate grown and base ;  
None for Religion car'd, not one  
of all the sinful Race.
- 4 But are those Workers of Deceit  
so dull and senseless grown,  
That they like Bread my People eat,  
and God's just Pow'r disown ?
- 5 Their causeless Fears shall strangely grow ;  
and they, despis'd of God,  
Shall soon be foil'd ; his Hand shall throw  
their shatter'd Bones abroad.
- 6 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,  
to break our servile Band,  
Loud Shouts of universal Joy  
should echo thro' the Land.

## P S A L M LIV.

- 1, 2 **L**ORD, save me for thy glorious Name,  
and in thy Strength appear,  
To judge my Cause ; accept my Pray'r,  
and to my Words give Ear.
- 3 Mere Strangers whom I never wrong'd,  
to ruin me design'd ;  
And cruel Men that fear not God,  
against my Soul combin'd.
- 4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends ;  
and He's the surest Guard ;  
The God of Truth shall give my Foes  
their Falshood's due Reward.
- 6 While I my grateful Off'ring bring,  
and sacrifice with Joy ;  
And in his Praise my Time to come  
delightfully employ.
- 7 From dreadful Danger and Distress  
the Lord hath set me free ; Thro'

Thro' him shall I of all my Foes  
the just Destruction see.

## P S A L M LV.

1 **G**IVE Ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,  
and listen, when I pray ;  
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn  
thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my sad Complaint,  
and hear my grievous Moans ;  
Whilst I my mournful Case declare  
with artless Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark ! how the Foe insults aloud,  
how fierce Oppressors rage !  
Whose stand'ring Tongues with wrathful Hate  
against my Fame ingage.

4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul  
with deadly Frights distress'd ;  
With Fear and Trembling compass'd round,  
with Horror quite oppress'd.

6 How often wish'd I then, that I  
the Dove's swift Wings could get ;  
That I might take my speedy Flight,  
and seek a safe Retreat.

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,  
and in wild Deserts stray ;  
'Till all this furious Storm were spent,  
this Tempest pass'd away.

## P A R T II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill Designs,  
their Counsels soon divide ;  
For thro' the City my griev'd Eyes  
have Strife and Rapine spy'd.

10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall  
they walk their constant Round ;  
And in the midst of all their Strength  
are Grief and Mischief found.

11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part shall roam,  
with fresh Disorders meet ;

Deceit and Guile, their constant Posts,  
maintain in ev'ry Street.

- 12 For 'twas not any open Foe  
that false Reflections made ;  
For then I could with Ease have borne  
the bitter Things he said :  
'Twas none who Hatred had profess'd,  
that did against me rise ;  
For then I had withdrawn myself  
from his malicious Eyes. [ Friend,  
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my  
whom tender Love did join ;  
Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,  
whose Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.  
15 Sure Vengeance equal to their Crimes,  
such Traitors must surprize ;  
And sudden Death requite those Ills  
they wickedly devise.  
16, 17 But I will call on God, who still  
shall in my Aid appear ;  
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,  
and He my Voice shall hear.

*P A R T III.*

- 18 God has releas'd my Soul from those  
that did with me contend ;  
And made a num'rous Host of Friends  
my righteous Cause defend.  
19 For He who was my Help of old,  
shall now his Suppliant hear ;  
And punish them whose prosp'rous State  
makes them no God to fear.  
20 Whom can I trust, if faithless Men  
perfidiously devise  
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,  
and break the strongest Ties ?  
21 Tho' soft and melting are their Words,  
their Hearts with War abound ;  
Their Speeches are more smooth than Oil,  
and yet like Swords they wound. 22 Do

- 22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend;  
and He shall thee sustain ;  
He aids the Just, whom to supplant  
the Wicked strive in vain.
- 23 My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,  
shall all untimely die ;  
Whilst I for Health, and Length of Days,  
on Thee, my God rely.

## P S A L M LVI.

1. **D**O thou, O God, in Mercy help,  
for Man my Life pursues ;  
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,  
he daily Strife renews.
- 2 Continually my spiteful Foes,  
to ruin me, combine ;  
Thou seest, who sit'st enthron'd on High,  
what mighty Numbers join.
- 3 But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by Fear,  
(on Danger's first Alarm)  
Yet still for Succour I depend  
on thy Almighty Arm.
- 4 God's faithful Promise I shall praise,  
on which I now rely :  
In God I trust ; and trusting Him,  
the Arm of Flesh defy.
- 5 They wrest my Words, and make 'em speak  
a Sense they never meant :  
Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,  
on my Destruction bent.
- 6 In close Assemblies they combine,  
and wicked Projects lay ;  
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait  
to make my Soul their Prey.
- 7 Shall such Injustice still escape ?  
O righteous God arise ;  
Let thy just Wrath (too long provok'd)  
this impious Race chastise.
- 8 Thou number'st all my Steps, since first  
I was compell'd to flee ; My

My very Tears are treasur'd up,  
and register'd by Thee.

9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,  
my Foes shall be o'erthrown ;

For I am well assur'd that God  
my righteous Cause will own.

10, 11 I'll trust God's Word, and so despise  
the Force that Man can raise :

12 To Thee, O God, my Vows are due,  
to Thee I'll render Praise :

13 Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death ;  
and Thou wilt still secure

The Life thou hast so oft preserv'd,  
and make my Footsteps sure :

That thus protected by thy Pow'r,  
I may this Light enjoy,

And in the Service of my God  
my lengthen'd Days employ.

## P S A L M LVII.

1 **T**HY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,  
On thy Protection I depend ;

And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,  
'Till this outrageous Storm is past.

2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,  
Thou Sov'reign Judge, and God most High,  
Who Wonders hast for me begun,  
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,  
And shame all those that seek my Harm ;  
To my Relief thy Mercy send,  
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend :

4 For I with savage Men converse,  
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce, [Words  
With Men whose Teeth are Spears, their  
Envenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.

5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth display'd,  
'Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.



31 P S A L M lvii, lviii.

- 6 To take me, they their Net prepar'd,  
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd ;  
But fell themselves, by just Decree,  
Into the Pit they made for me.
- 7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent  
Its thankful Tribute to present ;  
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise  
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
- 8 Awake, my Glory ; Harp and Lute,  
No longer let your Strings be mute ;  
And I, my tuneful Part to take,  
Will with the early Dawn awake.
- 9 Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning Nations round :
- 10 Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends ;  
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
- 11 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth display'd,  
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

P S A L M LVIII.

- 1 **S**PEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,  
if just your Sentence be ;  
Or must not Innocence appeal  
to Heav'n, from your Decree ;
- 2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are  
alike by Malice sway'd :  
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,  
to Violence betray'd.
- 3 To Virtue, Strangers from the Womb ;  
their Infant Steps went wrong :  
They prattled Slander, and in Lies  
employ'd their lisping Tongue.
- 4 No Serpent of parch'd Africk's Breed  
does ranker Poison bear ;  
The drowfy Adder will as soon  
unlock his fullen Ear.
- 5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf  
as Adders they remain ;

From



From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice  
can no Attention gain.

6 Defeat, O God, their threatning Rage,  
and timely break their Pow'r :

Disarm these growing Lions Jaws,  
e'er practis'd to devour.

7 Let now their Insolence, at height,  
like ebbing Tides be spent ;  
Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,  
when they their Bow have bent.

8 Like Snails, let them dissolve to Slime ;  
like hasty Birth become ;  
Unworthy to behold the Sun,  
and dead within the Womb.

9 Ere Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,  
tempestuous Wrath shall come  
From God, and snatch 'em hence, alive,  
to their eternal Doom.

10 The Righteous shall rejoice to see  
their Crimes such Vengeance meet ;  
And Saints in Persecutors Blood  
shall dip their harmless Feet.

11 Transgressors then with Grief shall see  
just Men Rewards obtain ;  
And own a God, whose Justice will  
the guilty Earth arraign.

## P S A L M LIX.

1 **D**eliver me, O Lord my God,  
from all my spiteful Foes ;  
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r  
to theirs, who me oppose.

2 Preserve me from a wicked Race  
who make a Trade of Ill ;  
Protect me from remorseless Men,  
who seek my Blood to spill.

3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs  
against my Life combine :  
Implacable ; yet, Lord, thou know'st  
for no Offence of mine.

- 4 In haste they run about and watch  
my guiltless Life to take ;  
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,  
and to my Help awake :
- 5 Thou Lord of Hosts, and Isr'el's God,  
their Heathen Rage suppress ;  
Relentless Vengeance take on those  
who stubbornly transgress.
- 6 At Ev'ning to beset my House,  
like growling Dogs they meet ;  
While others through the City range,  
and ransack ev'ry Street.
- 7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,  
their Tongues are sharpen'd Swords ;  
Who hears ? ( say they ) or, hearing, dares  
reprove our lawless Words ?
- 8 But from thy Throne thou shalt, O Lord,  
their baffled Plots deride ;  
And soon to Scorn and Shame expose  
their boasted Heathen Pride.
- 9 On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength  
for Succour I depend ;  
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,  
who only canst defend.
- 10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft  
from Danger set me free,  
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue  
my haughty Foes to me.
- 11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once,  
restrain thy vengeful Blow ;  
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon  
forget their Overthrow.
- 12 Disperse them through the Nations round,  
by thy avenging Pow'r ;  
Do thou bring down their haughty Pride,  
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
- 13 Now in the Height of all their Hopes,  
their Arrogance chastise ;

Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Restraint,  
and Curses join'd with Lies.

13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their Race endures,  
thine Anger, Lord, suppress;  
That distant Lands, by their just Doom,  
may Isr'el's God confess.

14 At Ev'ning let them still persist,  
like growling Dogs, to meet,  
Still wander all the City round,  
and traverse ev'ry Street.

15 Then, as for Malice now they do,  
for Hunger let them stray,  
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,  
defeated of their Prey.

16 Whilst early I thy Mercy sing  
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess;  
For thou hast been my sure Defence,  
my Refuge in Distress.

17 To Thee with never-ceasing Praise,  
O God, my Strength, I'll sing;  
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence  
my Health and Safety spring.

## P S A L M LX.

1 **O** God, who hast our Troops dispers'd,  
Forfaking those who left thee first:  
As we thy just Displeasure mourn,  
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.

2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,  
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:  
O heal the Breaches thou hast made;  
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid!

3 Our Folly's sad Effects we feel,  
For, drunk with Discord's Cup, we reel.

4 But now for them who Thee rever'd,  
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd;

5 Let thy right Hand thy Saints protect;  
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct.

6 The Holy God has spoke, and I  
O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely. G 3 To

- To Thee in Portions I'll divide  
 Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride :  
 To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,  
 And measure out her Vale by Line.
- 7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe  
 To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe ;  
 Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,  
 And Judah by religious Laws.
- 8 Moab my Slave and Drudge shall be,  
 Nor Edom from my Yoke get free ;  
 Proud Palestine's imperious State  
 Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
- 9 But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs,  
 And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs,  
 Or through her guarded Frontiers tread  
 The Path that does to Conquest lead ?
- 10 Ev'n Thou, O God, who has dispers'd  
 Our Troops, ( for we forsook Thee first )  
 Those whom Thou didst in Wrath forsake,  
 Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.
- 11 Do Thou our fainting Cause sustain,  
 For human Succours are but vain.
- 12 Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows ;  
 'Tis He treads down our proudest Foes.

## P S A L M LXI.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,  
 which I, oppress'd with Grief,  
 2 From Earth's remotest Parts address  
 to Thee for kind Relief.  
 O lodge me safe beyond the Reach  
 of persecuting Pow'r ;
- 3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful Foes  
 hast been my shelt'ring Tow'r,  
 4 So shall I in thy sacred Courts  
 secure from Danger lie ;  
 Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,  
 all future Storms defy.
- 5 In sign my Vows are heard, once more  
 I o'er thy Chosen reign : 6 O

- 6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life  
the King thou didſt ordain.
- 7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign  
accepted in thy Sight ;  
And let thy Truth and Mercy both  
in his Defence unite.
- 8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praise,  
thy Name for ever bleſs ;  
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay  
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

## P S A L M LXII.

- 1, 2 **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies,  
from Him alone my Safety flows ;  
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,  
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.
- 3 How long will ye contrive my Fall,  
which will but haſten on your own ?  
You'll totter like a bending Wall,  
or Fence of uncemented Stone.
- 4 To make my envy'd Honour leſs,  
they ſtrive with Lies, their chief Delight ;  
For they who with their Mouths they bleſs,  
in private curſe with inward Spite.
- 5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely ;  
on Him alone thy Truſt reſe,   
My Rock and Health, with Strength ſupply,  
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.
- 7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,  
and flowing Bleſſings daily ſend ;  
He is my Fortreſs and Defence,  
on Him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
- 8 In Him, ye People, always truſt,  
before his Throne pour out your Hearts ;  
For God, the merciful and juſt,  
his timely Aid to us imparts.
- 9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail,  
the Great diſſemble and betray ;



- And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,  
 the lightest Things will both outweigh.  
 10 Then trust not in oppressive Ways,  
 by Spoil and Rapine grow not vain ;  
 Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,  
 be set too much upon your Gain.  
 11 For God has oft his Will express'd,  
 and I this Truth have fully known ;  
 To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd,  
 belongs of Right to God alone.  
 12 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,  
 in which He chiefly takes Delight ;  
 Yet will He all the human Race  
 according to their Works requite.

## P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to Thee  
 My Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be,  
 for Thee my thirsty Soul does pant ;  
 My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace  
 Within this dry and barren Place,  
 where I refreshing Waters want.  
 2 O! to my longing Eyes once more  
 That View of glorious Pow'r restore,  
 which thy majestick House displays :  
 3 Because to me thy wond'rous Love,  
 Than Life itself does dearer prove,  
 my Lips shall always speak thy Praise.  
 4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ,  
 with lifted Hands adore his Name!  
 5 My Soul's Content shall be as great  
 As their's who choicest Dainties eat,  
 while I with Joy his Praise proclaim.  
 6 When down I lie sweet Sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind,  
 and when I wake in dead of Night ;  
 7 Because Thou still dost Succour bring,  
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,  
 I rest with Safety and Delight. 8 My



- 8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,  
Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r  
in her Support is daily shown :
- 9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay  
That my Destruction wish ; and they  
that seek my Life, shall lose their own.
- 10 They by untimely Ends shall die,  
Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie ;  
but God shall fill the King with Joy :
- 11 Who Thee confess, shall still rejoice,  
Whilst the false Tongue and lying Voice  
thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

P S A L M LXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,  
to my Request give Ear ;  
Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,  
and free my Soul from Fear.
- 2 Oh, hide me with thy tend'rest Care  
in some secure Retreat,  
From Sinners that against me rise,  
and all their Plots defeat.
- 3 See how intent to work my Harm,  
they whet their Tongues, like Swords ;  
And bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,  
sharp Lies and bitter Words !
- 4 Lurking in private, at the Just  
they take their secret Aim ;  
And suddenly at him they shoot,  
quite void of Fear and Shame.
- 5 To carry on their ill Designs  
they mutually agree ;  
They speak of laying private Snares,  
and think that none shall see.
- 6 With utmost Diligence and Care  
their wicked Plots they lay ;  
The deep Designs of all their Hearts  
are only to betray.
- 7 But God, to Anger justly mov'd,  
his dreadful Bow shall bend,

And

And on his flying Arrow's Point  
shall swift Destruction send.

- 8 Those Slanders which their Mouths did vent,  
upon themselves shall fall ;  
Their Crimes disclos'd shall make them be  
despis'd and shun'd by all.
- 9 The World shall then God's Pow'r confess,  
and Nations trembling stand,  
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work  
of his avenging Hand.
- 10 Whilst righteous Men, whom God secures,  
in him shall gladly trust ;  
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear  
loud Triumphs of the Just.

## P S A L M LXV.

- F**OR Thee, O God, our constant Praise  
in Sion waits, thy chosen Seat ;  
Our promis'd Altars we will raise,  
and there our zealous Vows compleat.
- 2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r  
didst alway bend thy list'ning Ear,  
To Thee shall all Mankind repair,  
and at thy gracious Throne appear.
- 3 Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain  
to stop thy flowing Mercy try ;  
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,  
and wasthest out the Crimson Dye.
- 4 Bless'd is the Man, who near thee plac'd,  
within thy sacred Dwelling lives !  
Whilst we at humbler Distance taste  
the vast Delights thy Temple gives.
- 5 By wondrous Acts, O God most Just,  
have we thy gracious Answer found :  
In Thee remotest Nations trust,  
and those whom stormy Waves surround.
- 6, 7 God by his Strength sets fast the Hills,  
and does his matchless Pow'r ingage,  
With which the Sea's loud Waves he stills,  
and angry CrowdstumultuousRage. *PART*

## P A R T II.

- 8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands difmay,  
 when they thy dreadful Tokens view;  
 With Joy they see the Night and Day  
 each other's Track by Turns pursue.
- 9 From out thy unexhausted Store  
 thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;  
 Makes Lands that barren were before,  
 with Corn and useful Fruits abound.
- 10 On rising Ridges down it pours,  
 and ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;  
 Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,  
 in which a blest'd Increase distills.
- 11 Thy Goodness does the circling Year  
 with fresh Returns of Plenty crown;  
 And where thy glorious Paths appear,  
 thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.
- 12 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd  
 by them to Pastures fresh and green;  
 The Hills about in Order rang'd,  
 in beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
- 13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn  
 the chearful Downs; the Valleys bring  
 A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,  
 and seem for Joy to shout and sing.

## P S A L M LXVI.

- 1, 2 **L**ET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy  
 to God their Voices raise;  
 Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,  
 and spread his glorious Praise.
- 3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,  
 in all thy Works art Thou!  
 To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes  
 shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round  
 shall Thee their God confess;  
 And with glad Hymns their awful Dread  
 of thy great Name express.

- 5 Oh, come, behold the Works of God,  
and then with me you'll own,  
That he to all the Sons of Men  
has wond'rous Judgments shown.
- 6 He made the Sea become dry Land,  
thro' which our Fathers walk'd ;  
Whilst to each other of his Might  
with Joy his People talk'd.
- 7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules ;  
his Eyes the World survey ;  
Let no presumptuous Men rebel  
against his Sov'reign Sway.

## P A R T II.

- 8, 9 O all ye Nations, bless our God,  
and loudly speak his Praise ;  
Who keeps our Souls alive, and still  
confirms our stedfast Ways.
- 10 For Thou hast try'd us, Lord, as Fire  
does try the precious Ore ;
- 11 Thou brought'st us into Straits, where we  
oppressing Burdens bore.
- 12 Insulting Foes did us, their Slaves,  
thro' Fire and Water chase ;  
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth  
into a wealthy Place.
- 13 Burnt-Off'rings to thy House I'll bring,  
and there my Vows will pay ;
- 14 Which I with solemn Zeal did make  
in Trouble's dismal Day.
- 15 Then shall the richest Incense smoke,  
the fattest Rams shall fall,  
The choicest Goats from out the Fold,  
and Bullocks from the Stall.
- 16 Oh, come, all ye that fear the Lord,  
attend with heedful Care ;  
Whilst I, what God for me has done,  
with grateful Joy declare.
- 17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,  
so now I praise his Name ;      Who,

Who, if my Heart has harbour'd Sin,  
would all my Pray'rs disclaim.

- 19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
his gracious Ear did bend ;  
And to the Voice of my Request  
with constant Love attend.
- 20 Then bless'd for ever be my God,  
who never, when I pray,  
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,  
nor turns his Face away.

## P S A L M LXVII.

- 1 **T**O blefs the chofen Race,  
in Mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And caufe the Brightnefs of thy Face  
on all thy Saints to fhine.
- 2 That fo thy wond'rous Ways  
may thro' the World be known ;  
Whilst diftant Lands their Tribute pay,  
and thy Salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring Nations join,  
to celebrate thy Fame ;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine,  
to praise thy glorious Nanie.
- 4 Oh, let them fhout and fmg,  
with Joy and pious Mirth ;  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
fhalt govern all the Earth.
- 5 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy Fame ;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine,  
to praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then fhall the teeming Ground  
a large Increafe difclofe ;  
And we with Plenty fhall be crown'd,  
which God, our God, beftows.
- 7 Then God upon our Land  
fhall constant Bleffings fhew'r ;  
And all the World in Awe fhall ftand  
of his refiftlefs Pow'r,



## P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of Battle, rise,  
and scatter his presumptuous Foes ;  
Let shameful Rout their Host surprize,  
who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
- 2 As Smoke in Tempest's Rage is lost,  
or Wax into the Furnace cast,  
So let their sacrilegious Host  
before his wrathful Presence waste.
- 3 But let the Servants of his Will  
his Favour's gentle Beams enjoy ;  
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,  
and chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
- 4 To him your Voice in Anthems raise,  
J E H O V A H's awful Name he bears ;  
In him rejoice, extol his Praise,  
who rides upon high-rolling Spheres.
- 5 Him from his Empire of the Skies  
to this low World Compassion draws,  
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,  
and judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
- 6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil  
restores poor Exiles to their Home ;  
Makes Captives free, and fruitless Toil,  
their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.
- 7 'Twas so of old, when Thou didst lead  
in Person, Lord, our Armies forth ;  
Strange Terrors thro' the Desert spread,  
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth,
- 8 The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,  
and Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fear ;  
How then should Sinai's humble Hill  
of Israel's God the Presence bear ?
- 9 Thy Hand, at famish'd Earth's Complaint,  
reliev'd her from celestial Stores ;  
And when thy Heritage was faint,  
assuag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.
- 10 Where Savages had rang'd before,  
at Ease thou mad'st our Tribes reside ; And



And in the Defart, - for the Poor,  
thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Thou gav'st the Word, we fally'd forth,  
and in that pow'rful Word o'ercame ;  
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth  
in State our Conquest did proclaim.
- 12 Vast Armies by fuch Gen'ral's led  
as ne'er had yet receiv'd a Foil,  
Forfook their Camp with fudden Dread,  
and to our Women left the Spoil.
- 13 Tho' Egypt's Drudges you have been,  
your Army's Wings fhall fhine as bright  
As Doves in golden Sun-fhine feen,  
or filver'd o'er with paler Light.
- 14 'Twas fo, when God's Almighty Hand  
o'er fcatter'd Kings the Conquest won ;  
Our Troops drawn up on Jordan's Strand,  
high Salmon's glitt'ring Snow outfhone.
- 15 From thence to Jordan's farther Coaft,  
and Bafhan's Hill we did advance :  
No more her Height fhall Bafhan boast,  
but that fhe's God's Inheritance.
- 16 But wherefore ( tho' the Honour's great )  
fhould this, O Mountain, fwell your Pride ?  
For Sion is his chofen Seat,  
where He for ever will refide.
- 17 'His Chariots numberlefs, his Pow'rs  
are heav'nly Hofts that wait his Will ;  
His Prefence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,  
as once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
- 18 Afcending high, in Triumph Thou  
Captivity haft Captive led ;  
And on thy People didft beftow  
the Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.  
E'en Rebels fhall partake thy Grace,  
and humble Profelytes repair  
To worfhip at thy Dwelling-place,  
and all the World pay Homage there. 19 For

- 19 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,  
     be daily his great Name ador'd ;  
 20 Who is our Saviour and our God,  
     of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.  
 21 But Justice for his harden'd Foes  
     proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,  
     To wound the hoary Head of those  
     who in presumptuous Crimes proceed.  
 22 The Lord has thus in Thunder spoke ;  
     " As I subdu'd proud Basban's King,  
     " Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,  
     " and from the Deep my Servants bring :  
 23 " Their Feet shall with a crimson Flood  
     " of slaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er ;  
     " Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,  
     " but leave for Dogs th'unhallow'd Gore.

## P A R T III.

- 24 When marching to thy blest'd abode,  
     the wandring Multitude survey'd  
     The pompous State of Thee our God,  
     in Robes of Majesty array'd :  
 25 Sweet-singing Levites led the Van,  
     loud Instruments brought up the Rear ;  
     Between both Troops a Virgin-train  
     with Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.  
 26 This was the Burden of the Song ;  
     " In full Assemblies blest the Lord,  
     " All who to Isr'el's Tribe belong,  
     " the God of Isr'el's Praise record.  
 27 Nor little Benjamin alone  
     from neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,  
     Nor only Judah's nearer Throne,  
     her Counsellors in State did send ;  
     But Zebulon's remoter Seat,  
     and Nepthali's more distant Coast  
     (The grand Procession to compleat)  
     send up their Tribes, a princely Host.

- 28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought  
our Tribes, at Strife 'till that bless'd Hour.  
This Work which thou, O God, hast wrought,  
confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.
- 29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend ;  
and Sion, thy terrestrial Throne :  
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,  
and Thee with offer'd Crowns atone :
- 30 Break down the Spearmen's Ranks, who threat  
like pamper'd Herds of savage Might ;  
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,  
who in destructive War delight.
- 31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth  
her Hands, and Afric Homage bring :
- 32 The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth  
their common Sov'reign's Praises sing ;
- 33 Who, mounted on the loftiest Sphere  
of ancient Heav'n, sublimely rides ;  
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,  
like that of warring Winds and Tides:
- 34 Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most High,  
of humble Isr'el He takes Care ;  
Whose Strength, from out the dusky Sky,  
darts shining Terrors thro' the Air.
- 35 How dreadful are the sacred Courts  
where God has fix'd his earthly Throne !  
His Strength his feeble Saints supports ;  
to God give Praise, and Him alone.

## P S A L M LXIX.

- 1 **S**Ave me, O God, from Waves that roul,  
And press to overwhelm my Soul.
- 2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,  
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
- 3 With restless Cries my Spirits faint,  
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint ;  
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,  
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

- 4 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,  
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue  
With groundless Hate, grown now of Might  
To execute their lawless Spite :  
They force me, guiltless, to resign,  
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence dost see,  
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
- 6 Lord God of Hosts, take timely Care,  
Lest, for my Sake, thy Saints despair :
- 7 Since I have suffer'd for thy Name,  
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame.
- 8 A Stranger to my Country grown,  
Nor to my nearest Kindred known ;  
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn  
By Brethren of my Mother born.
- 9 For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name  
Consumes me like devouring Flame ;  
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,  
More than at Slanders cast on me.
- 10 My very Tears and Abstinence  
They construe in a spiteful Sense.
- 11 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their Sake,  
They me their common Proverb make.
- 12 Their Judges at my Wrongs do jest,  
Those Wrongs they ought to have redress'd.  
How then should I expect to be  
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free ?
- 13 But, Lord, to Thee I will repair  
For Help, with humble timely Pray'r ;  
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store,  
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.
- 14 From threatening Dangers me relieve,  
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve ;  
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,  
And snatch me from the raging Deep.
- 15 Controul the Deluge ere it spread,  
And roul its Waves above my Head :

- Nor deep Destruction's open Pit,  
To close her Jaws on me permit.  
16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,  
For thy transcending Goodness sake ;  
Relieve thy Suppliant once more  
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.  
17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face ;  
Make haste, for desp'rate is my Case :  
18 Thy timely Succour interpose,  
And shield me from remorseless Foes.  
19 Thou know'st what Infamy and Scorn  
I from my Enemies have borne ;  
Nor can their close disssembled Spite,  
Or darkeſt Plots, escape thy Sight.  
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,  
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,  
To pity or relieve my Pain ;  
But look'd, alas ! for both in vain.  
21 With Hunger pain'd, for Food I call ;  
Instead of Food, they give me Gall ;  
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,  
They gave me Vinegar to drink.  
22 Their Table therefore to their Health  
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth ;  
23 Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,  
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurprize.  
24 On them Thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,  
'Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour ;  
25 And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,  
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.  
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd,  
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd ;  
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,  
To bleed aſreſh with ſharper Scorn.  
27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,  
'Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.  
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,  
Nor with the Juſt their Names enroll.



- 29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,  
thy strong Salvation shall restore :
- 30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,  
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
- 31 Our God shall this more highly prize,  
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice :
- 32 Which humble Saints with Joy shall see,  
And hope for like Redress with me.
- 33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint,  
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint :
- 34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raise,  
And all the World resound his Praise.
- 35 For God will Sion's Walls erect,  
And Judah's Cities still protect ;  
'Till all her scatter'd Sons repair  
To undisturb'd Possession there.
- 36 This Blessing they shall at their Death,  
To their religious Heirs bequeath ;  
And they to endless Ages more,  
Of such as his bless'd Name adore.

## P S A L M LXX.

- 1 **O** LORD, to my Relief draw near,  
for never was more pressing Need :  
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
- 2 Confusion on their Heads return,  
who to destroy my Soul combine ;  
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,  
insnar'd in their own vile Design.
- 3 Their Doom let Desolation be ;  
with Shame their Malice be repaid,  
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,  
and Sport of my Affliction made.
- 4 While those who humbly seek thy Face,  
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd ;  
And all who prize thy saving Grace,  
with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
- 5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,  
the mighty Lord of me takes Care ; Thou,



Thou, God, who only can'st restore,  
to my Relief with Speed repair.

## P S A L M LXXI.

- 1, 2 **I**N Thee I put my stedfast Trust ;  
defend me, Lord, from Shame :  
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul,  
for righteous is thy Name.
- 3 Be thou my strong abiding Place,  
to which I may resort ;  
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe,  
thou art my Rock and Fort.
- 4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men  
protect and set me free ;  
For, from my earliest Youth 'till now,  
my Hope has been in Thee.
- 6 Thy constant Care did safely guard  
my tender Infant-Days ;  
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,  
to sing thy constant Praise.
- 7, 8 While some on me with Wonder gaze,  
thy Hand supports me still ;  
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praise  
my Mouth shall always fill.
- 9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,  
when I with Age decay ;  
Forfake me not, when, worn with Years,  
my Vigour fades away.
- 10 My Foes, against my Fame and me,  
with crafty Malice speak ;  
Against my Soul they lay their Snares,  
and mutual Counsel take.
- 11 His God, say they, forsakes him now,  
on whom he did rely ;  
Pursue and take him, whilst no Hope  
of timely Aid is nigh.
- 12 But Thou, my God, withdraw not far,  
for speedy Help I call ;

- 13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,  
that seek to work my Fall.  
14 But as for me, my stedfast Hope  
shall on thy Pow'r depend ;  
And I, in grateful Songs of Praise,  
my Time to come will spend.

## P A R T II.

- 15 Thy righteous Acts and saving Health  
my Mouth shall still declare :  
Unable yet to count them all,  
tho' summ'd with utmost Care.  
16 While God vouchsafes me his Support,  
I'll in his Strength go on :  
All other Righteousness disclaim,  
and mention His alone.  
17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth  
to praise thy glorious Name ;  
And ever since thy wond'rous Works  
have been my constant Theme.  
18 Then now forsake me not, when I  
am grey, and feeble grown ;  
'Till I to these and future Times  
thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.  
19 How high thy Justice soars, O God !  
how great and wondrous are  
The mighty Works which Thou hast done !  
who may with Thee compare ?  
20 Me whom thy Hand has sorely press'd,  
thy Grace shall yet relieve ;  
And from the lowest Depth of Woe  
with tender Care retrieve.  
21 Thro' Thee my Time to come shall be  
with Pow'r and Greatness crown'd ;  
And me, whose dismal Years have pass'd,  
thy Comforts shall surround :  
22 That I with Psaltery and Harp,  
thy Truth, O Lord, may praise ;  
To Thee the God of Jacob's Race,  
my Voice in Anthems raise.      23 Then

- 23 Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Song  
employ my chearful Voice ;  
My grateful Soul, by thee redeem'd,  
shall in thy Strength rejoyce.
- 24 My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts  
shall all the Day proclaim ;  
Because thou didst confound my Foes,  
and brought'st them all to Shame.

P S A L M LXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy just Decrees the King  
in all his Ways direct ;  
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,  
thy righteous Laws respect.
- 2 So shall he still his People judge  
with pure and upright Mind,  
Whilst all the helpless Poor shall him  
their just Protector find.
- 3 Then Hills and Mountains shall bring forth  
the happy Fruits of Peace ;  
Which all the Land shall own to be  
the Work of Righteousness :
- 4 Whilst he the poor and needy Race  
Shall rule with gentle Sway ;  
And from their humble Necks shall take  
oppressive Yokes away.
- 5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear  
shall then be rooted fast,  
As long as Sun and Moon endure,  
or Time itself shall last.
- 6 He shall descend like Rain, that cheers  
the Meadows second Birth,  
Or like warm Show'rs, whose gentle Drops  
refresh the thirsty Earth.
- 7 In his bless'd Days the Just and Good  
shall be with Favour crown'd ;  
The happy Land shall ev'ry-where  
with endless Peace abound.
- 8 His uncontroul'd Dominion shall  
from Sea to Sea extend ; H 4 Begin

Begin at proud Euphrates' Streams,  
at Nature's Limits end.

- 9 To Him the savage Nations round  
shall bow their servile Heads ;  
His vanquish'd Soul shall lick the Dust  
where He his Conquest spreads.
- 10 The Kings of Tarshish, and the Isles,  
shall costly Presents bring ;  
From spicy Sheba Gifts shall come,  
and wealthy Saba's King.
- 11 To Him shall ev'ry King on Earth,  
his humble Homage pay ;  
And diff'ring Nations gladly join  
to own his righteous Sway.
- 12 For He shall set the Needy free,  
when they for Succour cry ;  
Shall save the Helpless and the Poor,  
and all their Wants supply.

*P A R T II.*

- 13 His Providence, for needy Souls,  
shall due Supplies prepare ;  
And over their defenceless Lives  
shall watch with tender Care.
- 14 He shall preserve and keep their Souls  
from Fraud and Rapine free ;  
And in his Sight their guiltless Blood  
of mighty Price shall be.
- 15 Therefore shall God his Life and Reign  
to many Years extend ;  
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,  
and golden Presents send.  
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made,  
thro' all his prosp'rous Days :  
His just Dominion shall afford  
a lasting Theme of Praise.
- 16 Of useful Grain, thro' all the Land,  
great Plenty shall appear ;  
An Handful sown on Mountain Tops  
a mighty Crop shall bear :      Its

- Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,  
a rattling Noise shall yield ;  
The City too shall thrive, and vie  
for Plenty with the Field.
- 17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name  
thro' endless Years shall run ;  
His spotless Fame shall shine as bright,  
and lasting as the Sun.  
In Him the Nations of the World  
shall be completely bless'd,  
And His unbounded Happiness  
by ev'ry Tongue confess'd.
- 18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
the God whom Isr'el fears ;  
Who only wondrous in his Works  
beyond Compare appears.
- 19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd ;  
and ever bless his Name,  
Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World  
their glad Assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXIII.

- 1 **A**T length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain,  
that God will to his Saints be kind ;  
That all whose Hearts are pure and clean,  
shall his protecting Favour find.
- 2, 3 'Till this sustaining Truth I knew,  
my stagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd ;  
I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view,  
and envy'd, when the Fools prevail'd.
- 4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace descend,  
and whilst they live, are hale and strong ;  
No Plague or Troubles them offend,  
which oft to other Men belong.
- 6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,  
and Rapine seems their Robe of State ;  
Their Eyes stand out with Fatness swell'd,  
they grow beyond their Wishes great.
- 8, 9 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,  
oppressive Methods they defend ; Their



Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,  
their Blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.

10 And yet admiring Crowds are found,  
who servile Visits duly make ;  
Because with Plenty they abound,  
of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11 Their fond Opinions these pursue,  
'till they with them profanely cry ;  
“ How should the Lord our Actions view ?  
“ can He perceive who dwells so high ? ”

12 Behold the Wicked ! these are they  
who openly their Sins profess ;  
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each Day,  
and all their Actions meet Success.

13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my Heart ( said I )  
and wash'd my Hands from Guilt in vain ;  
If all the Day oppress'd I lie,  
and ev'ry Morning suffer Pain.

15 Thus did I once to speak intend ;  
but if such Things I rashly say,  
Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,  
and basely should their Cause betray.

*P A R T II.*

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,  
but found the Case too hard for me ;  
'Till to the House of God I went ;  
then I their End did plainly see.

18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all  
on slipp'ry Places loosely stand ;  
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,  
cast down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate !  
despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd ;  
As waking Men with Scorn do treat  
the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.

21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,  
my Reins were rack'd with restless Pains ;  
So stupid was I, like a Beast,  
who no reflecting Thought retains. 23,



- 23, 24 Yet still thy Prefence me supply'd,  
and thy Right-hand Assistance gave ;  
Thou first shalt with thy Counsel guide,  
and then to Glory me receive.
- 25 Whom then in Heav'n but Thee alone,  
have I, whose Favour I require ?  
Thro'out the spacious Earth there's none  
that I besides thee can desire.
- 26 My trembling Flesh and aking Heart  
may often fail to succour me ;  
But God shall inward Strength impart,  
and my eternal Portion be.
- 27 For they that far from Thee remove,  
shall into sudden Ruin fall ;  
If after other Gods they rove,  
thy Vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,  
that I should still to God repair ;  
In him I always put my Trust,  
and will his wondrous Works declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

- 1 **W** H Y hast thou cast us off, O God,  
wilt thou no more return ?  
Oh, why against thy chosen Flock  
does thy fierce Anger burn ?
- 2 Think on thy ancient Purchase, Lord,  
the Land that is thy own,  
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's Mount,  
where once thy Glory shone.
- 3 Oh, come, and view our ruin'd State,  
how long our Troubles last !  
See how the Foe with wicked Rage  
hath laid thy Temple waste !
- 4 Thy Foes blaspheme thy Name, where late  
thy zealous Servant pray'd ;  
The Heathen there with haughty Pomp  
their Banners have display'd.

- 5, 6 Those curious Carvings which did once  
advance the Artists Fame,  
With Ax and Hammer they destroy,  
like Works of vulgar Frame.
- 7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt,  
and what escap'd the Flame,  
Has been prophan'd, and quite defac'd,  
tho' sacred to thy Name.
- 8 Thy Worship wholly to destroy  
maliciously they aim'd ;  
And all the sacred Places burn'd,  
where we thy Praise proclaim'd.
- 9 Yet of thy Presence thou vouchsaf'd'st  
no tender Signs to send ;  
We have no Prophet now that knows  
when this sad State shall end.

## P A R T II.

- 10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit  
th' insulting Foe to boast ?  
Shall all the Honour of thy Name  
for evermore be lost ?
- 11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong Right-hand,  
and on thy patient Breast,  
When Vengeance calls to stretch it forth,  
so calmly let'st it rest ?
- 12 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,  
in our Defence hast fought ;  
For us, thro'out the wond'ring World,  
hast great Salvation wrought.
- 13 'Twas thou, O God, that did'st the Sea  
by thy own Strength divide ;  
Thou brak'st the watry Monsters Head,  
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.
- 14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,  
that seem'd the Deep to sway ;  
Was by thy Pow'r destroy'd, and made  
to savage Beasts a Prey.

- 15 Thou clav'st the solid Rock, and mad'st  
the Waters largely flow ;  
Again, thou mad'st thro' parted Streams  
thy wondring People go.
- 16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine  
the black Return of Night ;  
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious Sun,  
and ev'ry feebl' Light :
- 17 By thee the Borders of the Earth  
in perfect Order stand ;  
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,  
attend on thy Command.

*P A R T III.*

- 18 Remember, Lord, how scornful Foes  
have daily urg'd our Shame ;  
And how the foolish People have  
blasphem'd thy holy Name.
- 19 O free thy mourning Turtle-Dove,  
by sinful Crowds beset ;  
Nor the Assembly of thy Poor  
for evermore forget.
- 20 Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,  
and make thy Promise good ;  
For now each Corner of the Land  
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
- 21 O let not the Oppress'd return  
with Sorrow cloath'd and Shame ;  
But let the Helpless and the Poor  
for ever praise thy Name.
- 22 Arise, O God, in our Behalf,  
thy Cause and ours maintain ;  
Remember how insulting Fools  
each Day thy Name prophane !
- 23 Make thou the Boastings of thy Foes  
for evermore to cease ;  
Whose Insolence, if unchastiz'd,  
will more and more increase.

## P S A L M LXXV.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, we render Praise,  
to thee with Thanks repair ;  
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,  
thy wondrous Works declare.
- 2 In Isr'el when my Throne is fix'd,  
with me shall Justice reign.
- 3 The Land with Discord shakes, but I  
the sinking Frame sustain.
- 4 Deluded Wretches I advis'd  
their Errors to redress ;  
And warn'd bold Sinners that they should  
their swelling Pride suppress.
- 5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if  
no Pow'r could yours restrain ;  
Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn  
to speak with less Disdain.
- 6 For that Promotion, which to gain  
your vain Ambition strives,  
From neither East, nor West, nor yet  
from Southern Climes arrives.
- 7 For God the great Disposer is,  
and Sov'reign Judge alone ;  
Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts  
the Humble to a Throne.
- 8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,  
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd ;  
The deadly Mixture which his Wrath  
deals out to Nations round.  
Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,  
but wicked Men shall squeeze  
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd  
to drink the very Lees.
- 9 His Prophet I, to all the World  
this Message will relate ;  
The Justice then of Jacob's God  
my Song shall celebrate.
- 10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,  
their Cruelty disarm ;

Exalt the Just, and seat him high,  
above the Reach of Harm.

## P S A L M LXXVI.

- 1 **I**N Judah the Almighty's known,  
(Almighty there, by Wonders shown)  
his Name in Jacob does excel ;
- 2 His Sanct'ry in Salem stands,  
The Majesty that Heav'n commands,  
in Sion condescends to dwell.
- 3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,  
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,  
There slain the mighty Army lay ;
- 4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is spread,  
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,  
than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.
- 5 Their valiant Chiefs who came for Spoil,  
Themselves met there a shameful Foil :  
securely down to Sleep they lay ;  
But wak'd no more, their stoutest Band  
Ne'er list'd one resisting Hand  
'gainst His that did their Legions slay.
- 6 When Jacob's God began to frown,  
Both Horse and Charioteers o'erthrown,  
together slept in endless Night :
- 7 When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,  
Dost once with wrathful Looks appear,  
what mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight ?
- 8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,  
Grew hush'd with Fear when Thou didst come,
- 9 The Meek with Justice to restore :
- 10 The Wrath of Man shall yield Thee Praise,  
Its last Attempts but serve to raise  
the Triumphs of Almighty Power :
- 11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations bring  
Vow'd Presents to th' Eternal King ;  
thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay ;
- 12 Who proudest Potentates can quell,  
To earthly Kings more terrible,  
than, to their trembling Subjects, they.



## P S A L M LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd, who to my Help  
did graciously repair ;
- 2 In Trouble's difinal Day I fought  
my God with humble Pray'r.  
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,  
no Med'cine gave Relief ;  
My Soul no Comfort would admit,  
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
- 3 I thought on God, and Favours paſs'd,  
but that increas'd my Pain :  
I found my Spirit more oppreſs'd,  
the more I did complain.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night  
thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake :  
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,  
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.
- 5 I call'd to mind the Days of old,  
with ſignal Mercy crown'd,  
Thoſe famous Years of ancient Times,  
for Miracles renown'd.
- 6 By Night I recollect my Songs  
on former Triumphs made ;  
Then ſearch, conſult, and ask my Heart,  
where's now thy wondrous Aid ?
- 7 Has God for ever caſt us off,  
withdrawn his Favour quite ?
- 8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth  
retir'd to endleſs Night ?
- 9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget  
its wonted Aids to bring ?  
Has he in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd  
his Mercy's healing Spring ?
- 10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,  
but I'll my Fears diſband ;  
Will yet remember the Moſt High,  
and Years of his Right-hand.
- 11 I'll call to mind his Works of old,  
the Wonders of his Might ;

On



# P S A L M lxxviii.

- 12 On them my Heart shall meditate,  
my Tongue shall them recite.
- 13 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high;  
O God, thy Councils are !  
Who is so great a God as ours?  
Who can with him compare ?
- 14 Long since a God of Wonders Thee  
thy rescu'd People found ;
- 15 Long since hast Thou thy chosen Seed  
with strong Deliv'rance crown'd,
- 16 When Thee, O God, the Waters saw,  
the frightened Billows shrunk ;  
The troubled Depths themselves for Fear  
beneath their Channels sunk.
- 17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies  
did with their Noise conspire ;  
Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,  
wing'd with avenging Fire.
- 18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,  
while all the lower World  
With Lightning blaz'd, Earth shook and seem'd  
from her Foundation hurl'd.
- 19 Thro' rolling Streams thou findest thy Way,  
Thy Paths in Waters lie ;  
Thy wond'rous Passage where no Sight  
thy Footsteps can descry.  
Thou led'st thy People, like a Flock  
safe thro' the Desert Land,  
By *Moses*, their meek skilful Guide,  
and *Aaron's* sacred Hand.

# P S A L M LXXVIII.

- 1 **H**ear, O my People, to my Law,  
devout Attention lend ;  
Let the Instruction of my Mouth  
deep in your Hearts descend.
- 2 My Tongue by Inspiration taught,  
shall Parables unfold,

- Dark Oracles, but understood,  
and own'd for Truths of Old;  
3 Which we from sacred Registers  
of ancient Times have known,  
And our Fore-fathers pious Care  
to us has handed down.  
4 We wil' not hide them from our Sons;  
our Off-spring shall be taught  
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength  
has Works of Wonder wrought.  
5 For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,  
this League with *Isr'el* made;  
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,  
from Race to Race convey'd.  
6 That Generations yet to come  
should to their unborn Heirs  
Religiously transmit the same,  
and they again to theirs.  
7 To teach'em that in God alone  
their Hope securely stands;  
That they should ne'er forget his Works,  
but keep his just Commands.  
Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove,  
a stiff rebellious Race;  
False hearted, fickle to their God,  
unsteadfast in his Grace.  
9 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Sons,  
who tho' to Warfare bred;  
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,  
from Field ignobly fled.  
10, 11 They falsify'd their League with God,  
his Orders disobey'd,  
Forgot his Works and Miracles  
before their Eyes display'd.  
12 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,  
did they in Mind retain;  
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,  
and *Zoan's* fertile Plain.

P S A L M lxxviii.

11

- 13 He cut the Seas to let 'em pass,  
restrain'd the pressing Flood ;  
Where pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,  
The solid Water stood.
- 14 A wondrous Pillar led them on,  
compos'd of Shade and Light ;  
A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,  
a leading Fire by Night.
- 15 When Drought oppress'd 'em, where no Stream  
the Wilderness supply'd,  
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast  
dissolv'd into a Tide.
- 16 Streams from the solid Rock he brought,-  
which down in Rivers fell,  
That travelling with their Camp each Day  
renew'd the Miracle.
- 17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,  
provoking the most High ;  
In that same Desert where he did  
their fainting Souls supply.
- 18 They first incens'd him in their Hearts,  
that did his Pow'r distrust ;  
And long'd for Meats, not urg'd by Want,  
but to indulge their Lust.
- 19 Then utter'd their blaspheming Doubts,  
“ Can God, say they, prepare  
“ A Table in the Wilderness,  
“ set out with various Fare ?
- 20 “ He smote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)  
“ and gushing Streams ensu'd ;  
“ But can he Corn and Flesh provide  
“ for such a Multitude ?
- 11 The Lord with Indignation heard :  
from Heav'n avenging Flame  
On *Jacob* fell, consuming Wrath  
on thankless *I/r'el* came.
- 22 Because their unbelieving Hearts,  
in God would not confide,

Nor trust his Carr, who had from Heav'n  
Their Wants so oft supply'd

23 Tho' he made his Clouds discharge  
Provisions down in Showr's ;

And, when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs  
from his celestial Stores.

24 Tho' tasteful Manna was rain'd down  
their Hunger to relieve ;

Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did  
sustaining Corn receive.

25 Thus Man with Angels sacred Food  
ingrateful Man was fed ;

Not sparingly for still they found  
a plenteous Table spread.

26 From Heav'n he made an East Wind blow,  
then did the South command

27 To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls,  
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.

28 Within their Trenches he let fall  
the luscious easy Prey,

And all around their spreading Camp  
the ready Booty lay.

29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them Leave  
their Appetites to feast ;

30, 31 Yet still their wanton Lust crav'd on,  
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.

But whilst in their luxurious Mouths,  
they did their Dainties chew,

The Wrath of God smote down their Chief,  
and *Isr'el's* Chosen slew.

P A R T II.

32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford  
his Miracles belief ;

33 Therefore thro' fruitless Travels he  
consum'd their Lives in Grief.

34 When some were slain, the rest return'd  
to God with early Cry ;

35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,  
their Saviour, God most High.

36 But

- 36 But this was feign'd Submission all,  
their Heart their Tongue bely'd ;  
37 Their Heart was still perverse, nor would  
firm in his League abide.  
38 Yet full of Mercy, he forgave,  
nor did with Death chastise ;  
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,  
or would not let it rise.  
39 For he remembered they were Flesh  
that could not long remain ;  
A murmuring Wind that's quickly past,  
and ne'er returns again.  
40 How oft did they provoke him there,  
how oft his Patience grieve,  
In that same Desert where he did  
their fainting Souls relieve ;  
41 They tempted him by turning back,  
and wickedly repin'd ;  
When *Isr'el's* God refus'd to be  
by their Desires confin'd.  
42 Nor call'd to Mind the Hand and Day  
that their Redemption brought ;  
43 His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works  
in *Zoan's* Valley wrought.  
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,  
that Man and Beast forbore,  
And rather chose to die of Thirst  
than drink the putrid Gore.  
45 He sent devouring Swarms of Flies,  
hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil ;  
46 Locusts and Caterpillars reap'd  
the Harvest of their Toil.  
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,  
with Frost the Fig-tree dies ;  
48 Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herbs  
one gen'ral Sacrifice.  
49 He turn'd his Anger loose, and set  
no Time for it to cease ;

And, with their Plagues had Angels sent  
 their Torments to increase,  
 50 He clear'd a Passage for his Wrath  
 to ravage uncontroul'd ;  
 The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd  
 In ev'ry Field and Fold.  
 51 The deadly Pest from Beast to Man,  
 from Field to City came ;  
 It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,  
 Thro' all the Tents of *Ham*.  
 52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,  
 he brought from their Distress ;  
 And them conducted like a Flock,  
 throughout the Wilderness.  
 53 He led 'em on ; and in their Way,  
 no Cause of Fear they found ;  
 But march'd securely through those Deeps  
 in which their Foes were drown'd,  
 54 Nor ceas'd his Care till them he brought  
 safe to his promis'd Land,  
 And to his holy Mount, the Prize  
 of his victorious Hand.  
 55 To them the out-cast Heathens Land  
 He did by Lot divide ;  
 And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,  
 made *Isr'el's* Tribes reside.

## P A R T III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd  
 the Wrath of God most High ;  
 Nor would to practise his Commands  
 their stubborn Hearts apply :  
 57 But in their faithless Father's Steps  
 perversely chose to go.  
 They turn'd aside, like Arrows shot  
 from some deceitful Bow.  
 58 For him to Fury they provok'd  
 with Altars set on high ;  
 And with their graven Images  
 inflam'd his Jealousy.

59 When



- 59 When God heard this, on *Ifr'el's* Tribes  
his Wrath and Hatred fell ;  
60 He quitted *Shiloh*, and the Tents  
where once he chose to dwell.  
61 To vile Captivity his Ark,  
his Glory to disdain,  
62 His People to the Sword he gave,  
nor would his Wrath restrain  
63 Destructive War their ablest Youth  
untimely did confound ;  
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,  
with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.  
64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,  
the Priest a Victim bled ;  
And Widows who their Death should mourn  
themselves of Grief were dead.  
65 Then as a Giant rous'd from Sleep,  
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,  
Shouts out aloud ; the Lord awak'd  
and his proud Foe alarm'd.  
66 He smote their Host, that from the Field  
a scattering Remnant came,  
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs  
of everlasting Shame.  
67 With Conquest crown'd he *Joseph's* Tents  
and *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook ;  
68 But *Judab* chose, and *Sion's* Mount  
for his lov'd Dwelling took.  
69 His Temple he erected there  
with Spires exalted high ;  
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,  
the strong Foundations lie.  
70 His faithful Servant *David* too,  
he for his Choice did own,  
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd  
to sit on *Judab's* Throne.  
71 From tending on the teeming Ews,  
he brought him forth to feed

His own Inheritance, the Tribes  
of *Ifr'el's* chosen Seed.

72 Exalted thus the Monarch prov'd  
a faithful Shepherd still ;

He fed them with an upright Heart,  
and guided them with Skill.

## P S A L M XXIX.

1 **B**Ehold, O God, how heathen Hosts  
have thy Possession seiz'd !

Thy sacred House they have defil'd,  
thy holy City raz'd !

2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints  
abroad unburied lay ;

Their Flesh expos'd to savage Beasts,  
and rav'nous Birds of Prey,

3 Quite thro' *Jerus'lem* was their Blood  
like common Water shed ;

And none were left alive to pay  
last Duties to the Dead.

4 The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains  
with loud Reproaches wound ;

And we a Laughing-stock are made  
to all the Nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,  
must we for ever mourn ;

Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,  
like Fire for ever burn ?

6 On foreign Lands that know not Thee,  
thy heavy Vengeance show'r ;

Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush  
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd  
on *Jacob's* chosen Race ;

And to a barren Desert turn'd  
their fruitful Dwelling-place.

8 O think not on our former Sins,  
but speedily prevent

The utter Ruin of thy Saints  
almost with Sorrow spent.

- 9 Thou God of our Salvation, help,  
And free our Souls from Blame;  
So shall our Pardon and Defence  
exalt thy glorious Name.
- 10 Let Infidels, that scoffing say,  
Where is the God they boast?  
In Vengeance for thy slaughter'd Saints,  
perceive Thee to their Cost.
- 11 Lord hear the sighing Pris'ners Moans,  
thy saving Pow'r extend;  
Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,  
from that untimely End.
- 12 On them, who us oppress, let all  
our Suff'rings be repaid;  
Make their Confusion sev'n times more  
than what on us they laid.
- 13 So we thy People, and thy Flock,  
shall ever praise thy Name;  
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks  
from Age to Age proclaim.

## P S A L M LXXX.

- 1 **O** *Isr'el's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide.*  
Our Prayer's to Thee vouchsafe to hear;  
Thou that do'st on the Cherubs ride,  
Again in solemn State appear.
- 2 Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,  
With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd,  
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects  
Of thy resistless Strength to find.
- 3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
Lustre of thy Face display;  
And all the Ills we suffer now  
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.
- 4 O thou, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?  
How long thy suff'ring People pray,  
And to their Prayer's have no Return?
- 5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench  
Our scanty Food in Floods of Woe; When

When dry, our raging Thirst we quench  
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.

- 6 For us the Heathen Nations round  
As for a common Prey, contest ;  
Our Foes with spiteful Joy abound,  
And at our lost Condition jest.
- 7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display ;  
And all the Ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away,

P A R T II.

- 8 Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt's* Land,  
And casting out the Heathen Race,  
Didst plant it with thine own Right-hand,  
And firmly fix'd it in their Place.
- 9 Before st thou prepar'dst the Way,  
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,  
Which, blest with thy indulgent Ray,  
O'er all the Land did widely shoot.
- 10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,  
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars seem ;  
Its Branches to the Sea were spread,  
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
- 12 Why then hast thou its Hedge o'erthrown,  
Which thou had'st made so firm and strong ?  
Whilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,  
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.
- 13 See how the bristling Forest Boar  
With dreadful Fury lays it waste.  
Hark how the savage Monsters roar,  
And to their helpless Prey make haste.

P A R T III.

- 14 To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray ;  
Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew :  
From Heav'n thy Throne, this Vine survey,  
And her sad State with Pity view.
- 15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,  
Which thy Right hand did guard so long ;  
And

- And keep that Branch from Danger free,  
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 16 To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,  
And all its spreading Boughs cut down ;  
At thy Rebuke they soon decay,  
And perish at thy dreadful Frown.
- 17 Crown thou the King with good Success,  
By thy Right Hand secur'd from Wrong.  
The Son of Man in Mercy blest,  
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 18 So shall we still continue free  
From whatso'er deserves thy Blame ;  
And if once more reviv'd by thee,  
Will always praise thy holy Name.
- 19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display,  
And all the Ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

P S A L M LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God, our never-failing Strength,  
with loud Applauses sing :  
And jointly make a chearful Noise  
To *Jacob's* awful King.
- 2 Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch  
your Instruments of Joy ;  
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps,  
your grateful Skill employ.
- 3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon,  
their joyful Voices raise,  
To celebrate th' appointed Time,  
the solemn Days of Praise.
- 4 For this a Statute was of old,  
which *Jacob's* God decreed  
To be with pious Care observ'd  
by *Isr'el's* chosen Seed.
- 5 This he for a Memorial fix'd,  
when freed from *Egypt's* Land,  
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,  
but could not understand.
- 6 Your



6 Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,  
 (thus seem'd our God to say)  
 Your servile Hands by me were freed  
 from lab'ring in the Clay.  
 7 Your Ancestors with Wrongs oppress'd  
 to me for Aid did call ;  
 With Pity I their Suff'rings saw,  
 and set them free from all.  
 They fought for me, and from the Clouds,  
 in Thunder I reply'd ;  
 At *Meribab's* contentious Stream  
 their Faith and Duty try'd.

## P A R T II.

8 While I my solemn Will declare,  
 my chosen People hear ;  
 If thou, O *Isr'el* to my Words  
 wilt lend thy listning Ear ;  
 9 Then shall no God besides myself  
 within thy Coasts be found ;  
 Nor shalt thou worship any God  
 of all the Nations round.  
 10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee  
 brought forth from *Egypt's* Land ;  
 'Tis I that all thy just Desires  
 supply with lib'ral Hand.  
 11 But they, my chosen Race, refus'd  
 to hearken to my Voice ;  
 Nor would rebellious *Isr'el's* Sons  
 make me their happy Choice.  
 12 So I provok'd, resign'd them up,  
 to ev'ry Lust a Prey ;  
 And in their own perverse Designs,  
 permitted them to stray.  
 13 O that my People wisely would  
 my just Commandments heed !  
 And *Isr'el* in my righteous Ways  
 with pious Care proceed !  
 14 Then should my heavy Judgments fall  
 on all that them oppose ;



And my avenging Hand be turn'd  
 against their num'rous Foes.  
 15 Their Enemies and mine, should all  
 before my Footstool bend ;  
 But as for them their happy State  
 should never know an End.  
 16 All Parts with Plenty shall abound ;  
 with finest Wheat their Field ;  
 The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,  
 should richest Honey yield.

## P S A L M LXXXII.

1 **G**OD in the great Assembly stands  
 where his impartial Eye  
 In State surveys the earthly gods,  
 and does their Judgments try.  
 2, 3 How dare ye then unjustly judge,  
 or be to Sinners kind ?  
 Defend the Orphans, and the Poor,  
 let such your Justice find.  
 Protect the humble helpless Man  
 reduc'd to deep Distress,  
 And let not him become a Prey  
 to such as would oppress.  
 5 They neither know, nor will they learn,  
 but blindly rove and stray ;  
 Justice and Truth, the World's great Props,  
 thro' all the Land decay.  
 Well then may God in Anger say,  
 " I've call'd ye by my Name :  
 " Iv'e said ye are gods, and all ally'd  
 " to the most High in Fame  
 7 " But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds  
 " to strict Account I'll call ;  
 " You all shall die like common Men,  
 " like other Tyrants fall ;  
 8 Arise and thy just Judgments, Lord,  
 throughout the Earth display ;  
 And all the Nations of the World  
 Shall own thy righteous Sway.

## P S A L M LXXXIII.

1 **H**old not thy peace, O Lord our God;  
no longer silent be;

Nor with consenting quiet Looks  
our Ruin calmly see !

2 Fo lo ! the Tumults of the Foes  
o'er all the Land are spread ;

And those who hate thy Saints and Thee;  
lift up their threatning Head.

3 Against thy zealous People, Lord,  
they craftily combine ;

And to destroy thy chosen Saints  
have laid their close Design.

4 “ Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
“ their Nation quite deface ;

“ That no Remembrance may remain  
“ of *Isr'el's* hated Race.

5 Thus they against thy Peoples Peace  
consult with one Consent :

And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd,  
their common Malice vent.

6 The *Isbm'elites* that dwell in Tents,  
with warlike *Edom* join'd,

And *Moab's* Sons our Ruin vow,  
with *Hagar's* Race combin'd ;

7 Proud *Ammon's* Offspring, *Gebal* too  
with *Amalek* conspire ;

The Lords of *Palestine*, and all  
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*.

8 All these the strong *Affyrian* King  
their firm Ally have got ;

Who with a pow'rful Army aids  
th' incestuous Race of *Lot*.


## P A R T II.

9 But let such Vengeance come to them  
as once to *Midian* came ;

To *Jabin* and proud *Sifera*,  
at *Kishon's* fatal Stream.

- 10 When thy Right Hand their num'rous Hosts  
near *Endor* did confound,  
And left their Carcasses for Dung  
to feed the hungry Ground.
- 11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate  
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share ;  
As *Zeba* and *Zalmunnab*, so  
let all their Princes fare.
- 12 Who, with the same Design inspir'd,  
thus vainly boasting spake,  
“ In firm Possession for ourselves  
“ let us God's Houses take.
- 13 To Ruin let them haste, like Wheels  
which downward swiftly move ;  
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all  
their scatter'd Forces prove.
- 14, 15 As Flames consume dry Wood, or Heath  
that on parch'd Mountains grows,  
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath  
with Terror strike thy Foes.
- 16, 17 Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,  
that they may own thy Name ;  
Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts  
thy gentle Means disclaim.
- 18 So shall the wond'ring World confess  
that Thou, who claim'st alone  
*Jehovah's* Name, o'er all the Earth  
has rais'd thy lofty Throne.

## P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1  God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
how lovely is the Place,  
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st  
the Brightness of thy Face !
- 2 My longing Soul faints with Desire,  
to view thy blest Abode ;  
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out  
for Thee the living God.
- 3 The Birds, more happy far than I,  
around the Temple throng ;

Securely there they build, and there  
securely they hatch their Young.

4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
how highly blest are they

Who in thy Temple always dwell,  
and there thy Praise display !

5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee  
their sure Protection made ;

Who long to tread the sacred Ways  
that to thy Dwelling lead !

9 Who pass thro' parch'd and thirsty Vales  
yet no Refreshment want ;

Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou  
at their Request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,  
and still approach more near ;

'Till all on *Sion's* holy Mount  
before their God appear.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,  
my just Request regard !

Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r  
be still with Favour heard ;

9 Behold, O God, for Thou alone  
can'st timely Aid dispense ;

On thy anointed Servant look,  
be Thou his strong Defence :

10 For in thy Courts one single Day  
'tis better to attend,

Than, Lord, in any Place besides  
a thousand Days to spend.

Much rather in God's House will I  
the meanest Office take,

Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin  
my pompous Dwelling make.

11 For God who is our Sun and Shield,  
will Grace and Glory give ;

And no good thing will he withhold  
From them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
 how highly blest is he,  
 Whose Hope and Trust securely plac'd,  
 is still repos'd on Thee!

P S A L M LXXXV.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast granted to thy Land,  
 the Favours we implor'd;  
 And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race  
 hast graciously restor'd.

2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou hast forgiv'n,  
 and all their Guilt defac'd;

Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,  
 nor thy fierce Anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts  
 to thy Obedience turn;

That quench'd with our repenting Tears,  
 thy Wrath no more may burn.

5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,  
 and Wrath so long retain;

Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints  
 thy wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,  
 which we have long implor'd;

And for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,  
 Thy wonted Aid afford.

8 God's Answer patiently I'll wait,  
 for he with glad Success,

(If they no more to Folly turn)  
 his mourning Saints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy Name  
 his sure Salvation's near;

And in its former happy State,  
 our Nation shall appear.

10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,  
 and Righteousness with Peace,

Like kind Companions absent long,  
 with friendly Arms embrace.

- 11, 12 Truth from the Earth shall spring whilst  
 shall Streams of Justice pour; [Heaven  
 And God, from whom all Goodness flows,  
 shall endless Plenty show'r.  
 13 Before him Righteousness shall march,  
 and his just Paths prepare;  
 Whilst we his holy Steps pursue  
 with constant Zeal and Care.

## P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O my Complaint, O Lord my God,  
 thy gracious Ear incline;  
 Hear me, distrest and destitute  
 of all Relief but thine;  
 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my Soul,  
 that does thy Name adore:  
 Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust  
 relies on Thee, restore.  
 3 To me who daily Thee invoke,  
 thy Mercy, Lord, extend;  
 4 Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes  
 on Thee alone depend.  
 5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,  
 But prompt to pardon too,  
 Of plenteous Mercy to all those  
 who for thy Mercy sue.  
 6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,  
 O Lord, attentive be!  
 7 When troubled I on Thee will call,  
 for thou wilt answer me.  
 8 Among the Gods there's none like Thee,  
 O Lord, alone divine!  
 To Thee as much inferior they,  
 as are their Works to thine.  
 9 Therefore their great Creator Thee  
 the Nations shall adore;  
 Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise  
 to thy blest Name restore.



P S A L M lxxxvi, lxxxvii. 131

10 All shall confess thee great, and great  
the Wonders thou hast done;  
Confess thee God, the God supreme;  
confess thee God alone.

P A R T II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I  
from Truth shall ne'er depart;  
In Rev'rence to thy sacred Name  
devoutly fix my Heart.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
praise Thee with Heart sincere:  
And to thy everlasting Name  
eternal Trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me  
transcends my Pow'r to tell,  
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul  
from lowest Depths of Hell.

14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife  
have my Destruction sought,  
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft  
hath my Deliv'rance wrought:

15 But thou thy constant Goodness did'st  
to my Assistance bring;  
Of Patience, Mercy and of Truth,  
thou everlasting Spring!

16 O bounteous Lord thy Grace and Strength  
to me thy Servant show,  
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,  
thine Handmaid's Son, bestow.

17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes  
may see with Shame and Rage,  
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief  
and Comfort do'st engage.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

1 **G**OD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;  
the Lord there condescends to dwell.

2 His *Sion's* Gates, in his Account,  
our *Ifr'el's* fairest Tents excel.

132 P S A L M lxxxvii, lxxxviii.

- 3 Fame glorious Things of thee shall sing,  
O City of th' Almighty King!
- 4 I'll mention *Rabab* with due Praise,  
in *Babylon's* Applauses join,  
The Fame of *Ethiopia* raise,  
with that of *Tyre* and *Palestine* ;  
And grant that some, amongst them born,  
their Age and Country did adorn,
- 5 But still of *Sion* I'll averr,  
Th' Almighty shall establish her,  
that many such from her proceed ;  
His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,
- 6 That such a Person there was born,  
and such did such an Age adorn.
- 7 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd  
of such as merit high Renown ;  
For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,  
and (her transcending Fame to crown)  
Of such she shall Successions bring  
like Waters from a living Spring.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour, I  
by Day and Night address my Cry ;
- 2 Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,  
to my Distress incline thine Ear :
- 3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,  
my Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade ;
- 4 Like one whose Strength and Hopes are fled,  
they number me among the Dead.
- 5 Like those who shrouded in the Grave,  
from thee no more remembrance have ;
- 6 Cast off from thy sustaining Care,  
down to the Confines of Despair.
- 7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,  
afflicting me with restless Pain ;  
Me all the Mountain Waves have prest,  
too weak, alas, to bear the least.
- 8 Remov'd from Friends I sigh alone,  
in a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none

- A Visit will vouchsafe to me,  
 confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.
- 9 My Eyes from Weeping never cease,  
 they waste, but still my Griefs increase ;  
 Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I pray'd,  
 with out-stretch'd Hand invok'd thy Aid.
- 10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive  
 the Dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?  
 From Death restore thy Praise to sing,  
 whom thou from Prison would'st not bring?
- 11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?  
 a mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness?
- 12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,  
 where Darknes and Oblivion reign?
- 13 To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,  
 my Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
- 14 Why hast thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,  
 nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look ;
- 15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,  
 which from my Youth with me have grown ;  
 Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,  
 and Fears of blacker Days behind.
- 16 Thy Wrath hath burst upon my Head,  
 thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread ;
- 17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,  
 and for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
- 18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all  
 remov'd from Sight, and out of Call ;  
 To dark Oblivion all retir'd,  
 dead, or at least to me expir'd.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**H Y Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,  
 My Song on them shall ever dwell ;  
 To Ages yet unborn my Tongue  
 Thy never failing Truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,  
 Thy Mercy shall for ever last ;  
 Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain,  
 Like them for ever shall stand fast.

- 3 Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's Voice,  
" With *David* I a League have made ;  
" To him, my Servant, and my Choice,  
" By solemn Oath this Grant convey'd ;  
4 " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,  
" Thy Seed shall in my Sight remain ;  
" To them thy Throne I will insure,  
" They shall to endless Ages reign.  
5 For such stupendious Truth and Love,  
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,  
By Choirs of Angels sung above,  
And by assembled Saints below.  
6 What Seraph of Celestial Birth  
To vie with *Isr'el's* God shall dare ?  
Or who among the Gods of Earth,  
With our Almighty Lord compare ?  
7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,  
His Saints should to his Temple press ?  
His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread  
- Who his Almighty Name confess,  
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boast  
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd ?  
Of such a num'rous faithful Host,  
As that which does thy Throne surround ?  
9 Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,  
And change the Prospect of the Deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roul,  
Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.  
10 Thou brak'st in Pieces *Rabab's* Pride,  
And did'st oppressing Pow'r disarm :  
Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd  
The Force of thy resistless Arm.  
11 In thee the sov'reign Right remains  
Of Earth and Heav'n ; thee, Lord, alone  
The World and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.  
12 The Poles on which the Globe does rest,  
Were form'd by thy creating Voice ;

- Tabor and Hermon, East and West,*  
 In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoyce.  
 13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,  
 Yet Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;  
 14 Possess of absolute Command,  
 Thou Truth and Mercy do'st maintain.  
 15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
 Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;  
 Who may at Festivals appear,  
 With thy most glorious Presence crown'd,  
 16 Thy Saints shall always be o'erioy'd,  
 Who on thy sacred Name rely;  
 And in thy Righteousness employ'd,  
 Above their Foes be rais'd on high.  
 17 For in thy Strength they shall advance,  
 Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.  
 18 The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,  
 And *Isr'el's* God our *Isr'el's* King.  
 19 Thus spak'st thou by the Prophet's Voice,  
 " A mighty Champion I will send,  
 " From *Judab's* Tribe have I made Choice  
 " Of One who shall the rest defend.  
 20 " My Servant *David* I have found,  
 " With holy Oil anointed him;  
 21 " Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,  
 " And guard that gave the Diadem.  
 22 " No Prince from him shall Tribute force,  
 " No Son of Strife shall him annoy;  
 23 " His spiteful Foes I will disperse,  
 " And them before his Face destroy.  
 24 " My Truth and Grace shall him sustain;  
 " His Armies in well order'd Ranks,  
 25 " Shall conquer from the *Tyrian* Main  
 " To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Banks.  
 26 " Me for his Father he shall take,  
 " His God and Rock of Safety call;  
 27 " Him I my first-born Son will make,  
 " And earthly Kings his Subjects all.

- 28 “ To him my Mercy I’ll secure,  
 “ My Cov’nant make for ever fast.  
 29 “ His Seed for ever shall endure,  
 “ His Throne, till Heav’n dissolves, shall last.

## P A R T II.


- 30 “ But if his Heirs my Law forsake ;  
 “ And from my secret Precepts stray ;  
 31 “ If they my righteous Statutes break,  
 “ Nor strictly my Commands obey ;  
 32 “ Their Sins I’ll visit with a Rod,  
 “ And for their Folly make them smart ;  
 33 “ Yet will not cease to be their God,  
 “ Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.  
 34 “ My Cov’nant I will ne’er revoke,  
 “ But in Remembrance fast retain ;  
 “ The Thing that once my Lips have spoke  
 “ Shall in eternal Force remain.  
 35 “ Once have I sworn, but once for all,  
 “ And made my Holiness the Tie,  
 “ That I my Grant will ne’er recall,  
 “ Nor to my Servant *David* lie.  
 36 “ Whose Throne and Race the constant Sun  
 “ Shall, like his Course establish’d see ;  
 37 “ Of this my Oath, thou conscious Moon,  
 “ In Heav’n my faithful Witness be.”  
 38 Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,  
 But thou hast now our Tribes forsook,  
 Thy own Anointed hast abhorr’d,  
 And turn’d on him thy wrathful Look.  
 39 Thou seemest to have render’d void  
 The Cov’nant with thy Servant made,  
 Thou hast his Dignity destroy’d,  
 And in the Dust his Honour laid.  
 40 Of strong Holds thou hast him bereft,  
 And brought his Bulwarks to Decay ;  
 41 His frontier Coasts defenceless left,  
 A publick Scorn, and common Prey.  
 42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield  
 To Foes advanc’d by thee to Might ;



- 43 Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,  
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
- 44 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,  
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground;
- 45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,  
With Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.
- 46 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn!  
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?  
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn  
'Till that and we at once conſpire?
- 47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space  
Thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;  
No Method to prolong the Race,  
But loading it with Grief and Pain;
- 48 What Man is he that can controul  
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?  
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,  
The Grave that muſt Mankind entomb?
- 49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Grace,  
The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,  
Conſign'd to *David* and his Race,  
The Grant which Time ſhould ne'er repeal?
- 50 See how thy Servants treated are  
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;  
Which in my ſilent Breſt I bear  
From Nations of licentious Might.
- 51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,  
Have made thy Servants Hope their Jeſt:
- 52 Yet thy juſt Praises we'll proclaim,  
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*

*Amen, Amen.*

## P S A L M XC.

- 1  Lord, the Saviour and Defence  
of us thy choſen Race,  
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been  
our ſure abiding Place.
- 2 Before thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth,  
or th' Earth and World did'ſt frame,

Thou

Thou always wert the mighty God,  
 and ever art the same,  
 3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,  
 of which he first was made;  
 And when thou speak'st the Word, *Return*,  
 'tis instantly obey'd.  
 4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years  
 are like a Day that's past,  
 Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,  
 whose Hours unminded wast.  
 5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,  
 we vanish hence like Dreams;  
 At first we grow like Grass that feels  
 the Sun's reviving Beams:  
 6 But howsoever fresh and fair  
 its Morning Beauty shows;  
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite  
 before the Evening close.  
 7, 8 We by thine Anger are consum'd,  
 and by thy Wrath dismay'd;  
 Our publick Crimes and secret Sins  
 before thy Sight are laid.  
 9 Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects  
 our drooping Days we spend;  
 Our unregarded Years break off,  
 like Tales that quickly end.  
 10 Our Term of Time is seventy Years,  
 an Age that few survive:  
 But if with more than common Strength,  
 to Eighty we arrive;  
 Yet then our boasted Strength decays,  
 to Sorrow turn'd and Pain,  
 So soon the slender Thread is cut,  
 and we no more remain.

## P A R T II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects  
 does, as he ought, revere?  
 And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise,  
 as more or less we fear.

- 12 So teach us, Lord, th'uncertain Sum  
of our short Days to mind,  
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts  
may ever be inclin'd.
- 13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,  
and speedily relent!  
As we of our Misdeeds, do thou  
of our just Doom repent.
- 14 To satisfy and chear our Souls  
thy early Mercy send ;  
That we may all our Days to come,  
in Joy and Comfort spend.
- 15 Let happy Times with large Amends  
dry up our former Tears ;  
Or equal at the least the Term  
of our afflicted Years.
- 16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this  
thy wond'rous Work be known,  
And to our Off-spring yet unborn,  
thy glorious Pow'r be shown.
- 17 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine  
give thou our Work Success ;  
The glorious Work we have in Hand  
do thou vouchsafe to bless.

## P S A L M XCI.

- 1 **H**E that has his Guardian made,  
Shall under the Almighty Shade,  
secure and undisturb'd abide.
- 2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll say,  
He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,  
my God in whom I will confide.
- 3 His tender Love, and watchful Care  
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,  
and from the noisome Pestilence :
- 4 He over thee his Wings shall spread,  
And cover thy unguarded Head ;  
his Truth shall be thy strong Defence.

- 5 No Terrors that surprize by Night,  
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,  
nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day ;
- 6 Nor Plague, of unknown Rife that kills  
In Darknefs, nor infectious Ills,  
that in the hottest Season flay.
- 7 A Thoufand at thy Side fhall die ;  
At thy Right-hand ten thoufand lie,  
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains :
- 8 Thou only fhalt look on, and fee  
The Wicked's difmal Tragedy,  
and count the Sinner's mournful Gains.
- 9 Becauſe with well-plac'd Confidence,  
'Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,  
and on the Higheſt do'ſt rely ;
- 10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee beſal.  
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall  
any infectious Plague draw nigh.
- 11 For he throughout thy happy Days,  
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,  
ſhall give his Angels ſtrict Commands,
- 12 And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet  
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,  
ſhall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.
- 13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,  
And Lions roaring for their Food,  
beneath his conſpiring Feet ſhall lie.
- 14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,  
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,  
and fix his glorious Throne on high.
- 15 He'll call, I'll answer when he calls,  
And reſcue him when Ill befalls ;  
increase his Honour and his Wealth :
- 16 And when, with undiſturb'd Content,  
His long and happy Life is ſpent,  
his End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

## P S A L M XCII.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleaſant muſt it be  
to thank the Lord moſt high ; And

- And, with repeated Hymns of Praise,  
his Name to magnify ;
- 2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,  
his Goodness to relate ;
- And of his constant Truth, each Night,  
the glad Effects repeat.
- 3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,  
with tuneful Psalteries join'd,  
And to the Harp with solemn Sounds,  
for sacred Use design'd.
- 4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord !  
thou mak'st my Heart rejoyce ;  
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
and shout with chearful Voice.
- 5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord !  
how deep are thy Decrees !  
Whose winding Tracts, in secret laid,  
no stupid Sinner sees.
- 7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,  
like Grass, look fresh and gay,  
How soon their liv'd Splendor must  
for ever pass away.
- 8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most High ;  
and all thy lofty Foes,  
Who thought they might securely sin,  
shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
- 10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,  
and mak'st it largely spread ;  
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st  
my consecrated Head.
- 11 I soon shall see my stubborn Foes  
to utter Ruin brought ;  
And hear the dismal End of those  
who have against me fought.
- 12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms  
shall make a glorious Show ;  
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*  
in stately Order grow.

142 P S A L M xciii, xciv.

13, 14 These, planted in the House of God,  
within his Courts shall thrive ;

Their Vigour and their Lustre both  
shall in old Age revive.

15 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew ;  
and God my strong Defence,

Shall due Rewards to all the World  
impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

1 **W**ith Glory clad, with Strength array'd,  
the Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,  
The World's Foundations strongly laid,  
and the vast Fabrick still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy Throne !  
which shall no Change of Period see,  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
art God from all Eternity.

3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,  
and toss the troubled Waves on high ;  
But God above can still their Noise,  
and make the angry Sea comply.

5 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure ;  
and they that in thy House would dwell,  
That happy Station to secure,  
must still in Holiness excell.

P S A L M XCIV.

1, 2 **O** God, to whom Revenge belongs,  
thy Vengeance now disclose ;  
Arise thou Judge of all the Earth,  
and crush thy haughty Foes.

3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men  
their solemn Triumphs make ?  
How long their wicked Actions boast ;  
and insolently speak ?

5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppress,  
but unprovok'd, they spill  
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,  
and helpless Orphans kill.



7 “ And yet the Lord shall ne’er perceive,  
 (prophanely thus they speak)

“ Nor any Notice of our Deeds

“ the God of *Jacob* take.

8 At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants,  
 endeavour to discern,

In Folly will you still proceed,  
 and Wisdom never learn ?

9, 10 Can he be deaf who form’d the Ear,  
 or blind who fram’d the Eye ?

Shall Earth’s great Judge not punish those,  
 who his known Will defy ?

11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,  
 to him their Hearts lie bare,  
 His Eye surveys them all, and sees  
 how vain their Counsels are.

*P A R T II.*

12 Blest is the Man whom thou, O Lord,  
 in Kindness dost chastise,  
 And by thy sacred Rules to walk  
 dost lovingly advise.

13 This Man shall Rest and Safety find  
 in Seasons of Distress ;

Whilst God prepares a Pit for those  
 that stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his Saints  
 his Favour wholly take ;

His one Possession and his Lot,  
 he will not quite forsake.

15 The World shall then confess thee just  
 in all that thou hast done ;

And those that choose thy upright Ways,  
 shall in those Paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my Behalf,  
 when wicked Men invade ?

Or who, when Sinners would oppress,  
 my righteous Cause shall plead ?

17, 18, 19 Long since had I in Silence slept,  
 but that the Lord was near,

144 P S A L M xciv, xcv.

- To stay me when I slip; when sad,  
 my troubled Heart to cheer.  
 20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,  
 their sinful Throne sustain,  
 Who make the Law a fair Pretence  
 their wicked Ends to gain?  
 21 Against the Lives of righteous Men  
 they form their close Design;  
 And Blood of Innocents to spill,  
 in solemn League combine.  
 22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd  
 in God the Lord most High;  
 He is my Rock, to which I may  
 for Refuge always fly.  
 23 The Lord shall cause their ill Designs  
 on their own Heads to fall;  
 He in their Sins shall cut them off,  
 our God shall slay them all.

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,  
 Loud Thanks to our Almighty King?  
 For we our Voices high should raise,  
 When our Salvation's Rock we praise.  
 2 Into his Presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his Favours past;  
 To him address in joyful Songs,  
 The Praise that to his Name belongs.  
 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State;  
 Is, with unrival'd Glory, great;  
 A King superior far to all,  
 Whom Gods the Heathens falsely call.  
 4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,  
 Her secret Wealth at his Command;  
 The Strength of Hills that threats the Skies  
 Subjected to his Empire lies.  
 5 The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss  
 By the same sov'reign Right is his;  
 'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,  
 That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

- O let us to his Courts repair,  
 And bow with Adoration there,  
 Down on our Knees devoutly all  
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.
- 7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,  
 His Flock and Pasture Sheep are we ;  
 If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,  
 To Day if you his Voice will hear,
- 8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew  
 Your Father's Crimes and Judgments too ;  
 Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they  
 In desert Plain of *Meribah* !
- 9 When thro' the Wilderness they mov'd,  
 And me with fresh Temptations prov'd :  
 They still through Unbelief, rebell'd,  
 While they my wondrous Works beheld,
- 10, 11 They Forty Years my Patience griev'd.  
 Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd,  
 Then,— 'Tis a faithless Race, I said,  
 Whose Heart from me has always stray'd :  
 They ne'er will tread my righteous Path :  
 Therefore to them in settled Wrath,  
 Since they despis'd my Rest, I swear,  
 That they should never enter there.

## P S A L M XCVI.

- 1 **S**ing to the Lord a new made Song ;  
 Let Earth in one Assembly throng,  
 Her common Patron's Praise resound.
- 2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,  
 From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,  
 Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
- 3 To Heathen Lands his Name rehearse,  
 His Wonders to the Universe.
- 4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd ;  
 In Majesty and Glory rais'd ;  
 Above all other Deities :
- 5 For Pageantry and Idols all,  
 Are they whom gods the Heathens call,  
 He only rules who made the Skies.

- 6 With Majesty and Honour crown'd  
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround ;
- 7 Be therefore both to him restor'd  
By you who have false Gods ador'd,  
Ascribe due Honour to his Name.
- 8 Peace-offerings on his Altar lay,  
Before his Throne your Homage pay,  
Which he, and he alone can claim.
- 9 To worship at his sacred Court  
Let all the trembling World resort.
- 10 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,  
Whose Power the Universe sustains,  
And banisht Justice will restore ;
- 11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,  
And Heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,  
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,  
Its mute Inhabitants rejoyce,  
And for his Triumph find a Voice.
- 12 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,  
The cheerful Groves their Tribute bring,  
The tuneful Quire of Birds awake,
- 13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,  
Who now sets out with awful State,  
His Circuit through the Earth to take.  
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,  
With Justice to reward and doom.

## P S A L M XCVII.

- 1 *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth  
In his just Government rejoyce ;  
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,  
In his Applause unite their Voice.
- 2 Darknèss and Clouds of awful Shade  
His dazzling Glory shroud in State ;  
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,  
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.
- 3 Devouring Fire before his Face  
His Foes around with Vengeance strook ;
- 4 His Lightnings set the World on blaze,  
Earth saw it and with Terror shook.      5 The

- 5 The proudest Hill his Presence felt,  
 Their Height nor Strength could Help afford;  
 The proudest Hills like Wax did melt  
 In Presence of th' Almighty Lord.
- 6 The Heav'ns his Righteousness to shew,  
 With Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd ;  
 And all the trembling World below,  
 Have his descending Glory view'd.
- 7 Confounded be their impious Host,  
 Who make the gods to whom they pray ;  
 All who of Pageant Idols boast,  
 To him, ye gods, your Worship pay.
- 8 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,  
 And *Judah's* Daughter were o'erjoy'd ;  
 Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,  
 Have Pagan Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.
- 9 For thou, O God, art seated high,  
 Above Earth's Potentate enthron'd,  
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,  
 Supreme by all the gods art own'd.
- 10 You, who to serve the Lord aspire,  
 Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem ;  
 He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,  
 And them from wicked Hands redeem.
- 11 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,  
 A future Harvest for the Just ;  
 And Gladness for the Heart that's right,  
 To recompense its pious Trust.
- 12 Rejoyce, ye Righteous, in the Lord ;  
 Memorials of his Holiness,  
 Deep in your faithful Breast record,  
 And with your thankful Tongues confess.

## P S A L M    XCVIII.

- 1 **S**ing to the Lord a new-made Song,  
 who wondrous Things has done ;  
 With his Right Hand and Holy Arm,  
 the Conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd World  
 display'd his saving Might,

And make his righteous Acts appear  
in all the Heathen Sight.

3 Of *Ifr'el's* House his Love and Truth  
have ever mindful been ;

Wide Earth's remotest Parts the Pow'r  
of *Ifr'el's* God have seen.

4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants  
their chearful Voices raise,

And all with universal Joy  
resound their Maker's Praise.

5 With Harp and Hymns soft Melody  
into the Comfort bring,

6 The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound,  
before th' Almighty King.

7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,  
with all that Seas contain ;

The Earth and her Inhabitants  
join Consort with the Main.

8 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,  
to spreading Torrents they ;

And ecchoing Vales from Hill to Hill,  
redoubling Shouts convey ;

9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,  
who does with Justice come,

And with impartial Equity,  
both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

1 **J**ehovah reigns, let therefore all  
the guilty Nations quake ;  
On Cherubs Wings he sits enthron'd :  
let Earth's Foundations shake.

2 On *Sion's* Hill he keeps his Court,  
his Palace makes her Tow'rs ;

Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends  
supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with Praise address  
his great and dreadful Name ;

And with his unresisted Might,  
his Holiness proclaim.



- 4 For Truth and Justice in his reign,  
 of Strength and Pow'r take place;  
 His Judgments are with Righteousness  
 dispens'd to *Jacob's* Race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,  
 before his Footstool fall;  
 And with his unresisted Might,  
 his Holiness extol.
- 6 *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of old,  
 amongst his Priests ador'd;  
 Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus  
 his sacred Name implor'd.  
 Distrest, upon the Lord they call'd,  
 who ne'er their Suit deny'd;  
 But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,  
 he graciously reply'd.
- 7 For with their Camp, to guide their March,  
 the cloudy Pillar mov'd;  
 They kept his Laws, and to his Will  
 obedient Servants prov'd,
- 8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft  
 his People for their Sake,  
 And those who rashly them oppos'd,  
 did sad Examples make.
- 9 With Worship at his sacred Courts  
 exalt our God and Lord;  
 For he, who only holy is,  
 alone shall be ador'd.

## P S A L M C.

- 1, 2 **W**ith one Consent let all the Earth  
 To God their chearful Voices raise,  
 Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,  
 And sing before him Songs of Praise:
- 3 Convinc'd that he's God alone,  
 From whom both we and all proceed;  
 We, that he chuses for his own,  
 The Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 4 O enter then his Temple Gate,  
 Thence to his Courts devoutly press,

And still your grateful Hymns repeat,  
And still his Name with Praises bless.

- 5 For he's the Lord supremely good,  
His Mercy is for ever sure ;  
His Truth which all times firmly stood,  
To endless Ages shall endure.

## P S A L M CI.

- 1 **O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring ;  
And stedfast Judgment I will sing ;  
And since they both to thee belong,  
To thee, O Lord, address my Song.

- 2 When Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide ;  
With blameless Life myself I'll make  
A Pattern for my Court to take.

- 3 No ill Design will I pursue,  
Nor those my Fav'rites make that do.

- 4 Who to Reproof have no Regard,  
Him will I totally discard.

- 5 The private Slanderer shall be  
In publick Justice doom'd by me :  
From haughty Looks I'll turn aside,  
And mortify the Heart of Pride.

- 6 But Honesty, call'd from her Cell,  
In Splendor at my Court shall dwell :  
Who Vertue's Practice make their Care  
Shall have the first Preferment there,

- 7 No Politicks shall recommend  
His Country's Foe to be my Friend :  
None e'er shall to my Favour rise  
By flat'ring or malicious Lies.

- 8 All those who wicked Courses take,  
An early Sacrifice I'll make ;  
Cut off, destroy till none remain  
God's holy City to profane.

## P S A L M CII.

- 1 **W**hen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,  
do thou, O Lord, attend.

To thy eternal Throne of Grace  
let my sad Cry ascend.  
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face  
in Time of deep Distress,  
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,  
my Sorrow soon redress.  
3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,  
like scatter'd Smoke expires ;  
My shriv'led Bones are like a Hearth  
parch'd with continual Fires.  
4 My Heart, like Grass that feels the Blast  
of some infectious Wind,  
Does languish so with Grief, that scarce  
my needful Food I mind.  
5 By reason of my sad Estate,  
I spend my Breath in Groans ;  
My Flesh is worn away, my Skin  
scarce hides my starting Bones.  
6 I'm like a Pelican become  
that does in Desarts mourn :  
Or like an Owl that sits all Day  
in hollow Tree forlorn.  
7 In Watching or in restless Dreams  
the Night by me is spent ;  
As by those solitary Birds  
that lonesome Roofs frequent.  
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made  
the Subject of their Scorn ;  
Who, all posselt with furious Rage,  
have my Destruction sworn.  
9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie ;  
opprest with Grief and Fears,  
My Bread is strew'd with Ashes o'er,  
my Drink is mix'd with Tears.  
10 Because on me with double Weight  
thy heavy Wrath does lie ;  
For thou to make my Fall more great,  
didst lift me up on high.

- 11 My Days just hast'ning to their End,  
are like an Ev'ning Shade ;  
My Beauty does like wither'd Grass,  
with waneing Lustre fade.
- 12 But thy eternal State, O Lord,  
no Length of Time shall waste ;  
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works  
from Age to Age shall last.
- 13 Thou shalt arise, and *Sion* view  
with an unclouded Face ;  
For now her Time is come, thy own  
appointed Time of Grace.
- 14 Her scatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints  
with Pity are survey'd ;  
They grieve to see her lofty Spires  
in Dust and Rubbish laid.
- 15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord  
all Heathen Kings shall fear ;  
When he shall *Sion* build again,  
and in full State appear.
- 17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Request,  
nor slights their earnest Pray'r ;  
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,  
shall his just Praise declare.
- 19 For God from his Abode on high,  
his gracious Beams display'd ;  
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,  
hath all the Earth survey'd.
- 20 He listen'd to the Captives Moans,  
he heard their mournful Cry,  
And freed, by his resistless Pow'r,  
the Wretches doom'd to die.
- 21 That they, in *Sion* where he dwells,  
might celebrate his Fame,  
And through the holy City sing  
loud Praises to his Name.
- 22 When all the Tribes, assembling there,  
their solemn Vows address.

- And neigh'ring Lands, with glad Consent,  
the Lord their God confess.
- 23 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength  
through his fierce Wrath decays ;  
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,  
cut short my hopeful Days.
- 24 Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,  
when Half is scarcely past ;  
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,  
to endless Ages last.
- 25 The strong Foundations of the Earth  
of old by thee were laid !  
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n  
with wond'rous Skill have made.
- 26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,  
they soon shall fade away ;  
And like a Garment often worn,  
shall tarnish and decay.  
Like that, when thou ordain'st their Change,  
to thy Command they bend ;  
But thou continu'st still the same,  
nor have thy Years an End.
- 28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints  
shall lasting Quiet give ;  
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,  
shall in thy Presence live.

## P S A L M CIII.

- 1, 2 **M**Y Soul inspir'd with sacred Love,  
God's holy Name for ever bless,  
Of all his Favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful Thanks express.
- 3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,  
And after Sickness makes thee sound ;  
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,  
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
- 5, 6 He with good Things my Mouth supplies,  
My Vigor Eagle-like renews ;  
He when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,  
His Foe with just Revenge pursues.

- 7 God made of old his righteous Ways  
 To *Moses* and our Fathers known ;  
 His Works, to his eternal Praise,  
 Were to the Sons of *Jacob* shown.
- 8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,  
 And unexampl'd Acts of Grace ;  
 His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,  
 His willing Mercy flows apace.
- 9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his Anger quickly part ;  
 And loves his punishments to guide,  
 More by his Love than our Desert.
- 11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends  
 Above this little Spot of Clay ;  
 So much his boundless Love transcends  
 The small Respects that we can pay.
- 12, 13 As far as'tis from East to West,  
 So far has he our Sins remov'd ;  
 Who with a Father's tender Breast  
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.
- 14, 15 For God who all Frame surveys,  
 Considers that we are but Clay ;  
 How fresh so'er we seem our Days  
 Like Grass or Flowers must fade away ;
- 16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,  
 Nor can we find their former place ;  
 God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,  
 To those that fear him, and their Race,
- 18 This shall attend on such as still  
 Proceed in his appointed Way ;  
 And who not only know his Will,  
 But to it just Obedience pay.
- 19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,  
 In Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne :  
 To him ye Angels, Praises sing,  
 In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.  
 Ye that his just Commands obey,  
 And hear and do his sacred Will ;



- 21 Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,  
 who still what he ordains fulfil.  
 22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly blest  
 The mighty Lord : and thou, my Heart,  
 With grateful Joy thy Thanks express ;  
 And in this Comfort bear thy Part.

## P S A L M    CIV.

- 1 **B**less God, my Soul ; thou Lord, alone  
 Possess Empire without Bounds ;  
 With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne  
 Eternal Majesty surrounds.  
 2 With Light thou dost Thyself enrobe,  
 And Glory for a Garment take,  
 Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,  
 Thy Canopy of State to make.  
 3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms  
 His Palace Chambers in the Skies :  
 The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms  
 The swift wing'd Steeds with which he flies.  
 4 As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,  
 His Ministers Heaven's Palace fill,  
 To have their sundry Tasks assign'd ;  
 All proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.  
 5, 6 Earth on her Centre fixt, he set,  
 Her Face with Waters overspread ;  
 Nor proudest Mountains dar'd as yet,  
 To lift above the Waves their Head.  
 7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,  
 Th' insulting Waves dispers'd, they fled,  
 When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,  
 And by their Haste confess'd their Dread.  
 8 Thence up by secret Tracks they creep,  
 And gushing from the Mountains Side,  
 Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,  
 Appointed to receive their Tide.  
 9 There hast thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds,  
 The threatening Surges to repel ;  
 That they no more o'erpass their Mounds,  
 Nor to a second Deluge swell.

## P A R T II.

- 10 Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,  
 The Sea recovers her lost Hills,  
 And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,  
 Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills,
- 11 The Fields tame Beasts are thither led,  
 Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,  
 And Asses wild on Mountains bred,  
 Have Sense to find these Currents out.
- 12 Their shady Trees from scorching Beams,  
 Yield Shelter to the Feather'd Throng;  
 They drink, and to the bounteous Streams  
 Return the Tribute of their Song.
- 13 His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,  
 That soon transmit the liquid Store;  
 'Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,  
 And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
- 14 Grass, for our Cattle to devour,  
 He makes the Growth of every Field;  
 Herbs, for Man's Use of various Pow'r,  
 That either Food or Physick yield.
- 15 With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,  
 To chear Man's Heart oppress'd with Cares;  
 Gives Oyl that makes his Face to shine,  
 And Corn that wasted Strength repairs.

## P A R T III.

- 16 The Trees of God, without the Care  
 Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;  
 The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,  
 As those in Royal Gardens bred.
- 17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms,  
 The Wand'ers of the Air may rest;  
 The Hospitable Pine from Harms  
 Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.
- 18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,  
 Its tow'ring Heights their Fortrefs make,  
 Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,  
 Where feeble Creatures Refuge take,

- 19 The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows  
 Th' appointed Seasons of the Year;  
 Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,  
 His Hours to rise, and disappear.
- 20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,  
 When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;  
 Young Lions roar their Wants aloud  
 To Providence that ſends 'em Prey.
- 22 They range all Night on Slaughter bent,  
 'Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,  
 To ſkulk in Dens, with one Conſent,  
 The conſcious Ravagers return.
- 23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil.  
 The Huſbandman ſecurely goes,  
 Commencing with the Sun his Toil,  
 With him returns to his Repoſe.
- 24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found!  
 For which thy Wiſdom we adore;  
 The Earth is with thy Treafure crown'd  
 'Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

## P A R T IV.

- 25 But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd Main,  
 Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,  
 Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain,  
 Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
- 26 Full freighted Ships from ev'ry Port  
 There cut their unmoleſted way;  
*Leviathan*, whom there to ſport  
 Thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.
- 27 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,  
 In Senſe of common Want agree;  
 All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,  
 And have their daily Alms from thee;
- 28 They gather what thy Stores diſperſe  
 Without their Trouble to provide,  
 Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe  
 The craving World is all ſupply'd.
- 29 Thou

- 29 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face;  
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn;  
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race  
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.
- 30 Again thou sends thy Spirit forth,  
T' inspire the Mass with vital Seed;  
Nature's restor'd, and Parent-Earth  
Smiles on her new-created Breed.
- 31 Thus through successive Ages stands  
Firm fixt thy Providential Care;  
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,  
Thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.
- 32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,  
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills;  
One Touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoke,  
In Darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.
- 33 In praising God, while he prolongs  
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;  
34 And join Devotion to my Songs  
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.
- 35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,  
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name,  
'Till with my Song, the list'ning World  
Join Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M CV.

- 1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,  
invoke his sacred Name;  
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,  
his matchless Deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns  
his wond'rous Works rehearse;  
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,  
and Subject of your Verse.
- 3 Rejoyce in his Almighty Name,  
alone to be ador'd;  
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,  
that humbly seek the Lord
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength;  
devoutly still implore;

And

- And where he's ever present, seek  
his Face for evermore.
- 5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,  
keep thankfully in Mind ;  
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,  
and Laws to us assign'd.
- 6 Know ye his Servant *Abrabam's* Seed,  
and *Jacob's* chosen Race.
- 7 He's still our God, his Judgments still  
throughout the Earth take place.
- 8 His Cov'nant he hath kept in Mind  
for num'rous Ages past  
Which yet for thousand Ages more,  
in equal Force shall last.
- 9 First sign'd to *Abr'ham*, next by Oath  
to *Isaac*, made secure ;
- 10 To *Jacob* and his Heirs, a Law  
for ever to endure.
- 11 That *Canaan's* Land should be their Lot,  
when yet but few they were ;
- 12 But few in number, and those few  
all friendless Strangers there.
- 13 In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm,  
securely they remov'd ;
- 14 Whilst proudest Monarchs for their sakes,  
severely he reprov'd ;
- 15 “ These mine anointed are, said he,  
“ let none my Servants wrong,  
“ Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill,  
“ that does to me belong.
- 16 A Dearth at last, by his Command,  
did thro' the Land prevail ;  
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,  
sustaining Corn did fail.
- 17 But his indulgent Providence  
had pious *Joseph* sent,  
Sold into *Ægypt*, but, their Death,  
who sold him to prevent.



18 His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,  
with Calumny his Fame ;

19 'Till God's appointed Time and Word  
to his Deliv'rance came.

20 The King his sov'reign Order sent  
and rescu'd him with Speed,

Whom private Malice had confin'd,  
The Peoples Ruler freed.

21 His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all  
subjected to his Will ;

22 His greatest Princes to controul,  
and teach his Statesmen Skill.

P A R T II.

23 To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,  
half famish'd *Isr'el* came ;

And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,  
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.

24 Th' Almighty there with such Increase  
his People multiply'd,

'Till with their proud Oppressors they  
in Strength and Number vy'd.

25 Their vast Increase th' *Egyptians* Hearts  
with jealous Anger fir'd,

'Till they his Servants to destroy  
by treacherous Arts conspir'd.

26 His Servant *Moses* then he sent,  
his chosen *Aaron* too ;

27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles  
to prove their Mission true.

28 He call'd for Darknefs, Darknefs came,  
Nature his Summons knew ;

29 Each Stream and Lake transform'd to Blood,  
the wond'ring Fishes flew.

30 In putrid Floods throughout the Land,  
the Pest of Frogs was bred ;

From noisom Fens sent up to croake  
at *Pharaoh's* Board and Bed.

31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies  
came down in cloudy Hosts ;

Whilst



- Whilst Earth's enliven'd Dust below  
 bred Lice through all their Coasts.  
 32 He sent 'em batt'ring Hail for Rain,  
 and Fire for cooling Dew.  
 33 He smote their Vines, and Forrest Plants,  
 and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.  
 34 He spake the Word and Locusts came,  
 with Catterpillars join'd :  
 They prey'd upon the poor Remains  
 the Storm had left behind.  
 35 From Trees to Herbage they descend,  
 no verdant Things they spare ;  
 But, like the naked Fallow Field,  
 leave all the Pastures bare.  
 36 From Fields to Villages and Towns,  
 commission'd Vengeance flew ;  
 One fatal Stroke their eldest Hopes,  
 and Strength of *Egypt* flew.  
 37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd  
 with *Egypt's* borrow'd Wealth ;  
 And, what transcends all Treasures else,  
 enrich'd with vig'rous Health.  
 38 *Egypt* rejoyc'd, in Hopes to find  
 her Plagues with them remov'd ;  
 Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills  
 by those already prov'd.  
 39 Their shrouding Canopy by Day  
 a journey in Cloud was spread ;  
 A fiery Pillar all the Night,  
 their Desert-Marches led.  
 4 Their long'd for Flesh, with Ev'ning Quails  
 he furnish'd ev'ry Tent ;  
 From Heav'n's own Cranary, each Morn,  
 the Bread of Angles sent.  
 41 He smote the Rock ; whose flinty Breast  
 pour'd forth a gushing Tide,  
 Whose following Stream, where'er they march'd,  
 the Desert's Drought supply'd.

- 42 For still he did on *Abr'am's* Faith  
and ancient League reflect ;  
43 He brought his People forth with Joy,  
with Triumph his Elect :  
44 Quite rooting out the Heathen Foes,  
from *Canaan's* fertile Soil,  
To them in cheap Possession gave  
the Fruits of others Toil ;  
45 That they his Statutes might observe,  
his sacred Laws obey :  
For Benefits so vast let us  
our Songs of Tribute pay.

## P S A L M CVI.

- 1 **O** Render Thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love ;  
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.  
2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal Eloquence can raise  
His Tribute of immortal Praise ?  
3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy Judgments never stray ;  
Who know what's right, not only so,  
But always practice what they know.  
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford ;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy Salvation visit me.  
5 O ! may I worthy prove to see  
Thy Saints in full Prosperity !  
That I the joyful Choir may join,  
And count thy Peoples Triumph mine.  
6 But ah ! can we expect such Grace,  
Of Parents vile, the viler Race ;  
Who their Misdeeds have acted o'er,  
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score.  
7 Ingrateful ! they no longer thought  
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought.

- The Red-Sea they no sooner view'd,  
 But they their base Distrust renew'd.
- 8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,  
 Once more to their Deliv'rance came;  
 To make his Sov'reign Pow'r be known,  
 That he is God, and he alone.
- 9 To Right and Left at his Command,  
 The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand;  
 Where firm and dry the Passage lay,  
 As through some parch'd and desert Way.
- 10 Thus rescu'd from their Foes they were,  
 Who closely press'd upon their Rear:
- 11 Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves,  
 That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves.
- 12 The watry Mountains sudden Fall  
 O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Host and all;  
 This Proof did stupid *Isr'el* move  
 To own God's Truth, and praise his Love.

## P A R T II.

- 13 But soon these Wonders they forgot,  
 And for his Counsel waited not;
- 14 But lusting in the Wilderness,  
 Did him with fresh Temptations press.
- 15 Strong Food at their Request he sent,  
 But made their Sin their Punishment.
- 16 Yet still his Saints they did oppose,  
 The Priest and Prophet whom he chose.
- 17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,  
 Her vengeful Jaws extended wide,  
 Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew,  
 With proud *Abiram's* factious Crew.
- 18 The rest of those who did conspire  
 To kindle well Sedition's Fire,  
 With all their impious Train became  
 A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
- 19 Near *Horeb's* Mount, a Calf they made,  
 And to the Molten Image pray'd,

- 20 Adoring what their Hands did frame,  
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
- 21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,  
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought ;
- 22 His Signs iu *Ham*'s astonish'd Coast,  
And where proud *Pbaraob*'s Troopswere lost.
- 23 Thus urg'd his vengeful Hand he rear'd,  
But *Moses* in the Breach appear'd ;  
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,  
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
- 24 Yet they the pleasant Land despis'd,  
Nor his repeated Promise priz'd ;  
Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey ;  
But when God said, *Go up*, would stay.
- 26 This seal'd their Doom, without Redress  
To perish in the Wilderness ;
- 27 Or else to be by Heathen Hands  
O'erthrown, and scatter'd thro' the Lands.

## P A R T III.

- 28 Yet unreclaim'd, this stubborn Race  
*Baalpeor*'s Worship did embrace ;  
Became his impious Guests, and fed  
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
- 29 Thus they persisted to provoke  
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke.  
'Tis come :—— the deadly Pest is come  
To execute their gen'ral Doom.
- 30 But *Phineas*, fir'd with holy Rage,  
(Th' Almighty's Vengeance to assuage)  
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall  
Th' Atonement make, that ransom'd *All*.
- 31 As him a Heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,  
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd ;  
To him confirming, and his Race,
- 32 The Priesthood he so well did grace,  
At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,  
Who *Moses* for their Sakes reprov'd ;
- 33 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,  
'Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke. 34 Nor

- 34 Nor when possess'd of *Canaan's* Land,  
 Did there perform their Lord's Command;  
 Nor his commission'd Sword employ  
 The guilty Nations to destroy.
- 35 Not only spar'd the Pagan Crew,  
 But mingling learnt their Vices too;
- 36 And Worship to those Idols paid,  
 Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
- 37, 38 To Devils they did sacrifice  
 Their Children, with relentless Eyes;  
 Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood  
 Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.  
 No cheaper Victims would appease  
*Canaan's* remorseless Deities;  
 No Blood her Idols reconcile,  
 But that which did the Land defile.

## P A R T IV.

- 39 Nor did those savage Cruelties,  
 The harden'd Reprobates suffice;  
 For after their Heart's Lust they went,  
 And daily did new Crimes invent.
- 40 But Sins of such infernal Hue,  
 God's Wrath against his People drew;  
 'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,  
 His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
- 41 He them defenceless did expose  
 To their insulting Heathen Foes;  
 And made them on the Triumphs wait,  
 Of those who bore them greatest Hate.
- 42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd,  
 Their List of Tyrants he increas'd;  
 'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,  
 Were made the Vassals of Mankind.
- 43 Yet, when distress'd, they did repent,  
 His Anger did as oft relent.  
 But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,  
 Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.



166 P S A L M cvi, cvii.

- 44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,  
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd ;  
45 But did to mind his Promise bring,  
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring.  
46 Compassion too he did impart,  
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,  
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred  
In those who them to Bondage led.  
47 Still save us, Lord, and *Ifr'el's* Bands  
Together bring from Heathen Lands :  
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raise,  
And ever triumph in thy Praise.  
48 Let *Ifr'el's* God be ever blest'd,  
His Name eternally confess'd ;  
Let all his Saints with full Accord  
Sing loud *Amens.*—*Praise ye the Lord.*

P S A L M CVII.

- 1 **T**O God your greatful Voices raise,  
Who does our daily Patron prove,  
And let your never-ceasing Praise  
Attend on his eternal Love.  
2, 3 Let those give Thanks whom he from Bands  
Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd ;  
And brought them back from distant Lands,  
From North, and South, and West, and East.  
4, 5 Through lonely desert Ways they went,  
Nor could a peopled City find ;  
'Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,  
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.  
6 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear  
Did they their mournful Cry address ;  
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
And freed them from their deep Distress.  
7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,  
And in the certain Way did guide  
To wealthy Towns of great Resort,  
Where all their Wants were full supply'd.



- 8 O then that all the Earth with me  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise,  
 And from the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays !  
 9 For he from Heav'ns the sad Estate  
 Of longing Souls with Pity views ;  
 To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,  
 His Goodness daily Food renews.

## P A R T II.

- 10 Some lie with Darkness compass'd round,  
 In Death's uncomfortable Shade ;  
 And with unweildy Fetters bound,  
 With pressing Cares more heavy made ;  
 11, 12 Because God's counsel they defy'd  
 And lightly priz'd his holy Word,  
 With these Afflictions they were try'd ;  
 They fell and none could help afford ;  
 13 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear,  
 Did they their mournful Cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And freed them from their deep Distress ;  
 14 From dismal Dungeons dark as Night,  
 And Shades as black as Death's Abode,  
 He brought them forth to chearful Light,  
 And welcome Liberty bestow'd.  
 15 O then that all the Earth with me,  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise ;  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays ;  
 16 For he with his Almighty Hand  
 The Gates of Brass in Pieces broke ;  
 Nor could the massy Bars withstand,  
 Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

## P A R T III.

- 17 Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,  
 With bold Transgressions God despise ;  
 And for their multiply'd Offence,  
 Oppress'd with sore Diseases lie :

- 18 Their Soul a Prey to Pain and Fear,  
 Abhors to eat the choicest Meat;  
 And by faint Degrees draw near  
 Death's inhospitable Gate.
- 19 Then straight to God's indulgent Ear,  
 Do they their mournful Cry address;  
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
 And frees them from their deep Distress!
- 20 He all their sad Distempers heals,  
 His Word both Health and Safety gives;  
 And when all human Succour fails,  
 From near Destruction them retrieves.
- 21 O then that all the Earth with me,  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise,  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays!
- 22 With Offerings let his Altar flame,  
 Whilst they their grateful Thanks express,  
 And with loud Joy his holy Name  
 For all his Acts of Wonder bless!

## P A R T IV.

- 23, 24 They that in Ships with Courage bold  
 O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue,  
 Do God's amazing Works behold,  
 And in the Deep his Wonders view.
- 25 No sooner his Command is past,  
 But forth a dreadful Tempest flies,  
 Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,  
 And makes the stormy Billows rise:
- 26 Sometimes the Ships toss'd up to Heav'n,  
 On Tops of mouning Waves appear;  
 Then down the steep Abyss are driv'n,  
 Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with Fear.
- 27 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
 Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress'd  
 Nor do the skilful Seamen know,  
 Which Way to steer, what Course is best.
- 28 Then straight to God's indulgent Ear  
 They do their mournful Cry address; Who

- Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
 And frees them from their deep Distress.  
 29, 30 He does the raging Storm appease,  
 And makes the Billows calm and still ;  
 With Joy they see their Fury cease ;  
 And their intended Course fulfill.  
 31 O then that all the Earth, with me,  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise!  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays.  
 32 Let them, where all the Tribes resort,  
 Advance to Heav'n his Glorious Name,  
 And in the Elders sov'reign Court,  
 With one Consent his Praise proclaim !

## P A R T V.

- 33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,  
 Go.'s just Revenge, if People sin,  
 Will turn to dry and barren Ground,  
 To punish those that dwell therein.  
 35, 36 The parcht and desert Heath he makes  
 To flow with Streams and springing Wells ;  
 Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,  
 And in strong Cities safely dwells.  
 37, 38 He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,  
 Which gratefully his Toil repay ;  
 Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,  
 His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.  
 36 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,  
 His Health and Substance fade away.  
 He feels the Oppressor's galling Yoke,  
 And is of Grief the wretched Prey.  
 40 The Prince who flights what God commands,  
 Expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne ;  
 And over wide and desert Lands,  
 Where no Path offers, stray alone.  
 41 Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,  
 Sets up the humble Man on high ;  
 And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs  
 With his increasing Flock to vie.

- 42, 43 Then Sinners shall have nought to say,  
 The Just a decent Joy shall show ;  
 The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,  
 And thence God's Goodness fully know.

## P S A L M CVIII.

- 1 **O** God, my Heart is fully bent,  
 to magnify thy Name ;  
 My Tongue with cheerful Songs of Praise,  
 shall celebrate thy Fame.
- 2 Awake my Lute, nor thou, my Harp,  
 thy warbling Notes delay ;  
 Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy,  
 prevent the dawning Day.
- 3 To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord,  
 thy Wonders I will tell,  
 And to those Nations sing thy Praise  
 that round about us dwell :
- 4 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height  
 the highest Heav'n transcends ;  
 And far beyond the aspiring Clouds,  
 thy faithful Truth extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high  
 above the starry Frame ;  
 And let the World with one Consent,  
 confess thy Glorious Name.
- 6 That all thy chosen People Thee  
 their Saviour may declare ;  
 Let thy Right Hand protect me still,  
 and answer thou my Pray'r.
- 7 Since God himself hath said the Word,  
 whose Promise cannot fail ;  
 With Joy I *Sichem* shall divide,  
 and measure *Succoth's* Vale ;
- 8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too,  
 and *Ephraim* owns my Cause ;  
 Their Strength my Regal Pow'r supports,  
 and *Judah* gives me Laws ;
- 9 *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,  
 on vanquish'd *Edom* tread :                      And

- And thro' the proud *Philistine* Lands,  
 my conquering Banners spread.  
 10 By whose Support and Aid shall I,  
 their well-fenc'd City gain ;  
 Who will my Troops securely lead  
 thro' *Edom's* guarded Plain ?  
 11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our Arms,  
 which late thou did'st forsake ?  
 And wilt not thou, of these our Hosts,  
 once more the Guidance take.  
 12 O ! to thy Servant in Distress,  
 thy speedy Succour send ;  
 For vain it is on human Aid  
 for Safety to depend.  
 13 Then valiant Acts shall we perform,  
 if thou thy Pow'r disclose ;  
 For God it is, and God alone,  
 that treads down all our Foes.

## P S A L M    CIX.

- 1 **O** God, whose former Mercies make  
 my constant Praise thy Due,  
 Hold not thy Peace, but my sad State  
 with wonted Favour view.  
 2 For sinful Men, with lying Lips,  
 deceitful Speeches frame,  
 And with their studied Slanders seek  
 to wound my spotless Fame.  
 3 Their restless Hatred prompts them still  
 malicious Lyes to spread ;  
 And all against my Life combine,  
 by causeless Fury led.  
 4 Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,  
 my chief Opposers are ;  
 Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,  
 resort to Thee by Pray'r.  
 5 Since Mischief for the Good I did,  
 their strange Reward does prove ;  
 And Hatred's the Return they make  
 for undissembl'd Love.



- 6 Their guilty Leader shall be made  
to some ill Man a Slave ;  
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe  
for his Accuser have.
- 7 His Grief, when Sentence is pronounc'd,  
shall meet a dreadful Fate,  
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves  
his Crimes to aggravate.
- 3 He snatch'd by some untimely Fate,  
shan't live out half his Days ;  
Another by Divine Decree,  
shall on his Office seize.
- 9, 10 His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife  
a Widow plung'd in Grief ;  
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,  
where none can give Relief.
- 11 His ill got Riches shall be made  
to Usurers a Prey ;  
The Fruit of all his Toil shall be  
by Strangers borne away.
- 12 None shall be found that to his Wants  
their Mercy will extend,  
Or to his helpless Orphan-Seed  
the least Assistance lend.
- 13 A swift Destruction soon shall seize  
on his unhappy Race ;  
And the next Age his hated Name  
shall utterly deface.
- 14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins  
upon his Head shall fall ;  
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,  
and punish him for all.
- 15 All these in horrid Order rank'd,  
Before the Lord shall stand ;  
'Till his fierce Anger quite cut off  
their Mem'ry from the Land.

## P A R T II.

- 16 Because he never Mercy shew'd  
but still the Poor oppress'd ;

And



- And sought to slay the helpless Man,  
with heavy Woes distress'd.
- 17 Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,  
shall his own Portion prove ;  
And Blessing, which he still abhorr'd,  
shall far from him remove.
- 18 Since he in Cursing took such Pride,  
like Water it shall spread  
Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oyl  
with which his Bones are fed.
- 19 This, like a poyson'd Robe shall still  
his constant Cov'ring be,  
Or an envenom'd Blot , from which  
he never shall be free.
- 20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those  
that ill to me design ;  
That with malicious false Reports  
against my Life combine.
- 21 But for thy Glorious Name, O God,  
do thou deliver me ;  
And for thy glorious Mercy's Sake,  
preserve and set me free.
- 22 For I, to utmost Straits reduc'd,  
am void of all Relief :  
My Heart is wounded with Distress,  
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
- 23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade decline,  
which vanishes apace ;  
Like Locust, up and down I'm to's'd,  
and have no certain Place.
- 24, 25 My Knees with Fasting are grown weak,  
my Body lank and lean ;  
All that behold me shake their Heads,  
and treat me with Disdain.
- 26, 27 But for thy Mercy's sake, O Lord,  
do thou my Foes withstand ;  
That all may see 'tis thine own Act,  
the Work of thy Right-Hand.

174 P S A L M cix, cx.

- 28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless ;  
 let Shame the Portion be.  
 Of all that my Destruction seek,  
 while I rejoyce in Thee.
- 29 My Foe shall with Disgrace be cloath'd,  
 and, spite of all his Pride,  
 His own Confusion, like a Cloak,  
 the guilty Wretch shall hide.
- 30 But I to God in grateful Thanks,  
 my chearful Voice will raise ;  
 And where the great Assembly meets,  
 set forth his noble Praise.
- 31 For him the Poor shall always find  
 their sure and constant Friend ;  
 And he shall from unrighteous Dooms  
 their guiltless Souls defend.

P S A L M CX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,  
 “ ’Till I thy Foes thy Footstool make,  
 “ Sit thou in State, at my Right-hand ;
- 2 “ Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,  
 “ And all thy proud Opposers see  
 “ Subjected to thy just Command.
- 3 “ Thee, in thy Pow’r’s triumphant Day,  
 “ The willing Nations shall obey,  
 “ And when thy rising Beams they view,  
 “ Shall all (redeem’d from Error’s Night)  
 “ Appear as numberless and bright  
 “ As Crystal Drops of Morning Dew.
- 4 The Lord hath sworn, not sworn in vain,  
 That, like *Melchizedech*’s, thy Reign  
 And Priesthood shall no Period know :
- 5 No proud Competitor to sit  
 At thy Right-hand will he permit ;  
 But in his Wrath crown’d Heads o’erthrow,
- 6 The sentenc’d Heathen he shall slay,  
 And fill with Carcasses his Way,  
 ’Till he hath smuck Earth’s Tyrants dead,

- 7 But in the High-way Brooks shall first,  
Like a poor Pilgrim, slack his Thirst,  
And then in Triumph raise his Head.

## P S A L M CXI.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord, our God to praise  
My Soul her utmost Power raise,  
With private Friends, and in the Throng  
Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.
- 2 His Works, for Greatness tho' renown'd,  
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found  
By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the pious Search delight.
- 3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,  
And universal Glory claim ;  
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages past  
Shall to eternal Ages last.
- 4 By Precepts he has us enjoin'd,  
To keep his wond'rous Works in mind ;  
And to Posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.
- 5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,  
Has all his Servants Wants supply'd ;  
And he will ever keep in mind,  
His Cov'nant with our Father sign'd.
- 6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,  
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd ;  
Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,  
And we their Heritage possess'd.
- 7 Just are the Dealings of his Hands  
Immutable are his Commands ;
- 8 By Truth and Equity sustain'd  
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
- 9 He set his Saints from Bondage free,  
And then establish'd his Decree,  
For ever to remain the same ;  
Holy, and rev'rend is his Name.
- 10 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,  
Must with the Fear of God begin ;

Immortal Praise, and Heav'nly Skill  
Have they who know, and do his Will.

## P S A L M CXII.

## H A L L E L U J A H.

- 1 **T**HAT Man is blest who stands in Awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred Law.
- 2 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive Honours crown'd,
- 3 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be  
An inexhausted Treasury ;  
His Justice free from all Decay,  
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey,
- 4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,  
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night :  
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,  
As well as just to all Mankind.
- 5 His lib'ral Favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends :  
Yet what his Charity impairs,  
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.
- 6 Beset with threatning Dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground.  
The sweet Rememb'rance of the Just,  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.
- 7 Ill Tidings never can surprize  
His Heart, that still on God relies :
- 8 On Safety's Rock he sits and sees  
The Shipwrack of his Enemies.
- 9 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,  
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,  
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,  
A temp'ral and eternal Crown
- 10 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,  
And gnash their Teeth in Agony ;  
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,  
And vanish with themselves away.

## P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E Saints and Servants of the Lord  
The Triumphs of his Name record, 2 His

- 2 His sacred Name for ever bless.  
 3 Where'er the circling Sun displays  
 His rising Beams, or setting Rays,  
 Due Praise to his great Name address.  
 4 God thro' the World extends his Sway ;  
 The Regions of eternal Day,  
 But Shadows of his Glory are.  
 5 To him whose Majesty excells,  
 Who made the Earth in which he dwells,  
 Let no created Pow'r compare.  
 6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view  
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,  
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafe's his Care.  
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,  
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the greatest there.  
 7 When Childless Families despair,  
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir,  
 To rescue their expiring Name ;  
 Make her, that barren was, to bear,  
 And joyfully her Fruits to rear :  
 O then extol his matchless Fame !

## P S A L M CXIV.

- 1 **W**hen *Isr'el* by the Almighty led,  
 (Enrich'd wiuh their Oppressor's Spoil)  
 From *Egypt* march'd ; and *Jacob's* Seed  
 From Bondage in a foreign Soil.  
 2 *Jehovah* for his Residence,  
 Chose out imperial *Judab's* Tent,  
 His Mansion Royal, and from thence  
 Thro' *Isr'el's* Camp his Orders sent,  
 2 The distant Sea with Terror saw,  
 And from th' Almighty's Presence fled ;  
 Old *Jordan's* Streams, surpriz'd with Awe,  
 Retreated to their Fountain's Head.  
 4 The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams  
 When Danger near the Fold they hear ;  
 The Hills skipp'd after them like Lambs  
 Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.



- 5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,  
And naked leave your oozy Bed?  
Why *Jordan*, against Nature's Law,  
Recoild'st thou to thy Fountain's Head?
- 6 Why Mountains did ye skip like Rams,  
When Danger does approach the Fold?  
Why after ye the Hills, like Lambs,  
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
- 7 Earth tremble on; as well may'st thou fear  
Thy Lord and Master's Face to see;  
When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,  
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee;
- 8 To flee from God, who Nature's Law  
Confirms and cancels at his Will;  
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,  
And thirsty Vales with Water fill.

## P S A L M CXV.

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no share,  
but to thy sacred Name  
Give Glory for thy Mercy's Sake,  
and Truth's eternal Fame.
- 2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now  
the God whom we adore?
- 3 Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,  
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
- 4 Their gods but Gold and Silver are,  
the Works of mortal Hands;
- 5 With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes;  
the molten Idol stands.
- 6 The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,  
but neither hears nor smells;
- 7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel nor move,  
no Life within it dwells.
- 8 Such senseless Stocks they are that we  
can nothing like 'em find;  
But those who on their Help rely,  
and them for gods design'd.
- 9 O *Isr'el* make the Lord your Trust,  
who is your Help and Shield;      10 Priests,



- 10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,  
who only Help can yield.
- 11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,  
on him, they fear rely ;  
Who them in Danger can defend,  
and all their Wants supply.
- 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,  
and *Isr'el's* House will bless ;  
Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n All  
who his great Name confess.
- 14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will  
Increase of Blessings bring ;
- 15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are  
of this Almighty King.
- 16 Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, he  
his Empire's Seat design'd,  
And gave this lower Globe of Earth  
a Portion to Mankind.
- 17 They who in Death and Silence sleep,  
to him no Praise afford :
- 18 But we will bless for evermore  
our ever living Lord.

## P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love  
intirely is posselt,  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
the Voice of my Request.
- 2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair ;  
But still in all the Straits of Life  
to him address my Pray'r.
- 3 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,  
with Pains of Hell oppress'd,  
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,  
and Anguish rack'd my Breast ;
- 4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,  
and thus to him I pray'd ;  
“ Lord, I beseech thee, save my Soul  
“ with Sorrows quite dismay'd ; ”

- 5, 6 How just and merciful is God,  
how gracious is the Lord !  
Who saves the Harmless, and to me  
does timely Help afford.
- 7 Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul,  
resume thy wonted Rest ;  
For God has wond'rously to thee  
his boundless Love express'd.
- 8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
my Danger and my Fears ;  
My Feet from falling he secur'd,  
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
- 9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years,  
which God to me shall lend,  
Will I in Praises to his Name,  
and in his Service spend.
- 10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him  
in greatest Straits did boast ;  
For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid  
from faithless Men were lost :
- 12, 13 Then what Return to him shall I  
for all his Goodness make ;  
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal  
the Cup of Blessing take.
- 14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,  
whose Blood (howe'er despis'd  
By wicked Men) in God's Account  
is always highly priz'd .
- 16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I  
to thy Dominion bow,  
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,  
thy ransom'd Captive now !
- 17, 18 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise ;  
and whilst I bless thy Name,  
The just Performance of my Vows  
to all thy Saints proclaim.
- 19 They in *Jerusalem* shall meet,  
and in thy House shall join,

To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent ;  
and mix their Songs with mine.

## P S A L M CXVII.

1 **W**ith chearful Notes let all the Earth  
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe ;  
Let all inspir'd with godly Mirth,  
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praise.

2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,  
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay ;  
Then let the willing Nations round,  
their grateful Tribute pay.

## P S A L M CXVIII.

1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,  
his Mercies ne'er decay ;  
That his kind Favours ever laſts,  
let thankful *Iſr'el* ſay.

3, 4 Their Sense of his eternal Love  
let *Aaron's* Houſe expreſs ;  
And that it never fails, let all  
that fear the Lord confeſs.

5 To God I made my humble Moan,  
with Troubles quite oppreſt ;  
And he releas'd me from my Straits,  
and granted my Requeſt.

6 Since therefore God does on my Side,  
ſo graciouſly appear ;  
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men  
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear ?

7 Since God, with thoſe that aid my Cauſe,  
vouchſafes my Part to take ;  
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,  
a juſt Return to make.

8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,  
and have the Lord our Friend,  
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r  
for Safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,  
did oft beſet me round ;

- Yet, by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,  
I did their Strength confound.
- 12 They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage  
was but a short liv'd Blaze:  
For whilst on God I still rely'd,  
I vanquish'd them with Ease.
- 13 When all united press'd me hard,  
in Hopes to make me fall,  
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my Part,  
and sav'd me from them all.
- 14 The Honour of my strange Escape  
to him alone belongs;  
He is my Saviour and my Strength,  
he only claims my Songs.
- 15 Joy fills the Dwellings of the Just,  
whom God has sav'd from Harm;  
For wondrous Things are brought to pass  
by his Almighty Arm.
- 16 He, by his own resistless Pow'r,  
has endless Honour won;  
The saving Strength of his Right Hand  
amazing Works has done.
- 17 God will not suffer me to fall,  
but still prolongs my Days;  
That by declaring all his Works,  
I may advance his Praise,
- 18 When God had sorely me chastiz'd  
'till quite of Hopes bereav'd,  
His Mercy from the Gates of Death  
my fainting Life repriev'd.
- 19 Then open wide the Temple Gates,  
to which the Just repair;  
That I may enter in, and praise  
my great Deliv'rer there.
- 20, 21 Within those Gates of God's Abode,  
to which the Righteous press,  
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,  
thy holy Name I'll bless.

- 22, 23 That which the Builders once refus'd,  
is now the Corner-Stone ;  
This is the wond'rous Work of God,  
the Work of God alone.
- 24, 25 This Day is God's ; let all the Land  
exalt their chearful Voice :  
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
and make us still rejoyce.
- 26 Him that approaches in God's Name,  
let all the Assembly bless ;  
“ We that belong to God's own House,  
“ have wish'd you good Success.”
- 27 God is the Lord, thro' whom we all  
both Light and Comfort find ;  
Fast to the Altar's Horns, with Cords,  
the chosen Victim bind.
- 28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still  
I'll praise thy holy Name ;  
Because thou only art my God,  
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
- 29 O then with me give Thanks to God,  
who still does gracious prove ;  
And let the Tribute of our Praise  
be endless as his Love.

P S A L M CXIX.

A L E P H.

- 1 **H**OW blest are they who always keep  
the pure and perfect Way !  
Who never from the sacred Paths  
of God's Commandments stray !
- 2 How blest ! who to his righteous Laws  
have still obedient been !  
And have with fervent humble Zeal  
his Favour sought to win !
- 3 Such Men their utmost Caution use  
to shun each wicked Deed ;  
But in the Path which he directs,  
with constant Care proceed.



- 4 Thou strictly hast injoin'd us, Lord,  
to learn thy sacred Will,  
And all our Diligence employ  
Thy Statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy Will,  
might o'er my Ways preside!  
And I the Course of all my Life  
by thy Direction guide!
- 6 Then with Assurance should I walk,  
from all Confusion free;  
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways  
with thy Commands agree,
- 7 My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth  
with chearful Praises fill;  
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,  
I shall have learnt thy Will.
- 8 So to thy sacred Law shall I  
all due Observance pay;  
O then forsake me not, my God,  
nor cast me quite away.
- B E T H.*
- 9 How shall the Young preserve their Way,  
from all Pollutions free?  
By making still their Course of Life  
with thy Commands agree.
- 10 With hearty Zeal for Thee I seek,  
to Thee for Succour pray;  
O suffer not my careless Steps  
from thy right Paths to stray.
- 11 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,  
thy Word, my Treasure, lies;  
To succour me with timely Aid,  
when sinful Thoughts arise.
- 12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul  
shall ever bless thy Name:  
O teach me then by thy just Laws  
my future Life to frame.
- 13 My Lips unlock'd by pious Zeal,  
to others have declar'd,



- How well the Judgments of thy Mouth  
deserve our best Regard.
- 14 Whilst in the Way of thy Commands  
more solid Joy I found,  
Then had I been with vast Increase  
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
- 15 Therefore thy just and upright Laws,  
shall always fill my Mind ;  
And those sound Rules, which thou prescrib'st,  
all their Respect shall find.
- 16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd  
shall be my constant Joy ;  
The strict Remembrance of thy Word  
shall all my Thoughts employ.

## G I M E L.

- 13 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,  
Do thou my Life defend :  
That I, according to thy Word  
my future Time may spend.
- 18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,  
that so I may discern  
The wond'rous Things which they behold  
who thy just Precepts learn.
- 19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,  
from Place to Place I stray,  
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight  
remove not thou away.
- 20 My fainting Soul is almost pin'd,  
with fainting Longings spent ;  
Whilst always on the eager Search  
of thy just Will, intent.
- 21 Thy sharp Rebuke shall crush the Proud,  
whom still a Curse pursues ;  
Since they to walk in thy right Ways  
presumptuously refuse.
- 22 But far from me, do thou, O Lord,  
Contempt and Shame remove ;  
For I thy sacred Laws affect  
with undisssembled Love.
- 23 Tho'

23 Tho' Princes oft, in Council met,  
against thy Servant spake ;  
Yet I thy Statutes to observe,  
my constant Bus'ness make.

24 For thy Commands have always been  
my Comfort and Delight ;  
By them I learn with prudent Care,  
to guide my Steps aright.

*D A L E T H.*

25 My Soul, oppress'd with deadly Care,  
close to the Earth does cleave ;  
Revive me, Lord, and let me now  
thy promis'd Aid receive.

26 To thee I still declar'd my Ways,  
who did'st incline thine Ear ;  
O teach me then my future Life  
by thy just Laws to steer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,  
and by thy Guidance walk,  
The wond'rous Works which thou hast done  
shall be my constant Talk,

28 But see, my Soul within me sinks,  
press'd down with weighty Care ;  
Do thou, according to thy Word,  
my wasted Strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all false Ways,  
and lying Arts remov'd !  
But kindly grant I still may keep  
the Path by thee approv'd.

30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,  
my happy Choice I made :  
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,  
before me always laid.

31 My Care has been to make my Life,  
with thy Commands agree ;  
O then preserve thy Servant, Lord,  
from Shame and Ruin free.

32 So in the Way of thy Commands  
shall I with Pleasure run,

And

And with a Heart, enlarg'd with Joy,  
successfully go on.

*H E.*

- 33 Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,  
thy righteous Paths display ;  
And I from them, through all my Life,  
will never go astray.
- 34 If thou true Wisdom from Above  
wilt graciously impart,  
To keep thy perfect Laws I will  
devote my zealous Heart ;
- 35 Direct me in the sacred Ways  
to which thy Precepts lead ;  
Because my chief Delight has been  
thy righteous Paths to tread.
- 36 Do thou to thy most just Commands  
incline my willing Heart ;  
Let no Desire of worldly Wealth,  
from thee my Thoughts divert.
- 37 From those vain Objects, turn my Eyes  
which this false World displays ;  
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength  
to keep thy righteous Ways.
- 38 Confirm the Promise which thou mad'st,  
and give thy Servant Aid,  
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws,  
is awfully afraid.
- 39 The foul Disgrace I justly fear,  
in Mercy, Lord, remove ;  
For all the Judgments thou ordain'st,  
are full of Grace and Love.
- 40 Thou know'st how, after thy Commands,  
my longing Soul does pant ;  
O then make haste to raise me up,  
and promis'd Succour grant.

*V A U.*

- 41 Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow,  
to cheer my drooping Heart ;

To me, according to thy Word,  
thy saving Health impart.

42 So shall I, when my Foes upbraid,  
this ready Answer make :

“ In God, I trust, who never will  
“ his faithful Promise break.”

43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth  
be from my Mouth remov'd ;

Since still my Ground of steadfast Hope  
thy just Decrees have prov'd.

44 So I, to keep thy righteous Laws,  
will all my Study bend ;

From Age to Age, my Time to come  
in their Observance spend.

45 E'er long I trust to walk at large,  
from all Incumbrance free ;

Since I resolve to make my Life  
with thy Commands agree.

46 Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk ;  
and Princes shall attend,

Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways  
with Confidence defend.

47 My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul  
shall both o'erflow with Joy ;

When in thy lov'd Commandments I  
my happy Hours employ ;

48 Then will I to thy just Decrees  
lift up my willing Hands ;

My Care and Bus'ness then shall be  
to study thy Commands.

Z A I N.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,  
thy Favour, Lord, extend ;

Make good to me thy Word, on which  
thy Servant's Hopes depend.

50 That only Comfort in Distress  
did all my Grief controul ;

Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,  
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

- 51 Insulting Foes did proudly mock,  
and all my Hopes deride ;  
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs  
could make me turn aside.
- 52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,  
I quickly call'd to Mind ;  
'Till ravish'd with such Thoughts, my Soul  
did speedy Comfort find.
- 53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one  
with deadly Horror struck,  
To think how all my sinful Foes  
have thy just Laws forsook.
- 54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees  
my chearful Anthems made ;  
Whilst thro' strange Lands and Desarts wild  
I like a Pilgrim stray'd.
- 55 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,  
fill'd my Thoughts by Night ;  
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,  
to guide my Steps aright.
- 56 That Peace of Mind which has my Soul  
in deep Distress sustain'd,  
By strict Obedience to thy Will,  
I happily obtain'd.

## C H E T H.

- 57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou  
and sure Possession art :  
Thy Word I steadfastly resolve  
to treasure in my Heart.
- 58 With all the Strength of warm Desires,  
I did thy Grace implore ;  
Disclose according to thy Word,  
thy Mercy's boundless Store.
- 59 With due Reflection and strict Care  
on all my Ways I thought ;  
And so, reclaim'd to thy just Paths,  
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
- 60 I lost no Time, but made great Haste,  
resolv'd without Delay,



To watch, that I might never more  
from thy Commandments stray.

61 Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men  
to rob me have combin'd ;

Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws  
have ever kept in Mind.

62 In dead of Night I will arise,  
to sing thy solemn Praise ;

Convinc'd how much I always ought  
to love thy righteous Ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy Name,  
myself I closely join ;

To all who their obedient Wills  
to thy Commands resign.

64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,  
abundantly is shed ;

O make me then exactly learn  
thy sacred Paths to tread.

*T E T H.*

65 With me, thy Servant, thou hast dealt  
most graciously, O Lord,

Repeated Benefits bestow'd,  
according to thy Word.

66 Teach me the sacred Skill, by which  
right Judgment is attain'd,

Who in Belief of thy Commands  
have stedfastly remain'd.

67 Before Affliction stop'd my Course,  
my Footsteps went astray ;

But I have since been disciplin'd  
thy Precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,  
and all thou dost is so ;

On me, thy Statutes to discern,  
thy saving Skill bestow.

69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lyes,  
my spotless Fame to stain ;

But my fix'd Heart, without Reserve,  
thy Precepts shall retain.



- 70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills,  
in sensual Pleasures live,  
My Soul can relish no Delight,  
but what thy Precepts give.
- 71 'Tis good for me that I have felt  
Affliction's chast'ning Rod,  
That I might duly learn and keep  
the Statutes of my God.
- 72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds  
of more Esteem I hold,  
Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines  
of Silver and of Gold.

Y O D.

- 73 To me, who am the Workmanship  
of thy Almighty Hands,  
The Heav'nly Understanding give  
to learn thy just Commands.
- 74 Thy Preservation to thy Saints  
strong Comfort will afford,  
To see Success attend my Hopes,  
who trusted in thy Word,
- 75 That right thy Judgments are, I now  
by sure Experience see ;  
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,  
thou hast afflicted me.
- 76 O let thy tender Mercy now  
afford me needful Aid ;  
According to thy Promise, Lord,  
to me thy Servant made.
- 77 To me thy saving Grace restore,  
that I again may live ;  
Whose Soul can relish no Delight,  
but what thy Precepts give
- 78 Defeat the Proud, who unprovok'd,  
to ruin me have sought,  
Who only on thy sacred Laws  
employ my harmless Thought.
- 79 Let those that fear thy Name, espouse  
my Cause, and those alone.

Who

- Who have by strict and pious Search  
thy sacred Precepts known  
80 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart  
continue always found,  
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,  
may never me confound.

## C A P H.

- 81 My Soul with long Expectance faints  
to see thy saving Grace ;  
Yet still on thy unerring Word  
my Confidence I place.  
82 My very Eyes consume and fail  
with waiting for thy Word !  
O ! when wilt thou thy kind Relief  
and promis'd Aid afford.  
83 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows  
that long in Smoke is set ;  
Yet no Affliction me can force  
thy Statutes to forget.  
84 How many Days must I endure  
of Sorrow and Distress ?  
When wilt thou Judgment execute  
on them who me oppress ?  
85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,  
that have no other Foes,  
But such as are averse to thee,  
and thy just Laws oppose.  
86 With sacred Truth's eternal Laws  
all thy Commands agree ;  
Men persecute me without Cause,  
thou, Lord, my Helper be.  
87 With close Design against my Life  
they had almost prevail'd :  
But in Obedience to thy Will  
my Duty never fail'd :  
88 Thy wonted Kindness, Lord restore,  
my drooping Heart to cheer :  
That by thy righteous Statutes, I  
my Life's whole Course may steer.

## L A M E D.

- 89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,  
unchang'd thou dost remain ;  
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,  
does all their Orbs sustain.
- 90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth  
immoveable shall stand,  
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st  
with thy Almighty Hand.
- 91 All Things in Course by thee ordain'd,  
even to this Day fulfill ;  
They are thy faithful Subjects all,  
and Servants of thy Will.
- 92 Unless thy sacred Law had been  
my Comfort and Delight,  
I must have fainted, and expir'd  
in dark Affliction's Night.
- 93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts,  
shall never, Lord, depart ;  
For thou, by them, hast to new Life  
restor'd my dying Heart.
- 94 As I am thine, entirely thine,  
protect me, Lord, from Harm ;  
Who have thy Precepts sought to know,  
and carefully perform.
- 95 The Wicked have their Ambush laid  
my guiltless Life to take ;  
But in the midst of Danger I  
thy Word my Study make.
- 96 I've seen an End of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
But thy Commandments, like Thyself,  
no Change or Period know.

## M E M.

- 97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,  
no Language can display ;  
They with fresh Wonders entertain  
my ravish'd Thoughts all Day.

- 98 Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow  
 then all my subtil Foes ;  
 For thy sure Word does me direct,  
 and all my Ways dispose :
- 99 From me, my former Teachers now  
 may abler Counsel take ;  
 Because thy sacred Precepts I  
 my constant Study make.
- 100 In Understanding I excel  
 the Sages of our Days ;  
 Because by thy unerring Rules  
 I order all my Ways.
- 101 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd  
 from every sinful Way,  
 That to thy sacred Word I might  
 entire Obedience pay.
- 102 I have not from thy Judgments stray'd  
 by vain Desires misled ;  
 For, Lord, thou hast instructed me  
 thy righteous Path to tread.
- 103 How sweet are all thy Words to me ;  
 O what divine Repast !  
 How much more grateful to my Soul,  
 than Honey to my Taste.
- 104 Taught by thy sacred Precepts I  
 with heav'nly Skill am blest,  
 Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin  
 I utterly detest.

## N U N.

- 105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,  
 the Way of Truth to show ;  
 A Watch-light to point out the Path,  
 in which I ought to go.
- 106 I swear, (and from my solemn Oath  
 will never start aside)  
 That in thy righteous Judgments I  
 will stedfastly abide.
- 107 Since I with Griefs am so oppress'd,  
 that I can bear no more,

According to thy Word, do thou  
my fainting Soul restore.

108 Let still my Sacrifice of Praise  
with Thee Acceptance find ;  
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord.  
instruct my willing Mind.

109 Tho' ghastly Dangers me surrouud,  
my Soul they cannot awe,  
Nor, with continual Terrors keep  
from thinking on thy Law.

110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes  
for me their Snares have laid ;  
Yet I have kept the upright Path,  
nor from thy Precepts stray'd.

111 Thy Testimonies I have made  
my Heritage and Choice ;  
For they when other Comforts fail,  
my drooping Heart rejoice.

112 My Heart with early Zeal began  
thy Statutes to obey  
And till my Course of Life is done,  
shall keep thy upright Way.

*S A M E C H.*

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practises  
I utterly detest ;  
But to thy Law Affection bear  
too great to be express'd.

114 My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tower,  
and Shield art thou, O Lord ;  
I firmly anchor all my Hopes  
on thy unerring Word.

115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,  
approach not my Abode ;  
For firmly I resolve to keep  
the Precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious Word,  
from Danger set me free,  
Nor make me of those Hopes ashamed  
that I repose on Thee.



- 117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,  
and rescu'd from Distress;  
To thy Decrees continually  
my just Respects address.
- 118 The Wicked thou hast trod to Earth,  
who from thy Statutes stray'd;  
Their vile Deceit the just Reward  
of their own Falsehood made.
- 119 The Wicked from thy holy Land  
thou dost like Dross remove;  
I therefore with such Justice charm'd,  
thy Testimonies love;
- 120 Yet with that Love they make me dread,  
lest I should so offend  
When on Transgressors I behold  
thy Judgments thus descend.

## A I N.

- 121 Judgment and Justice I have lov'd;  
O therefore, Lord, engage  
In my Defence, nor give me up  
to my Oppressor's Rage.
- 122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,  
and so shall this Distress  
Prove good for me, nor shall the Proud  
my guiltless Soul oppress,
- 123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,  
in long Expectance held,  
'Till thy Salvation they behold,  
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
- 124 To me thy Servant in Distress,  
thy wonted Grace display;  
And discipline my willing Heart  
thy Statutes to obey.
- 125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
thy sacred Skill bestow,  
That of thy Testimonies I  
the full Extent may know.
- 126 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord  
thy Vengeance to employ,                      When

When Men with open Violence  
thy sacred Laws destroy.

127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands  
but make their Value rise

In my Esteem, who purest Gold  
compar'd with them despise.

128 Thy Precepts therefore I account  
in all Respects divine.

They teach me to discern the right,  
and all false Ways decline.

*P E.*

129 The Wonders which thy Law contains,  
no Words can represent,

Therefore to learn and practise them,  
my zealous Heart is bent.

130 The very Entrance to thy Word  
cœlestial Light displays ;

And Knowledge of true Happiness  
to simple Minds conveys.

131 With eager Hopes I waiting stood,  
and fainted with Desire,

That of thy wise Commands I might  
the sacred Skill acquire.

132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,  
who thy Relief implore ;

As thou art wont to visit those  
who thy blest Name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,  
let all my Footsteps be ;

Nor Wickedness of any Kind  
Dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely set me free  
from persecuting Hands,

That, unmolested, I may learn  
and practise thy Commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
Lord make thy Face to shine ;

Thy Statutes both to know and keep,  
my Heart with Zeal incline.

198                P S A L M    cxix.

136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,  
whence briny Rivers flow,  
To see Mankind against thy Laws,  
in bold Defiance go.

*T S A D E.*

137 Thou art the Righteous Judge, in whom  
wrong'd Innocence may trust ;  
And like Thyself, thy Judgments, Lord,  
in all Respects are just.

138 Most just and true those Statutes were,  
which thou didst first decree ;  
And all with Faithfulness perform'd,  
succeeding Times shall see.

139 With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,  
my Soul with Anguish frets,  
To see my Foes contemn at once  
thy Promises and Threats.

140 Yet each neglected Word of thine,  
(howe'er by them despis'd)  
Is pure, and for eternal Truth  
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy Sake to low Estate,  
Contempt from all I find ;  
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive  
thy Precepts from my Mind.

142 Thy Righteousness shall then endure,  
when Time itself is past ;  
Thy Law is Truth itself, that Truth  
which shall for ever last.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguish, Doubt and Dread,  
to compass me unite,  
Beset with Danger, still I make  
thy Precepts my Delight.

144 Eternal and unerring Rules  
thy Testimonies give :  
Teach me the Wisdom that will make  
my Soul for ever live.

- 145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,  
Lord hear my earnest Cry ;  
And I thy Statutes to perform,  
with all my Care apply.
- 146 Again more fervently I pray'd,  
O save me that I may  
Thy Testimonies throughly know,  
and steadfastly obey.
- 147 My earlier Prayer the dawning Day  
prevented, while I cry'd  
To him, on whose engaging Word  
my Hope alone rely'd.
- 148 With Zeal, have I awak'd before  
the midnight Watch was set,  
That I of thy mysterious Word  
might perfect Knowledge get.
- 149 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
and wonted Favour shew ;  
O quicken me, and so approve  
thy Judgments ever true.
- 150 My persecuting Foes advance,  
and hourly nearer draw ;  
What Treatment can I hope for them  
who violate thy Law.
- 151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,  
Thou, Lord, art yet more near ;  
Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,  
Thy Promises sincere.
- 152 Concerning thy divine Decrees  
my Soul has known of old,  
That they were true, and shall their Truth  
to endless Ages hold.

## R E S H.

- 153 Consider my Affliction, Lord,  
and me from Bondage draw ;  
Think on thy Servant in Distress,  
who ne'er forgets thy Law.

- 154 Plead thou my Cause, to that and me  
thy timely Aid afford ;  
With Beams of Mercy quicken me,  
according to thy Word.
- 155 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'st  
Salvation far away ;  
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them  
who from thy Statutes stray.
- 156 Since great thy tender Mercies are  
to all who thee adore ;  
According to thy Judgments, Lord,  
my fainting Hopes restore.
- 157 A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes  
against my Life combine ;  
But all too few to force my Soul  
thy Statutes to decline.
- 158 Those bold Transgressors I beheld,  
and was with Grief oppress'd,  
To see with what audacious Pride,  
thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.
- 159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,  
how I thy Precepts love ;  
O therefore quicken me with Beams  
of Mercy from Above.
- 160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth  
has held through Ages past,  
So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,  
to endless Ages last.

## S C H I N.

- 161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,  
conspire my Blood to shed,  
Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone  
to fill my Heart with Dread.
- 162 And yet that Word my joyful Breast  
with heav'nly Rapture warms,  
Nor Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,  
have such transporting Charms.
- 163 Perfidious Practices and Lyes  
I utterly detest ;

But



- But to thy Laws Affection bear,  
too great to be exprest.
- 164 Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,  
thy Praises I resound,  
Because I find thy Judgments all  
with Truth and Justice crown'd.
- 165 Secure, substantial Peace have they,  
who truly love thy Law ;  
No smiling Mischief them can tempt,  
nor frowning Danger awe.
- 166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,  
and tho' so long delay'd,  
With chearful Zeal and strictest Care  
all thy Commands obey'd.
- 167 Thy Testimonies I have kept,  
and constantly obey'd ;  
Because the love I bore to them  
thy Service easy made.
- 168 From strict Observance of thy Laws  
I never yet withdrew,  
Convinc'd that my secret Ways  
are open to thy View.
- T A U.
- 169 To my Request and earnest Cry  
attend, O gracious Lord ;  
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,  
according to thy Word,
- 170 Let my repeated Pray'r at last  
before thy Throne appear ;  
According to thy plighted Word  
for my Relief draw near.
- 171 Then shall my grateful Lips return  
the Tribute of their Praise,  
When thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,  
and taught me thy just Ways.
- 172 My Tongue the Praises of thy Word,  
shall thankfully resound ;  
Because thy Promises are all  
with Truth and Justice crown'd.
- 173 Let

- 173 Let thy Almighty Arm appear  
and bring me timely Aid ;  
For I the Laws thou hast ordain'd,  
my Heart's free Choice have made.
- 174 My Soul has waited for to see  
thy saving Grace restor'd ;  
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,  
thy heav'nly Laws, afford.
- 175 Prolong my Life, that I may sing  
my great Restorer's Praise ;  
Whose Justice from the Depth of Woes  
my fainting Soul shall raise.
- 176 Like some lost Sheep I've stray'd, till I  
despair my Way to find ;  
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant seek,  
who keeps thy Law in Mind.

## P S A L M CXX.

- 1 **I**N deep Distress I oft have cry'd  
To God, who never yet deny'd  
To rescue me oppress'd with Wrongs.
- 2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,  
From lying Lips, my Soul defend,  
And from the Rage of slander's Tongue.
- 3 What little Profit can accrue,  
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,  
O thou perfidious Tongue! to thee?
- 4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn ;  
Of lasting Flames that fiercely burn,  
The constant Fuel thou shalt be.
- 5 But O ! how wretched is my Doom,  
Who am a Sojourner become  
In barren *Mesech's* desert Soil !  
With *Kedar's* wicked Tents inclos'd,  
To lawless Savages expos'd,  
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
- 6 My hapless Dwelling is with those  
Who Peace and Amity oppose,  
And Pleasure take in others Harms.

- 7 Sweet Peace is all I court and seek ;  
 But when to them of Peace I speak,  
 They straight cry out, *To Arms, to Arms.*

## P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes  
 from thence expecting Aid ;  
 2 From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,  
 who Heaven and Earth has made.  
 3 Then thou, my Soul, in Safety rest,  
 thy Guardian will not sleep ;  
 4 His watchful Care that *Isr'el* gaurds,  
 will *Isr'el's* Monarch keep.  
 5 Shelter'd beneath th'Almighty's Wings,  
 thou shalt securely rest,  
 6 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee  
 by Day or Night molest.  
 7 From common Accidents of Life  
 his Care shall guard thee still ;  
 8 From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes  
 that lie in wait to kill.  
 9 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,  
 thy God shall thee defend ;  
 Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage  
 safe to thy Journey's End.

## P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 **O**'Twas a joyful Sound to hear  
 our Tribes devoutly say,  
 Up *Isr'el* to the Temple haste  
 and keep your Festal Day.  
 2 At *Salem's* Courts we must appear  
 with our assembled Pow'rs,  
 3 In strong and beauteous Order rang'd,  
 like her united Tow'rs :  
 4 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,  
 the Tribe of God repair,  
 Before his Ark to celebrate  
 his Name with Praise and Prayer.  
 5 Tribunals stand erected there,  
 where Equity takes place ;

There

204 P S A L M cxxii, cxxiii, cxxiv.

There stands the Courts and Palaces  
Of Royal *David's* Race.

6 O, pray we then for *Salem's* Tow'rs  
for they shall prosp'rous be,  
(Thou holy City of our God ! )  
who bear true Love to thee.

7 May Peace within thy sacred Wall  
a constant Guest be found,  
With Plenty and Prosperity  
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear Brethr'ns Sake, and Friends,  
no less than Brethren dear,  
I'll pray —— May Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs  
a constant Guest appear.

9 But most of all I'll seek thy Good,  
and ever wish thee well,  
For *Sion* and the Temple's Sake,  
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

P S A L M CXXIII.

1, 2 **O**N Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,  
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes,  
As Servants watch their Masters Hands,  
And Maids their Mistresses Commands.

3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,  
Thy gracious Aid to us afford ;  
To us whom cruel Foes oppress,  
Grown Rich and Proud by our Distress.

P S A L M CXXIV.

1 **H**AD not the Lord (may *Isr'el* say)  
been pleas'd to interpose ;

2 Had He not then espous'd our Cause  
when Men against us rose :

3, 4, 5 Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,  
and rag'd without Controul ;

Their Spite and Pride's united Floods  
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,  
who rescu'd us that Day,

- Nor to their savage Jaws gave up  
our threatn'd Lives a Prey.  
7 Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd  
From out the Fowler's Net ;  
The Snare is broke, their Hopes is cross'd,  
and we at Freedom set.  
8 Secure in his Almighty Name,  
our Confidence remains,  
Who, as He made both Heav'n and Earth,  
of both sole Monarch reigns.

P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 **W**HO place in *Sion's* God their Trust  
like *Sion's* Rock shall stand ;  
Like her imoveably be fixt  
by his Almighty Hand.  
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side,  
*Jerusalem* inclose,  
So stands the Lord around his Saints,  
To guard 'em from their Foes.  
3 The Wicked may afflict the Just,  
but ne'er to long oppress ;  
Nor force him by Despair to seek  
base Means for his Redress.  
4 Be good, O righteous God, to those  
who righteous Deeds affect ;  
The Heart that Innocence retains,  
let Innocence protect.  
5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,  
the Lord will soon destroy ;  
Cut off the Unjust but crown the Saints.  
with lasting Peace and Joy.

P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 **W**Hen *Sion's* God her Sons recall'd  
from long Captivity,  
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream  
of what we wish'd to see,  
2 But soon, in unaccustom'd Mirth,  
we did our Voice employ,



And sung our great Creator's Praise  
in thankful Hymns of Joys.

Our Heathen Foes repining stood,  
yet were oblig'd to own,

That great and wondrous was the Work  
our God for us had done.

3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great,  
much more should we confess;

The Lord has done great Things, whereof  
we reap the glad Success.

4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,  
of *Isr'el's* captive Bands,  
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs  
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.

5 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,  
may see our Labours thrive,  
'Till finish'd with Success, to make  
our drooping Hearts revive.

6 Tho' he desponds that sows his Grain,  
yet doubtless he shall come,  
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring  
the joyful Harvest home.

P S A L M CXXVII.

1 **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless  
the Lord the Pile sustain;  
Unless the Lord the City keep,  
the Watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the Day,  
and late to Rest repair,  
Allow no Respite to our Toil,  
and eat the Bread of Care:

Supplies of Life; with Ease to them,  
He on his Saints bestows;

He crowns their Labour with Success,  
their Nights with sweet Repose.

3 Children, those Comforts of our Life,  
are Presents from the Lord;

He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,  
as Piety's Reward.

- 4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand  
when marching forth to War,  
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,  
their Parents Safeguard are.
- 5 Happy the Man whose Quiver's fill'd  
with these prevailing Arms ;  
He need not fear to meet his Foe,  
at Law, or War's Alarms.

## P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Man is blest who fears the Lord,  
not only Worship pays,  
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,  
to his appointed Ways.
- 2 He shall upon the sweet Returns  
of his own Labour feed ;  
Without Dependance live, and see  
his Wishes all succeed.
- 3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,  
her lovely Fruit shall bring ;  
His Children, like young Olive-Plants,  
about his Table spring.
- 4 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus ;  
him *Sion's* God shall bless ;
- 5 And grant him all his Days to see  
*Jerusalem's* Success.
- 6 He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him  
descend with vast Increase ;  
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State,  
and more in *Isr'el's* Peace.

## P S A S M CXXIX.

- 1 **F**rom my Youth, may *Isr'el* say,  
they oft have me assail'd,  
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,  
but never quite prevail'd.
- 3 They oft have plow'd my patient Back  
with Furrows deep and long ;
- 4 But our just God has broke their Chains,  
and rescu'd us from Wrong.

- 5 Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout,  
 be still the Doom of those,  
 Their righteous Doom, of *Sion* hate,  
 and *Sion's* God oppose.
- 6 Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,  
 untimely let them fade,  
 Which to much Heat and want of Root,  
 has blasted in the Blade : -
- 7 Which in his Arms no Reaper take,  
 but unregarded leaves ;  
 Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains  
 to fold it into Sheaves.
- 8 No Traveller that passes by,  
 vouchsafes a Minute's Stop,  
 To give it one kind Look, or crave  
 Heaven's Blessing on the Crop.

## P S A L M CXXX

- 1 **F**rom lowest Depths of Woe,  
 to God I sent my Cry ;
- 2 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
 and graciously reply.
- 3 Should'st thou severly judge,  
 who can the Tryal bear ?
- 4 But Thou forgivest lest we despond,  
 and quite renounce thy Fear.
- 5 My Soul with Patience waits,  
 for Thee, the living Lord ;  
 My Hopes are on thy Promise built,  
 thy never-failing Word.
- 6 My longing Eyes look out  
 for thy enliv'ning Ray,  
 More duly than the Morning Watch  
 to spy the dawning Day.
- 7 Let *Isr'el* trust in God,  
 no Bounds his Mercy knows ;  
 The pleasant Source and Spring from whence  
 all our true Succour flows.
- 8 Whose lovely Streams to us  
 supplies to Want convey ;

A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,  
And wash our Guilt away.

## P S A L M CXXXI:

- 1 **O** Lord, I am not proud of Heart,  
nor cast a scornful Eye ;  
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ  
in Things for me too high. .
- 2 With Infant Innocence thou know'st,  
I have my self demean'd ;  
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe  
that from the Breast is wean'd :
- 3 Like me, let *Ifr'el* hope in God,  
his Aid alone implore ;  
Both now and ever trust in him,  
who lives for evermore.

## P S A L M CXXXII.

- 2 **L**ET *David*, Lord, a constant Place  
in thy Remembrance find ;  
Let all the Sorrows he endured,  
be ever in thy Mind.
- 2 Remember what a solemn Oath  
to Thee his Lord he swore ;  
How to the Mighty God he vow'd,  
whom *Jacob's* Sons adore.
- 3, 4 I will not go into mine House,  
nor to my Bed ascend ;  
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,  
nor sleep my Eye-lids bend ;
- 5 'Till for the Lord's design'd Abode,  
I mark the destin'd Ground ;  
'Till I a decent Place of Rest  
for *Jacob's* God have found.
- 6 Th' appointed Place with Shouts of Joy,  
at *Ephrata* we found,  
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields  
our glad Applause resound.
- 7 O! with due Rev'rence let u sthen  
to his Abode repair ;

- And prostrate at his Footstool fal'n  
 pour out our humble Pray'r,  
 8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
 thy constant Place of Rest ;  
 Be that, not only with thy Ark,  
 but with thy Presence blest.  
 9, 10 Cloath thou thy Priests with Righteousness,  
 make thou thy Saints rejoice ;  
 And for thy Servant *David's* Sake,  
 hear thine Anointed's Voi ce.  
 11 God sware to *David* in his Truth,  
 (nor shall his Oath be vain)  
 One of thy Offspring after thee  
 upon thy Throne shall reign :  
 12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,  
 and to my Laws submit,  
 Their Children too upon thy Throne  
 for evermore shall sit.  
 13, 14 For *Sion* does, in God's Esteem,  
 all other Seats excel ;  
 His Place of everlasting Rest,  
 where he delights to dwell.  
 15, 16 Her Stores, says he, I will increase ;  
 her Poor with Plenty bless ;  
 Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests  
 my saving Health confets.  
 17 There *David's* Pow'r shall long remain  
 in his successive Line,  
 And my anointed Servant therẽ  
 shall with fresh Lustre shine.  
 18 The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes  
 Confusion shall o'erispread ;  
 Whilst with confirm'd Success his Crown  
 shall flourish on his Head.

## P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their Advantage be !  
 how great their Pleasure prove !  
 Who live like Brethren, and consent  
 in Offices of Love !



P S A L M cxxxi, cxxxiv, cxxxv. 211

- 2 True Love is like that precious Oil,  
which pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,  
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes  
its costly Moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does  
on *Hermon's* Top distill ;  
Or like the early Drops that fall  
on *Sion's* fruitful Hill.
- 4 For *Sion* is the chosen Seat,  
Where the Almighty King  
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,  
and Life's eternal Spring.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **B**less God, ye Servants that attend  
upon his solemn Seat,  
That in the Temple Night by Night,  
with humble Rev'rence wait :
- 2, 3 Within his House lift up your Hands,  
and bless his holy Name ;  
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,  
who Earth and Heav'n did frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with one Consent,  
and magnify his Name ;  
Let all the Servants of the Lord  
his worthy Praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his House  
attend with constant Care ;  
With those that to his utmost Courts  
with humble Zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest Int'rest is,  
glad Hymns of Praise to sing ;  
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,  
a most delightful Thing.
- 4 For God his own peculiar Choice  
the Sons of *Jacob* makes ;  
And *Isr'el's* Offspring for his own  
most valu'd Treasure takes.

- 5 That God is great, we often have  
by glad Experience found ;  
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r  
above all Gods is crown'd.
- 6 For he, with unresisted Strength,  
performs his Sov'reign Will ;  
In Heav'n and Earth, and watry Stores  
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
- 7 He raises Vapours from the Ground,  
which poiz'd in liquid Air,  
Fall down at last in Show'rs, thro' which  
his dreadful Lightnings glare :
- 8 He from his Store-house brings the Winds ;  
and he, with vengeful Hand,  
The First-born slew of Man and Beast,  
thro' *Egypt's* mourning Land.
- 9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd  
thro' stubborn *Egypt's* Coasts,  
Nor *Pharoah* could his Plagues escape,  
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
- 10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations smote,  
and mighty Kings suppress'd ;  
*Sehon* and *Og*, and all besides,  
that *Canaan's* Land possess'd.
- 12, 13 Their Land upon his chosen Race  
he firmly did entail ;  
For which his Fame shall always last,  
his Praise shall never fail.
- 14 For God shall soon his People's Cause  
with pitying Eyes survey ;  
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn  
his kindled Rage away.
- 15 Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads  
o'er all the Heathen Lands,  
Are made of Silver and of Gold  
the Work of human Hands,
- 16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,  
nor see with polish'd Eyes ;

Their

Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,  
no Breath their Mouth supplies.

18 As senseless as themselves are they  
that all their Skill apply

To make them, or in dang'rous Times  
on them for Aid rely.

19 Their just Returns of Thanks to God,  
let grateful *Isr'el* pay ;

Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Race  
to bless the Lord delay.

20 Their Sense of his unbounded Love  
let *Levi's* House express ;

And let all those that fear the Lord  
his Name for ever bless :

21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works  
in *Sion's* Court proclaim ;

Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,  
exalt his holy Name.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

1 **T**O God the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful Thanks repeat;  
To him due Praise afford,  
As good as he is great ;  
For God does prove  
Our constant Friend,  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wond'rous Pow'r  
All other gods obey,  
Whom earthly Kings adore,  
This grateful Homage pay :  
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty Hand  
Amazing Works are wrought;  
The Heav'n's by his Command  
Were to Perfection brought.  
For God, &c.

6 He spreads the Ocean round  
About the spacious Land ;

And made the rising Ground  
Above the Waters stand,  
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display  
His num'rous Hosts of Light ;  
The Sun to rule by Day,  
The Moon and Stars by Night,  
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the first born dead  
Of *Egypt's* stubborn Land ;  
And thence his People led  
With his resistless Hand.  
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea,  
As if in Pieces rent,  
Disclos'd a middle Way,  
Thro' which his People went.  
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew  
Proud *Pharoah* and his Host,  
Who daring to pursue,  
Where in the Billows lost.  
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Desarts vast and wild  
He led the chosen Seed ;  
'And famous Princes foil'd,  
And made great Monarchs bleed.  
For God, &c.

19, 20 *Sehon*, whose potent Hand  
Great *Ammon's* Sceptre sway'd ;  
And *Og*, whose stern Command  
Rich *Bashan's* Land obey'd.  
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,  
Their Land whom he destroy'd,  
He gave to *Isr'el's* Race,  
To be by them enjoy'd.  
For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our Depth of Woes,  
On us with Favour thought ;  
And from our cruel Foes  
In Peace and Safety brought.  
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food supply,  
On which all Creatures live :  
To God who reigns on high  
Eternal Praises give.  
For God will prove  
Our constant Friend,  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

1 **W**HEN we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,  
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,  
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.

2 Our Harps, when that with Joy we sung,  
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,  
With silent Strings neglected hung  
On Willow-Trees that wither'd there

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd  
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,  
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd :  
“ Come, sing us one of *Sion's* Songs.”

4 How shall we tune our Voice to sing ?  
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands ?  
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King  
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands ?

5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat !  
When I of thee forgetful prove,  
Let then my trembling Hand forget  
The speaking String with Art to move !

6 If I to mention thee forbear,  
Eternal Silence seize my Tongue  
Or if I sing one chearful Ayre,  
'Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.



7 Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race,  
In thy own City's fatal Day,  
Cry'd out, " Her stately Walls deface,  
" And with the Ground quite level lay."

8 Proud *Babel's* Daughter doom'd to be  
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey ;  
Bless'd is the Man who shall to thee,  
The Wrongs thou laid'st on us repay.

9 Thrice bless'd, who with just Rage possessest,  
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,  
Shall snatch thy Infants from the Breast,  
And dash their Heads against the Stones.

## P S A L M CXXXVIII.

1 **W**ith my whole Heart, my God and King,  
thy Praise I will proclaim ;  
Before the Gods with Joy will sing,  
and bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred Seat ;  
and with thy Love inspir'd,  
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,  
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,  
when I to Thee did cry ;  
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,  
did'st inward Strength supply.

4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince  
thy Name with Praise pursue,  
Whom these admir'd Events convince  
that all thy Works are true.

5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,  
with chearful Songs shall bless ;  
And all thy glorious Acts record,  
thy awful Pow'r confess.

6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,  
does thence the Poor respect ;  
The Proud far off, in Scorn his Eye  
beholds with just Neglect.

7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppress'd,  
he shall my Foes disarm ;

Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,  
and keep me safe from Harm.

- 8 The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,  
shall fix my happy State ;  
And mindful of his Favours past,  
shall his own Work compleat.

## P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1, 2 **T**Hou Lord, by strictest Search has known  
My rising up, and lying down ;  
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,  
My publick Haunts and private Ways ;
- 4 'Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.
- 5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,  
On every Side I find thy Hand.
- 6 O ! Skill, for human Reach too high !  
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
- 7 O could I so perfidious be,  
To think of once deserting thee !  
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun ?  
Or whether from thy Presence run ?
- 8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in Light ;  
Or down to Hell's infernal Plains,  
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
- 9 If I the Morning Wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the Western Main,
- 10 Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,  
And there arrest thy Fugitive.
- 11 Or should I try to shun thy Sight  
Beneath the sable Wings of Night ;  
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray,  
Would kindle Darknefs into Day.
- 12 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,  
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes ;  
'Thro' Midnight-Shades thou find'st the Way,  
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

- 13 Thou know'st the Texture of my Heart,  
 My Reins and ev'ry vital Part,  
 Each single Thread in Nature's Loom,  
 By Thee was cover'd in the Womb.
- 14 I'll praise Thee from whose Hand I came,  
 A Work of such a curious Frame ;  
 The Wonders thou in me hast shown,  
 My Soul with grateful Joy must own.
- 15 Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,  
 While yet a lifeless Mass it lay,  
 In secret, how exactly wrought,  
 E'er from its dark Inclosure brought.
- 16 Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,  
 Its Parts were registred by Thee ;  
 Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took  
 Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
- 17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
 That since the Maze of Life I trod,  
 Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount  
 The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
- 18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
 The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore ;  
 Each Morn revising what I've done,  
 I find th' Account but new begun.
- 19 The Wicked thou shalt slay, O God,  
 Depart from me ye Men of Blood ;  
 20 Whose Tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane,  
 And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
- 21 Lord, hate not I the Impious Crew,  
 Who thee with Enmity pursue ?  
 And does not Grief my Heart oppress,  
 When Reprobates thy Laws transgress ?
- 22 Who practise Enmity to thee,  
 Shall utmost Hatred have from me.  
 Such Men I utterly detest,  
 As if they were my Foes profess. [Heart,
- 23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and  
 If Mischief lurks in any Part ;

Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

## P S A L M CXL.

- 1 **P** Reserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes  
of treacherous Intent ;
- 2 And from the Sons of Violence,  
on open Mischief bent.
- 3 Their sland'ring Tongues, the Serpent's Sting  
in Sharpness does exceed :  
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,  
And Adder's Venom breed.
- 4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,  
nor leave my Soul forlorn,  
A Prey to Sons of Violence,  
who have my Ruin sworn.
- 5 The Proud for me have laid the Snare,  
and spread their wily Net ;  
With Traps and Gins where'er I move, ]  
I find my Steps beset.
- 6 But thus environ'd with Distress,  
thou art my God, I said ;  
Lord hear my supplicating Voice,  
that calls to thee for Aid.
- 7 O Lord, the God, whose saving Strength  
kind Succour did convey,  
And cover'd my advent'rous Head  
in Battel's doubtful Day ;
- 8 Permit not their unjust Designs  
to answer their Desire ;  
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,  
to bolder Crimes aspire.
- 9 Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects  
of their Injustice mourn ;  
The Blast of their envenom'd Breath,  
upon themselves return.
- 10 Let them, who kindled first the Flame,  
its Sacrifice become ;  
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made  
their own untimely Tomb.

- 11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,  
it quickly will decay ;  
Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,  
that bears themselves away.
- 12 God will assert the poor Man's Cause,  
and speedy Succour give :  
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,  
and in his Presence live.

## P S A L M CXLI.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,  
O haste to my Relief :  
And with accustom'd Pity hear  
the Accents of my Grief.
- 2 Instead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r  
like Morning Incense rise ;  
My lifted Hands supply the Place  
of Evening Sacrifice.
- 3 From hasty Language curb my Tongue,  
and let a constant Guard  
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,  
with wary Silence barr'd.
- 4 From wicked Mens Designs and Deeds  
my Heart and Hands restrain ;  
Nor let me in the Booty share  
of their unrighteous Gain.
- 5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,  
and I shall think 'em kind ;  
Like Balm, that heals a wounded Head,  
I their Reproof shall find.  
And in Return, my fervent Pray'r  
I shall for them address,  
When they are tempted and reduced,  
like me, to sore Distress.
- 6 When sculking in *Engedi's* Rock,  
I to their Chiefs appeal,  
If one reproachful Word I spoke,  
when I had Power to kill.
- 7 Yet us they persecute to Death,  
our scatter'd Ruins lie ;



As thick as from the Hewer's Ax,  
the sever'd Splinters flie.

- 8 But Lord, to thee I still direct  
my supplicating Eyes ;  
O leave not destitute my Soul,  
whose Trust on thee relies !
- 9 Do thou preserve me from the Snares  
that wicked Hands have laid ;  
Let them in their own Nets be caught,  
while my Escape is made.

## P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God with mournful Voice  
in deep Distress I pray'd ;
- 2 Made him the Umpire of my Cause,  
my Wrongs before him laid.
- 3 Thou did'st my Steps direct,  
when my griev'd Soul despair'd ;  
For where I thought to walk secure,  
they had their Traps prepar'd.
- 4 I look'd, but found no Friend  
to own me in Distress ;  
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd  
his Pity or Redress.
- 5 To God at last I pray'd,  
thou Lord, my Refuge art,  
My Portion in the Land of Life,  
'till Life itself depart.
- 6 Reduc'd to greatest Straits,  
to thee I make my Moan,  
O ! save me from oppressing Foes,  
for me to pow'rful grown.
- 7 That I may praise thy Name,  
my Soul from Prison bring ;  
Whilst of thy kind Regard to me,  
assembl'd Saints shall sing.

## P S A L M CXLIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry  
thy wonted Audience lend ;

- In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth  
a gracious Answer send.
- 2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring  
thy Servant to be try'd ;  
For in thy Sight no living Man  
can e'er be justify'd.
- 3 The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,  
whose Comforts all are fled ;  
He drives me into Caves as dark  
as Mansions of the Dead.
- 4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,  
and sinks within my Breast ;  
My mournful Heart grows desolate,  
with heavy Woes oppress'd.
- 5 I call to mind the Days of old ;  
and Wonders thou hast wrought :  
My former Dangers and Escapes  
imploy my musing Thought.
- 6 To thee my Hands in humble Prayer,  
I fervently stretch out ;  
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,  
like Land oppress'd with Drought.
- 7 Hear me with Speed ; my Spirits fail ;  
thy Face no longer hide,  
Lest I become forlorn, like them,  
that in the Grave reside.
- 8 Thy Kindness early let me hear,  
whose Trust on thee depends ;  
Teach me the Way where I should go,  
my Soul to Thee ascends.
- 9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,  
preserve and set me free ;  
A safe Retreat against their Rage,  
my Soul implores from Thee.
- 10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will  
instruct me to obey,  
Let thy Good Spirit lead and keep  
my Soul in thy right Way.

- 11 O, for the Sake of thy great Name,  
revive my drooping Heart ;  
For thy Truth's Sake to me distress'd,  
thy promis'd Aid impart.
- 12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,  
reduce my Foes to Shame ;  
Slay them that persecute a Soul  
devoted to thy Name.

## P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever blest be God the Lord,  
Who does his needful Aid impart,  
At once both Strength and Skill afford,  
To weild my Arms with warlike Art.
- 2 His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,  
My strong Deliv'rance and my Shield ;  
In him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r  
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yeild.
- 3 Lord, what is Man that thou should'st love  
Of him such tender Care to take ?  
What in his Offspring could Thee move  
Such great Account of him to make ?
- 4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,  
His Thoughts but empty are, and vain ;  
His Days are like a flying Shade,  
Of whose short Stay no Signs remain.
- 5 In solemn State, O God, descend,  
Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines ;  
The smoaking Hills asunder rend,  
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
- 6 Discharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,  
And make thy scatter'd Foes retreat ;  
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,  
And their Destruction soon compleat.
- 7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage  
Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell ;  
And snatch me from the stormy Rage  
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell.  
Fight thou against my foreign Foes,  
who utter Speeches false and vain ;

who

- Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,  
 Their sworn Ingagements ne'er maintain.
- 9 So I to Thee, O King of Kings,  
 In new-made Hymns my Voice shall raise,  
 And Instruments of various Strings  
 Shall help me thus to sing thy Praise.
- 10 " God does to Kings his Aid afford,  
 " To them his sure Salvation sends ;  
 " 'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,  
 " His Servant *David* still defends"
- 11 Fight Thou against my foreign Foes,  
 Who utter Speeches false and vain ;  
 Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,  
 Their sworn Ingagements ne'er maintain.
- 12 Then our young Sons like Trees shall grow,  
 Well planted in some fruitful Place ;  
 Our Daughters shall like Pillars show,  
 Design'd some Royal Court to grace.
- 13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store,  
 Shall us and ours with Plenty feed ;  
 Our Sheep increasing more and more,  
 Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
- 14 Strong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,  
 Nor in their constant Labour faint ;  
 Whilst we no War, nor Slav'ry know,  
 And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
- 15 Thrice happy is that Peoples Case,  
 Whose various Blessings thus abound,  
 Who God's true Worship still embrace,  
 And are with his Protection crown'd.

## P S A L M CXLV.

- 1, 2 **T**HEE I will bless, my God my King,  
 thy endless Praise proclaim ;  
 This Tribute daily I will bring,  
 and ever bless thy Name.
- 3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art Great,  
 and highly to be prais'd ;  
 Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,  
 above our Knowledge rais'd.

- 4 Renown'd for mighty Acts thy Fame  
to future Times extends ;  
From Age to Age thy glorious Name  
ſucceſſively deſcends.
- 5, 6 Whiſt I thy Glory and Renown,  
and wond'rous Works expreſs  
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,  
and thy great Pow'r confeſs.
- 7 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,  
they ſhall with Joy proclaim ;  
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs  
ſhall be the conſtant Theme.
- 8 The Lord is good ; freſh Acts of Grace  
his Pity ſtill ſupplies ;  
His Anger moves with ſloweſt pace,  
His willing Mercy flies.
- 9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,  
by all thy Works expreſt ;  
Theſe ſhew thy Praise, whiſt thy great Name  
is by thy Servants bleſt :
- 11 They, with a glorious Proſpect fir'd,  
ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak ;  
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd'  
their lofty Subject make.
- 12 God's glorious Works of ancient Date,  
ſhall thus to all be known ;  
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,  
with publick Splendor ſhown.
- 13 His ſteadfaſt Throne, from Changes free,  
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt ;  
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee,  
but Time it ſelf outlaſt.

## P A R T II.

- 14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,  
and makes the Proſtrate riſe :  
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,  
who timely Food ſupplies.
- 16 Whate'er their various Wants require,  
with open Hand he gives ; Q And



And so fulfils the just Desire  
of every Thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord ! how just !  
how righteous all his Ways !

How nigh to him, who with firm Trust  
for his Assistance prays !

19 He grants the full Desires of those  
who him with Fear adore ;

And will their Troubles soon compose,  
when they his Aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with Care,  
whom grateful Love employs :

But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,  
with furious Rage destroys.

21 My Time to come in Praises spent  
shall still advance his Fame,

And all Mankind with one Consent  
for ever bless his Name.

## P S A L M CXLVI.

1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,  
for ever bless his Name :

His wond'rous Love while Life shall last,  
my constant Praise shall claim.

3 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,  
let none for Aid rely ;

They cannot save in dangerous Times,  
no timely Help apply.

4 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,  
and there neglected lie,

And all their Thoughts and vain Designs  
together with them die.

5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God  
for his Protector takes ;

Who still, with well-pleas'd Hope, the Lord  
his constant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,  
and all that they contain,

Will never quit his steadfast Truth,  
nor make his Promise vain.

7 The

- 7 The Poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs,  
are eas'd, by his Decree ;  
He gives the Hungry needful Food,  
and sets the Pris'ners free.
- 8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,  
the weak and Fall'n he rears :  
With kind Regard and tender Love  
he for the Righteous cares.
- 9 The Strangers he preserves from Harm,  
the Orphan kindly treats,  
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles  
of wicked Men defeats.
- 10 The God that does in *Sion* dwell,  
is our eternal King :  
From Age to Age his Reign endures ;  
let all his Praises sing.

## P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,  
and celebrate his Fame ;  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
to praise his holy Name.
- 2 His holy City God will build,  
tho' levell'd with the Ground ;  
Bring back his People, tho' dispers'd  
thro' all the Nations round.
- 3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,  
and all their Wounds does close ;  
He tells the Number of the Stars,  
their sev'ral Names he knows.
- 5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,  
his Wisdom has no Bound,  
The Meek he raises, but throws down  
the Wicked to the Ground.
- 7 To God the Lord a Hymn of Praise  
with grateful Voices sing ;  
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,  
and strike each warbling String.
- 8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence  
refreshing Rain bestows ;      Q 2      Thre.

- Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass  
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
- 9 He savage Beasts, that loosely range,  
with timely Food supplies :  
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,  
and stops their hungry Cries.
- 10 He values not the warlike Steed,  
but does his Strength disdain ;  
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,  
no Prize from him can gain.
- 11 But he, to him that fears his Name,  
his tender Love extends ;  
To him that on his Boundless Grace  
with steadfast Hope depends.
- 12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jerus'lem* then,  
to God their Praise address,  
Who fenc'd their Gates with massy Bars,  
and does their Children bless.
- 14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,  
with finest Wheat they're fed ;  
He speaks the Word, and what he wills,  
is done as soon as said.
- 16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,  
descends at his Command ;  
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread  
is scatter'd o'er the Land.
- 17 When joyn'd to these, he does his Hail  
in little Morfels break,  
Who can against the piercing Cold  
secure Defences make.
- 18 He sends his Word, which melts the Ice ;  
he makes his Winds to blow.  
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,  
in plenteous Currents flow,
- 19 By him his Statutes and Decrees  
To *Jacob's* Sons were shown ;  
And still to *Israel's* chosen Seed  
his righteous Laws are known.

20 No other Nation this can boast,  
nor did he e'er afford,  
To heathen Lands his Oracles,  
and Knowledge of his Word.

*Allelujah.*

P S A L M CXLVIII.

1, 2 **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
Exalt your Maker's Fame;  
His Praise your Songs employ  
Above the starry Frame;  
Your Voice raise,  
Ye Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,  
To sing his Praise.

3, 4 Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,  
And Sun that guid'st the Day,  
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,  
To him your Homage pay:  
His Praise declare,  
Ye Heavens above,  
And Clouds that move  
In liquid Air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,  
By whose Almighty Word  
They all from Nothing came:  
And all shall last,  
From Changes free;  
His firm Decree  
Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;  
Praise him, ye dreadful Whales,  
And Fish that through the Sea  
Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales:  
Fire, Hail, and Snow,  
And misty Air,  
And Winds that, where  
He bids them, blow.

230 P S A L M cxlviii, cxlix.

- 9, 10 By Hills and Mountains (all  
In grateful Confort join'd)  
By Cedars stately tall,  
And Trees for Fruit design'd ;  
And every Beast,  
And Creeping Thing,  
And Fowl of Wing,  
His Name be blest.
- 11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,  
With those of humbler Fame,  
And Judges of the Earth,  
His matchless Praise proclaim ;  
In this Design  
Let Youth with Maids,  
And hoary Heads,  
With Children join.
- 13 United Zeal be shown,  
His wondr'ous Fame to raise  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise.  
Earth's utmost Ends  
His Power obey :  
His glorious Sway  
The Sky transcends.
- 14 His chosen Saints to Grace,  
He sets them up on high,  
And favours *Isr'el's* Race  
Who still to him are nigh,  
O therefore raise  
Your grateful Voice,  
And still rejoice  
The Lord to praise.

P S A L M CXLIX.

- 1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord,  
prepare your glad Voice,  
His Praise in the great  
Assembly to sing ;  
In our Great Creator  
let *Isr'el* rejoice,

And



And the Children of *Sion*  
be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great Name  
extol in the Dance ;

With Timbrel and Harp  
his Praises express ;

Who always take Pleasure  
his Saints to advance,

And with his Salvation  
the Humble to bless.

5, 6 With Glory adorn'd,  
his People shall sing

To God who their Beds  
with Safety does shield ;

Their Mouths fill'd with Praises  
of him their Great King,

Whilst a two-edged Sword  
their Right-hand shall weild.

7, 8 Just Vengeance to take  
for Injuries past ;

To punish those Lands  
for Ruin design'd ;

With Chains, as their Captives,  
to tie their Kings fast ;

With Fetters of Iron  
their Nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,  
when them they destroy,

The dreadful Decree

which God does proclaim,  
Such Honour and Triumph

his Saints shall all enjoy :

O therefore for ever  
exalt his great Name.

## P S A L M CL.

1 **O** Praise the Lord in that blest Place  
From whence his Goodness largely flows,  
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face  
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.      2 Praise

- 2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts  
which he in our behalf has done ;  
His Kindness this Return exacts,  
with which our Praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice  
make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound ;  
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise  
And gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.
- 4 Let Virgin Troops soft Timbrels bring,  
and some with graceful Motion dance ;  
Let Instruments of various Strings,  
with Organs join'd, his Praise advance.
- 5 Let them who joyful Hymns compose,  
to Cymbals set their Songs of Praise ;  
Cymbals of common Use, and those  
that loudly sound on solemn Days.
- 6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,  
the Breath he does to them afford,  
In just Returns of Praise employ,  
let every Creature praise the Lord.

*T H E E N D.*



# GLORIA PATRI, &c.

## *Common Measure.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; As it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## *As Psalm 25.*

To God the Father, Son,  
and Spirit Glory be;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all Eternity.

## *As the 100 Psalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,  
Be Glory; As it was of old,  
is now, and shall be evermore.

## *As Ps. 37. and last Part of the 113th Psalm Tune.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom Heaven's triumphant Host,  
and suffering Saints on Earth adore,  
Be Glory as in Ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
when Time itself must be no more.

## *As Psalm 148.*

To God the Father, Son,  
and Spirit ever blest,  
Eternal Three in One  
All Worship be addrest,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

## *As Psalm 149.*

By Angels in Heav'n  
of ev'ry Degree,  
And Saints upon Earth,  
all Praise be addrest  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever blest;  
As it has been, now is,  
and always shall be.



# An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing how to find any Psalm, by its Beginning.

Psalm	Page	Psalm	Page
<b>A</b>		<b>I</b>	
<i>Gainst all those,</i>	48	<i>I'll celebrate thy,</i>	39
<i>As pants the Heart,</i>	62	<i>In Deep Distress,</i>	202
<i>At length by certain,</i>	105	<i>In Judah thee,</i>	111
<b>B</b>		<i>In thee I put,</i>	101
<i>Behold, O God</i>	120	<i>In vain, O Man,</i>	76
<i>Bless God, my Soul,</i>	155	<i>Judge me, O Lord,</i>	35
<i>Bless God, ye Servants</i>	211	<i>Just Judge of Heaven,</i>	63
<b>D</b>		<i>I waited meekly,</i>	58
<i>Defend me, Lord,</i>	40	<b>L</b>	
<i>Deliver me, O Lord,</i>	83	<i>Let all the Just,</i>	44
<i>Do thou O God,</i>	80	<i>Let all the Lands,</i>	91
<b>F</b>		<i>Let all the Listening,</i>	70
<i>For ever blest,</i>	223	<i>Let David, Lord,</i>	209
<i>For thee, O God,</i>	90	<i>Let God, the God,</i>	94
<i>From lowest Depths,</i>	108	<i>Lord, hear my Cry,</i>	86
<i>From my Youth up,</i>	207	<i>Lord, hear my Prayer,</i>	221
<b>G</b>		<i>Lord, hear the Voice,</i>	4
<i>Give ear, thou Judge,</i>	78	<i>Lord, hear the Voice,</i>	89
<i>God in the great,</i>	125	<i>Lord, let thy Just,</i>	103
<i>God is our Refuge,</i>	67	<i>Lord, not to us,</i>	178
<i>God's Temple crowns,</i>	131	<i>Lord, save me for,</i>	77
<b>H</b>		<i>Lord, thou hast granted,</i>	129
<i>Had not the Lord,</i>	204	<i>Lord who's the happy,</i>	16
<i>Happy the Man,</i>	60	<b>M</b>	
<i>Have mercy, Lord,</i>	74	<i>My Crafty Foe with,</i>	51
<i>Hear, O my People,</i>	113	<i>My God, My God, why,</i>	28
<i>He's blest whose Sins,</i>	43	<i>My Soul for help,</i>	87
<i>He that has God,</i>	139	<i>My Soul inspired,</i>	153
<i>Hold not thy Peace,</i>	127	<i>My Soul with grateful,</i>	179
<i>How blest are they,</i>	113	<b>N</b>	
<i>How blest is he,</i>	1	<i>No Change of Times,</i>	19
<i>How good and pleasant,</i>	140	<b>O</b>	
<i>How long wilt thou,</i>	14	<i>O all ye People,</i>	68
<i>How many, Lord of late,</i>	13	<i>O come, loud Anthems,</i>	4
<i>How vast must their,</i>	110	<i>Of Mercy never,</i>	50
<b>J</b>		<i>O God, my gracious,</i>	88
<i>Jehovah reigns, let all,</i>	146	<i>O God, my Heart,</i>	170
<i>Jehovah reigns, let theref.</i>	148	<i>O God, of hosts,</i>	127
		<i>O God, to whom,</i>	142
		<i>O God,</i>	

Pfalm	Page	Pfalm	Page
O God, who hast,	85	That Man is bleſt who ſtands	17
O God, whoſe former,	171	The wicked Fools,	6
O Iſrael's Shepherd,	121	This ſpacious Earth,	36
O Lord, I am not,	211	Tho' wicked Men,	52
O Lord, my God,	6	Thou, Lord, by ſtrictest,	212
O Lord, my Rock,	37	Through all the changing,	47
O Lord, our Fathers,	63	Thy chaſtning Wrath,	56
O Lord, the Savionr	137	Thy dreadful Anger,	5
O Lord, that art my,	3	Thy Mercy, Lord,	85
O Lord to my,	100	Thy Mercies, Lord,	131
O thee who dwelleſt,	204	Thy Preſence why,	13
O praise the Lord,	181	To bleſs thy Chosen,	93
O praise the Lord, and,	226	To celebrate thy,	3
O praise the Lord in that,	231	To God I cry'd,	119
O praise the Lord with,	227	To God in whom,	32
O praise the Lord with one,	211	To God our nether,	123
O praise the Lord,	230	To God the mighty,	317
O render Thanks, and,	158	To God with mournful,	216
O render Thanks to,	162	To God your grateful,	226
O thou to whom all,	8	To my Complaints,	130
O 'twas a joyful,	203	To my juſt Plea,	116
P		To thee, my God,	12
Praise ye the Lord,	175	To thee, O God,	110
Preſerve us, Lord,	219	To thee, O Lord,	220
Protect me from my,	16	To Sion's Hill,	203
R		W	
Reſolv'd to watch,	57	We build with,	214
S		When I pour out,	150
Save me, O God,	97	When Iſrael by,	177
Since godly Men,	14	When Sion's God,	205
Since I have plac'd,	13	When we are weary'd,	215
Sing to the Lord,	145	While I the Kings,	65
Sing to the Lord,	147	Whom ſhould I fear,	36
Speak, O ye Judges,	82	Who plac'd on Sion's God,	205
Sure, wicked Fools,	15	Why haſt thou caſt,	107
T		With chearful Notes,	171
Thee I will bleſs,	224	With Glory clad,	142
The Heavens declare,	24	With my whole Heart,	216
The King, O Lord,	26	With one Conſent,	149
The Lord hath ſpoke,	72	With reſtleſs and,	1
The Lord himſelf,	31	Y	
The Lord, the only God,	69	Ye boundleſs Realms,	229
The Lord to thy request,	27	Ye Princes that,	38
The Lord unto my,	174	Ye Saints and Servants,	176
The Man is bleſt who fears,	209		



## Directions about the Tunes and Measures.

**A**LL Psalms of this Version in the *Common Measure* of Eights and Sixes, that is, where the first and third Lines of the single Stanza consist of eight Syllables each, the second and fourth Lines of six Syllables each) may be sung to any of the most usual Tunes, *viz.* *York-Tune, Windsor-Tune, St. David's, Litchfield, Canterbury, Martyrs, Southwell, St. Mary's, alias Hackney-Tune, &c.*

As the Old 25th Psalm, may be sung the New 25, 31, 67, 130.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 148.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Psalms in this Version of four Lines in a single Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line (if Psalms of Praise or Chearfulness) may properly be sung as the Old 100 Psalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125 Psalm, Second Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Psalms in the same Measure, may be sung as the Old 51 Psalm. Which Tunes, with all the forementioned, are Printed in the *Supplement* to this new Version, as is specified in the following.

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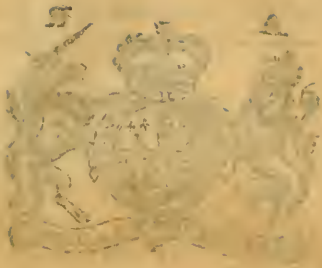
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At the COURT at Hingham-Conn.  
the 30th day of July, 1893.

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At the COURT at *Hampton-Court*,  
The 30th Day of *July*, 1703.

P R E S E N T

The Queen's most Excellent MAJESTY  
In COUNCIL.

**U**PON reading this Day at the Board, the Petition of Nicholas Brady, and Nahum Tate, setting forth, That his late Majesty in Council was pleased to Order His Royal Allowance for the Petitioners New Version of the Psalms, to be used in Churches, Chapels, and Congregations; that a SUPPLEMENT to the said New Version, containing the usual Hymns, Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c. with the Church Tunes, has been since thought expedient for Farther Accommodating that Part of Divine Service, and humbly Requesting Her Majesty's Allowance of the said Supplement; Her Majesty taking the same into her Royal Consideration, is pleased to Order in Council, That the said Supplement to the said New Version of the Psalms Be, and the said Supplement Is, hereby Allowed and Permitted to be used in all Churches, Chapels, and Congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same.

William Blathwayt.

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A N  
 INTRODUCTION  
 TO ALL  
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**T**HE Encouragement this Supplement has met with from the World, makes me hope, That this Edition will obtain as general an Applause as the former, upon the following Recommendations:

*First*, By the late Addition of many New Tunes to several Psalms and Hymns both of Particular and Common Measures, compos'd by the best Masters.

*Secondly*, That the Tunes, both Old and New, are set for two Voices, *Treble* and *Bass*.

*Thirdly*, That the Tunes throughout the whole are carefully fitted to the Sense of the Words, whether they be of Praise, Prayer, Thanksgiving, &c.

*Fourthly*, That there are added some useful Tables of Directions how to suit any Tune, whether it be Grave, Melancholy, Cheerful, or Rejoycing, to a Proper Psalm.

*Fifthly*, and *Lastly*, By adding some short Instructions, which, I hope, will prove very acceptable to all Lovers and Learners of this Noble and Delightful Exercise.

It is not to be imagin'd, that any Art or Science was ever perfectly understood by bare Reading, without the Help and Direction of a Master or Tutor; though, perhaps, some have obtained a great Degree of Knowledge thereby; so neither do I propose, that the following Instructions alone are sufficient for the rightly understanding of Musick: But so far forth as concerns what is contain'd in this Book, I shall treat of in as plain a Manner as I can, under the Six following Heads:

- I. Of the *GAMUT*.
- II. Of the *Notes*, their Names and Proportion of Distance from one another.
- III. Of *Cliffs*.
- IV. Of *Flats* and *Sharps*.
- V. Of *Time*.
- VI. Of the several *Keys* in Musick.

*First*, Of the *GAMUT*. The *Gamut* is the Scale of Musick, wherein 'are contain'd all the Notes capable of a Vocal Performance; which you may learn by the following Scheme.

## The GAMUT, or Scale of MUSIC K.

<i>Gsolreut in Alt.</i>	<i>Sol</i>	
<i>Ffaut.</i> —————	<i>Fa</i> —	} <i>Treble.</i>
<i>Ela.</i>	<i>La</i>	
<i>Dlasol.</i> —————	<i>Sol</i> —	
<i>Csolf a</i>	<i>Fa</i>	
<i>Bfabemi.</i> —————	<i>Mi</i> —	
<i>Alamire.</i>	<i>La</i>	
<i>Gsolrcut.</i> —————	<i>Sol</i> —	
<i>Ffaut.</i>	<i>Fa</i>	
<i>Elami.</i> —————	<i>La</i> —	} <i>Bass.</i>
<i>Dlasolre.</i>	<i>Sol</i>	
<i>Csolfaut.</i> —————	<i>Fa</i> —	
<i>Bfabemi.</i>	<i>Mi</i>	
<i>Alamire.</i> —————	<i>La</i> —	
<i>Gsolrcut.</i> —	<i>Sol</i>	
<i>Ffaut.</i> —————	<i>Fa</i> —	
<i>Elami.</i>	<i>La</i>	
<i>Dsolre.</i> —————	<i>Sol</i> —	
<i>Cfaut.</i>	<i>Fa</i>	
<i>Bmi.</i> —————	<i>Mi</i> —	
<i>Are.</i>	<i>La</i>	
<i>Gamut.</i> —————	<i>Sol</i> —	

It is very proper to learn this Scale perfectly by Heart; by which you may readily name (or *Sol fa*, as we call it) any Notes.

And *First*, You may observe the Names of all Lines and Spaces are begun with the First Seven Letters of the Alphabet, as *Are*, *Bmi*, *Cfaut*, *Dsolre*, and so on; on which Lines and Spaces all your Notes are plac'd: So that suppose you take the Five lowest Lines of the Scale, (which are those made use of for singing the *Bass*;) and you should place a Note on the lowest Line, and be ask'd where it stands; answer, In *Gamut*, and, when sung, is call'd *Sol*; if in the next, it stands in *Bmi*, and is call'd *Mi*; if between both, in *Are*, and is call'd *La*: Or if you take the upper Five Lines of the Scale, and place a Note on the lowest Line, say it stands in *Elami*, and is call'd *La*; if in the next Line, in *Gsolreut*, and is call'd *Sol*; if in the Space which is between those Lines, it stands in *Ffaut*, and is call'd *Fa*; and so of the rest of the Lines and Spaces, as you find them in the Scale. But for the better understanding of what has been said, I shall take the Five Lines, both of *Bass* and *Treble*, and set down the whole Compass of Notes proper to each Part, which will inform you how to name any Note contain'd in any Psalm Tune. *Observe*, That all Notes below your Five Lines are call'd *Double*, as *Double Ffaut*, *Double Elami*, or the like; and all Notes above your Five Lines in the *Treble* are call'd *in Alt*, as *Gsolreut in Alt*, &c.

*Secondly*,






Secondly, I shall treat of the Notes, their Names, and Proportion of Distance in Sound.

T R E B L E.


Csolfaut. Fa. Dlasolre. Sol. Elami. La. Ffaut. Fa. Gsolreut. Sol. Alamire. La.  
 Bfabemi. Ml. Csolfa. Fa. Dlasol. Sol. Elx. La. Ffaut. Fa. Gsolreut in Alt. Sol.  
 Alamire in Alt. La.

B A S S.

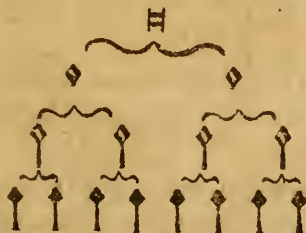
Double } La. Duple } Ffaut. } Fa. Gamut. Sol. Are. La. Bmi. Ml. Cfaul. Fa. Dsolre. Sol.  
 Elami. La. Ffaut. Fa. Gsolreut. Sol. Alamire. La. Bfabemi. Ml. Csolfaul. Fa.  
 Dlasolre. Sol.

The Notes made use of in this Book, as to the Character or Figure whereby they are distinguished one from another, are Three Sorts, namely, a *Semibreve*, made thus ; a *Minim* thus , or ; and a *Crotchet* thus , or .

There are Three Kinds of Notes more used in other Musick, namely. *Quavers*, *Semiquavers*, and *Demisemiquavers*; but not having Occasion for them in this Book, I shall therefore confine my self to speak of the first Three only, viz. a *Semibreve*, a *Minim*, and a *Crotchet*.

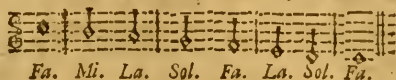
A *Semibreve* is performed in such a Space of Time as you may tell 1, 2, by the slow Motion of a Pendulum Clock; a *Minim* is but half so long; and a *Crotchet* but a quarter: So that 1 *Semibreve* is as long as 2 *Minims*, or 4 *Crotchets*. There is another Kind of Note, which you'll find at the End of every Tune, called a *Breve* which is as long again as a *Semibreve*, and made thus, .

The better to explain what I have said, make the following Scheme.



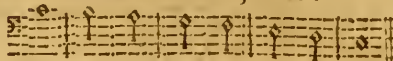
As to the Sounds or Tunes of Notes, I must refer you to learn them from the Voice or Instrument of some Artist, or by readily imitating a Ring of 4, 5, 6, or 8 Bells; which cannot be done but by those that have Musical Ears. If 8, they may be expressed by the following Notes.

*In the TREBLE, thus:*



*Fa. Mi. La. Sol. Fa. La. Sol. Fa.*

*In the BASS, thus:*



*Fa. Mi. La. Sol. Fa. La. Sol. Fa.*

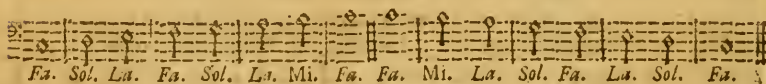
If 6, take the last 6 Notes, beginning at *La*; if 5, take the last 5; if 4, the last 4; or 3, the last 3. And this may be done both forwards and backwards, thus:

*In the TREBLE.*



*Fa. Sol. La. Fa. Sol. La. Mi. Fa. Fa. Mi. La. Sol. Fa. La. Sol. Fa.*

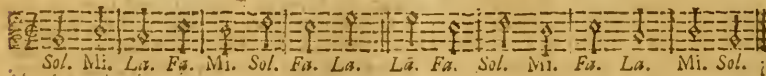
*In the BASS.*



*Fa. Sol. La. Fa. Sol. La. Mi. Fa. Fa. Mi. La. Sol. Fa. La. Sol. Fa.*

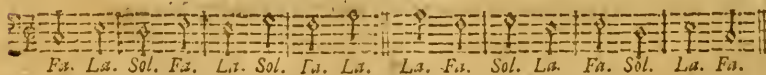
After you are perfect in this, you may proceed to this short Lesson which moves by Thirds, and not gradually as the Eight Notes.

**TREBLE.**




*Sol. Mi. La. Fa. Mi. Sol. Fa. La. La. Fa. Sol. Mi. Fa. La. Mi. Sol.*

**BASS.**






*Fa. La. Sol. Fa. La. Sol. Fa. La. La. Fa. Sol. La. Fa. Sol. La. Fa.*

And if you are Master of this, you may next proceed to some short Psalm Tune, which is full as easy as any Lesson that can be set you.


*Thirdly, Of the Cliffs.* A Cliff is a Mark placed on one of the 5 Lines, at the Beginning of every Stave; of which there are Three Kinds; but have Occasion at present to speak but of Two, viz. the *Treble*, and the *Bass*. The *Treble Cliff* is commonly placed on the Second Line from the Bottom, and made thus ; which, when so plac'd, occasions that Line to be named *Gsfret*, and therefore is call'd the *Gsfret Cliff*. The *Bass Cliff*, or *Ffret Cliff*, is placed on the Second Line



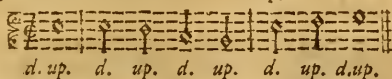
Line from the Top of the Five, at the Beginning of every Stave, and made thus ; and gives the Name of *Faut* to the Line on which 'tis placed. The Notes both above and below your Cliffs are the same with those you find in the *Gamut*.

*Fourthly*, As to *Flats* and *Sharps*: Which are thus distinguish'd, a *Flat* is made thus , and a *Sharp* thus ; which Characters are either plac'd at the Beginning of the Five Lines, or else before some accidental Notes, as you may find them in some of the Psalm Tunes. The Nature of a *Flat*, is to make any Note before which 'tis placed half a Tone lower than it was before; and a *Sharp* raises a Note half a Tone higher: As for Instance; from *Fa* to *La*, or *Fa* to *Mi*, in descending, is but half a Tone or Note: But if you place a *Flat* before the Note in *La* or *Mi*, you must descend a whole Tone. Again, if you ascend from *La* to *Mi*, which naturally is a whole Tone, and you find a *Flat* before your Note in *Mi*, you must rise but half a Tone or Note.


A *Sharp* plac'd before any Note that is a whole Tone lower than the Note above, as from *La* to *Sol*, obliges you to fall but half a Note. Also take Notice, That either a *Flat* or *Sharp* plac'd at the Beginning of the Five Lines, affects every Note in that Line or Space on which such *Flat* or *Sharp* is placed; but if before any particular Note, then it concerns that Note only, unless the Notes following are upon the same Line or Space with it: As for Example: If there should be 2, 3, or more Notes in *Bfabemi*, and you place a *Flat* or *Sharp* before the First Note only, that *Flat* or *Sharp* affects the rest, unless contradicted by another *Flat* or *Sharp*.

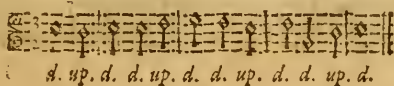
*Fifthly*, Concerning *Time*: Of which there are Two Sorts used in this Book, *Common* and *Tripla*; which, when understood, serves to direct you how to give every Note its due Length of Time in performing. Keeping of *Time*, is Bearing down the Hand or Foot, and taking it up again while you are singing. You may observe, That I told you, a *Semibreve* (which is counted for a whole Time) was so long as you might tell 1, 2, slowly by the Clock: So that in keeping Time to a *Semibreve*, you must strike down your Hand when you first sound it, and take it up when 'tis half done. Or if they are *Minims*, one must be with your Hand down, and another up: And if *Crotchets*, then two down and two up; which Sort of Time is call'd *Common Time*, and known by this Mark  being plac'd at the Beginning of every Tune or Song.

I shall mark Part of a Psalm Tune with a *d.* and *up.* under the Notes, by Way of Direction when your Hand must be *down* or *up*, as follows:



You may observe, That both *d.* and *up.* are under each *Semibreve*, because (as I told you before) it makes a whole Time: But *Minims* are one down and one up.

The other Sort of Time you will meet with in this Supplement is called *Tripla Time*, which is when there are 3 *Minims* in a Bar, or one *Semibreve* and a *Minim*; and the Way to keep Time to such Notes, is singing two *Minims* with your Hand down, and but one up; or a *Semibreve* down, and a *Minim* up; and mark'd at the Beginning thus , as follows:





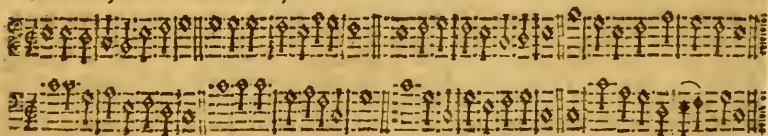
## An Introduction, &c.

You must observe in *Tripla Time*, That your Hand must be down the first Note in every Bar; and so likewise in *Common Time*: And altho' you may find often 4 *Minims* in a Bar, in Strictness there ought to be a Bar between every 2 *Minims*, and you must keep Time to them as if they were so barr'd.

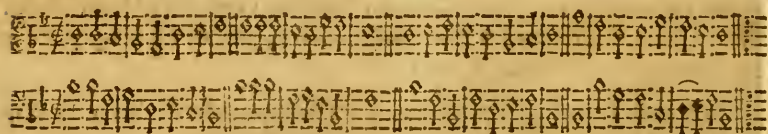
*Sixthly, and Lastly, Concerning Keys.* There are Two Natural Keys wherein Tunes may be prick'd down, without putting either Flats or Sharps at the Beginning, viz. *Cfaut* and *Are*, the one being Cheerful, the other Melancholy. If you find the last Note of any Tune to be in *Cfaut* in the *Bass*, then (properly speaking) you may conclude that Tune is in *Cfaut*; if the last Note be in *Are*, then your Key is in *Are*. Now if you are very well acquainted with your Two Natural Keys, as to be able to learn any plain Tune in either, being equally easy, you will not find it difficult to conquer the rest, they being all reducible to those Two: You'll find, when your Tune ends any where else but in *Are* or *Cfaut*, that there are some Flats or Sharps, more or less, required at the Beginning, in order to reconcile it to the Natural Key. I shall now set down the 100th Psalm - Tune, which is Cheerful, and *Windsor* Tune, which is Melancholy, in the several Keys made use of in this Book, which are call'd either *Flat* or *Sharp*, by Reason of the Flats or Sharps placed at the Beginning of the Lines; and by which you'll find that the Tune is still the same through every Key.

### The 100th Psalm Tune, in Six several Cheerful Keys.

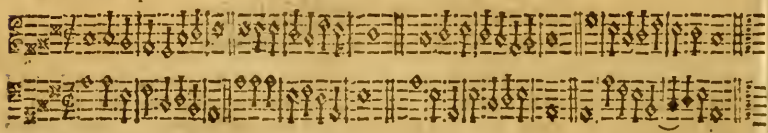
*In Cfaut, or the Natural Key.*



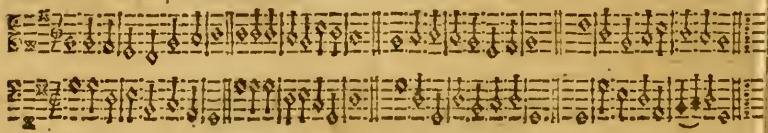
*In Bmi Flat.*



*In Are Sharp.*



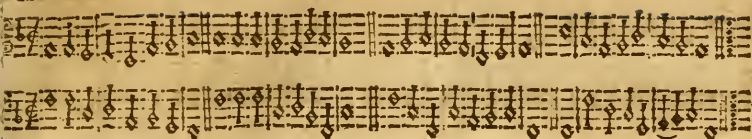
*In Gamut Sharp.*



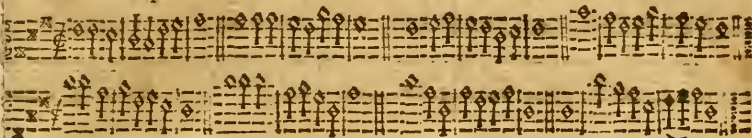
# An Introduction, &c.

xi

*In Ffaut.*

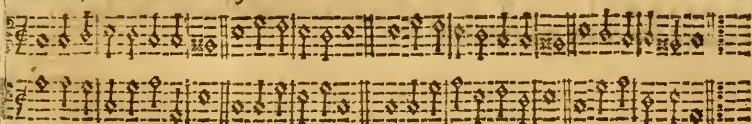


*In Dfolre Sharp.*

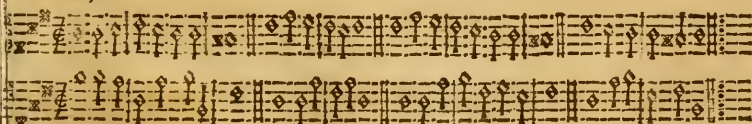


## Windfor Tune, in Six several Mournful Keys.

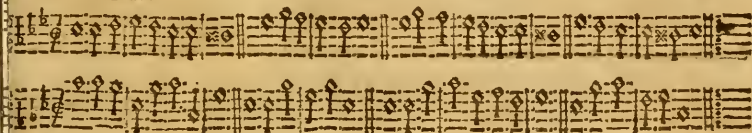
*In Are, the Natural Key.*



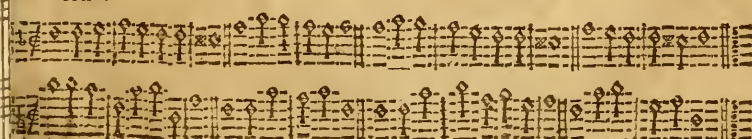
*In Bmi,*

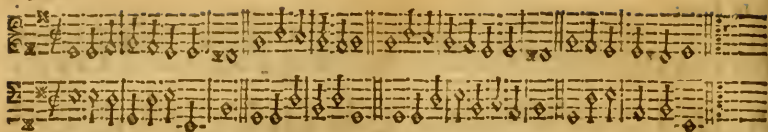
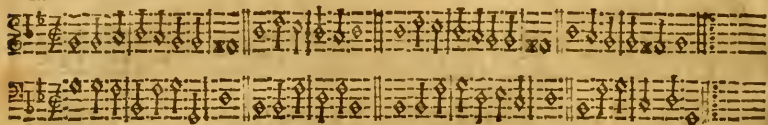


*In Cfaut Flat.*



*In Dfolre.*



*In Elami.**In Gamut Flat.*

There are some other Keys used in Vocal and (particular) Instrumental Musick; but as they do not concern this Undertaking, I shall take no Notice of them:

Thus I have gone through what I propos'd as necessary to the Understanding of this Book, which I hope will be candidly receiv'd, and that all true Lovers of PSALMODY will be encourag'd in some Measure hereby to the Learning this Noble and Delightful Art.

A  
**SUPPLEMENT, &c.**  
 BEING A  
*Compleat Psalmody.*

*Note, All Psalms of 8 and 6 Syllables (plac'd in Order in a Table at the End of this Supplement) may be sung to this Tune following, or any other of like Measure.*

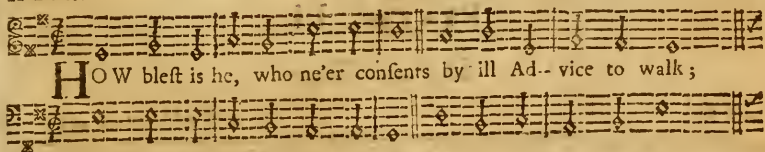
*Observe also, That all Flat Tunes are to be sung to Psalms of Prayer, Mourning, Distress, &c. and Sharp Tunes to Psalms of Praise, Thanksgiving, &c.*

**PSALM I.**

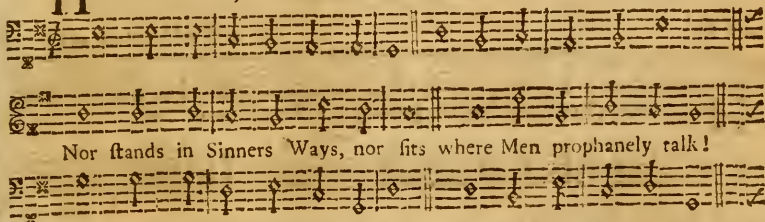
Proper Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

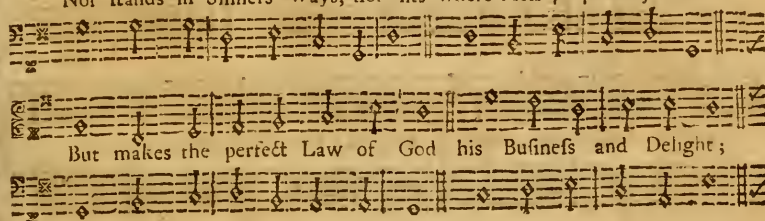
*[Or to York Tune, as Ps. 26.]*



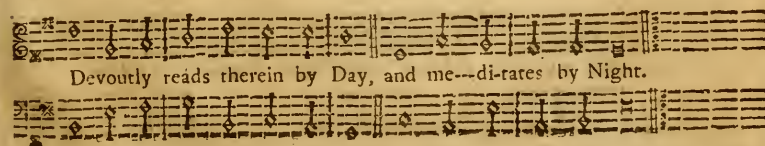
**H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents by ill Ad-vice to walk;



Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits where Men prophanely talk!



But makes the perfect Law of God his Business and Delight;



Devoutly reads therein by Day, and me-di-rates by Night.

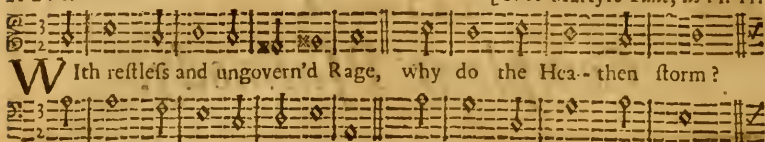


## P S A L M II.

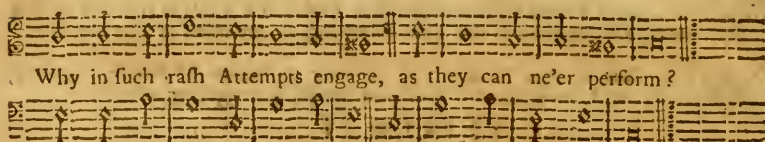
## Cambridge Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to Martyrs Tune, as Ps. 11.]



W Ith restless and ungovern'd Rage, why do the Hea-then storm?



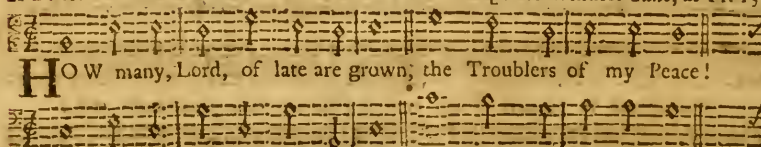
Why in such rash Attempts engage, as they can ne'er perform?

## P S A L M III.

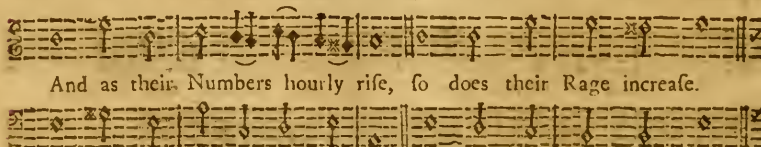
## St. Paul's Tune.

A 2 Voc.

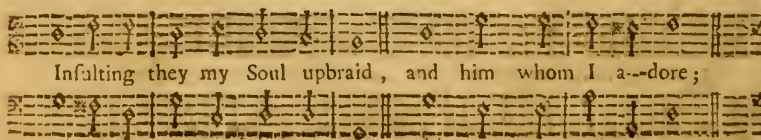
[Or to Windsor Tune, as Ps. 13.]



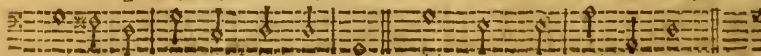
H OW many, Lord, of late are grown the Troublers of my Peace!



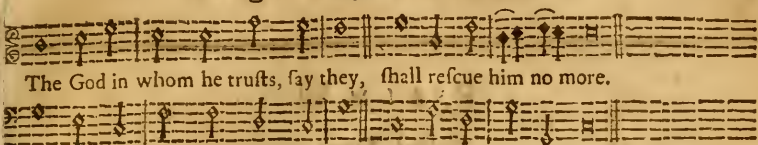
And as their Numbers hourly rise, so does their Rage increase.



Insulting they my Soul upbraid, and him whom I a--dore;







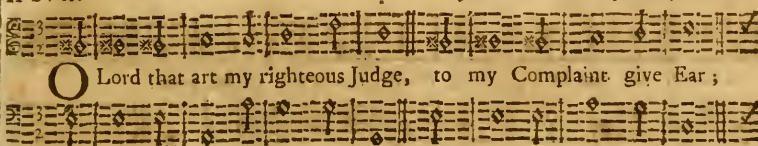
The God in whom he trusts, say they, shall rescue him no more.

PSALM IV.

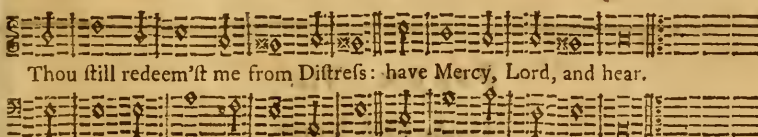
Oxford-Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to Canterbury Tune, as Ps. 12.]



O Lord that art my righteous Judge, to my Complaint give Ear;



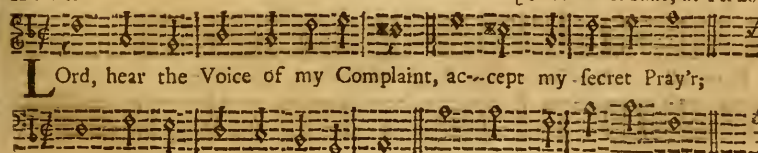
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress: have Mercy, Lord, and hear.

PSALM V.

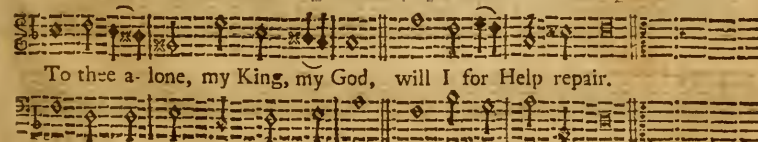
St. Andrew's Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to York Tune, as Ps. 26.]

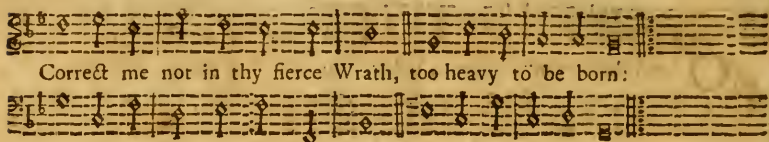
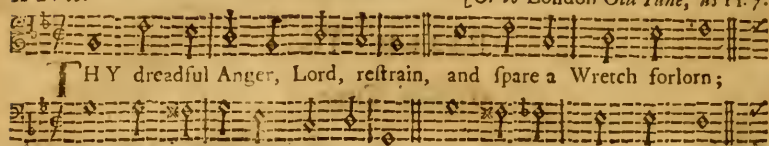


L ord, hear the Voice of my Complaint, accept my secret Pray'r;

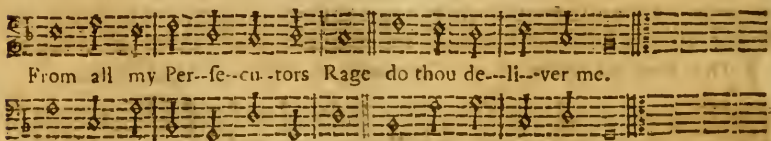
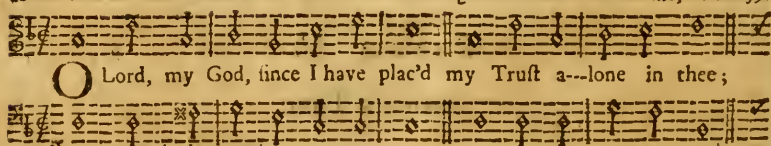


To thee a-lone, my King, my God, will I for Help repair.

## P S A L M VI.

*Bristol Tune.**A 2 Voc.**[Or to London Old Tune, as Pl. 7.]*

## P S A L M VII.

*London Old Tune.**A 2 Voc.**[Or to the Penitents Tune, as Pl. 39.]*

PSALM VIII.

St. Mary's Tune.

A 2 Voc.

O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow within this earth-ly Frame:  
Thro' all the World how great art thou! how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

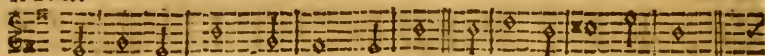
Glocester Tune.

A 2 Voc. [Or to St. David's Tune, as Ps. 117]

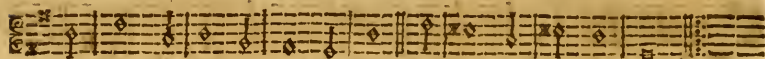
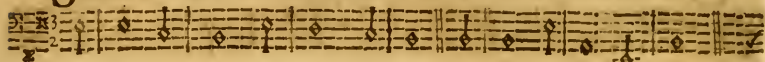
To ce-le-brate thy Praise, O Lord, I will my Heart prepare;  
To all the list'ning World, thy Works, thy wond'rous Works declare.



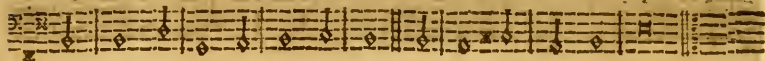
## PSALM XI.

*Martyrs Tune.**A 2 Voc.*

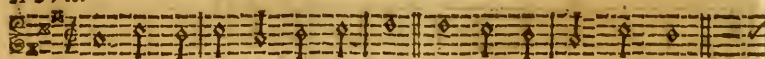
Since I have plac'd my Trust in God, a Refuge always nigh:



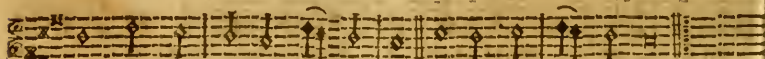
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird, to distant Mountains fly?



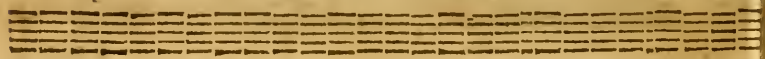
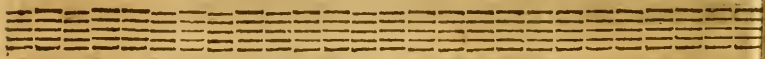
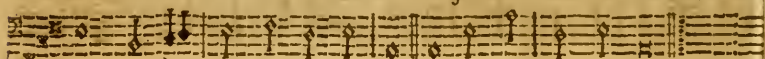
## PSALM XII.

*Canterbury Tune.**A 2 Voc.*

Since godly Men decay, O Lord, do thou my Cause defend;



For scarce these wretched Times afford one just and faithful Friend.



PSALM XIII.

Windfor Tune.

4 2 Voc.

[Or to St. James's Tune, as Pf. 19.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord? must I for e—ver mourn?

How long wilt thou withdraw from me? Oh! ne--ver to return.

PSALM XV.

Sion Tune.

4 2 Voc.

[Or to Martyrs Tune, as Pf. 11.

Ord, who's the happy Man that may to thy blest Courts repair?

Nor stranger—like to vi—sit them, but to in—ha—bit there?

'Tis he, whose ev'---ry Thought and Deed by Rules of Virtue moves;

Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak the Thing his Heart disproves.

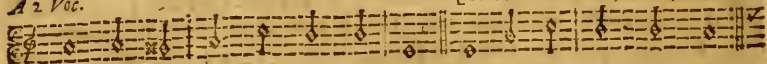


## PSALM XVII.

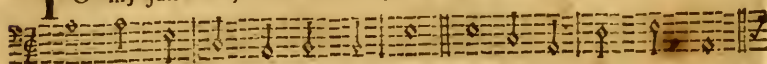
The Old 18th Psalm Tune.

A 2 Voc.

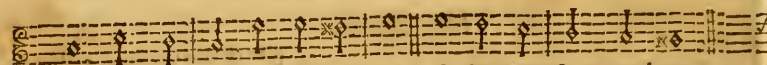
[Or to Canterbury Tune, as Ps. 12.]



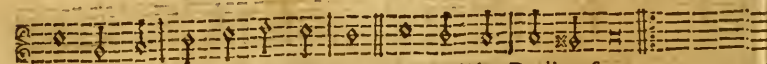
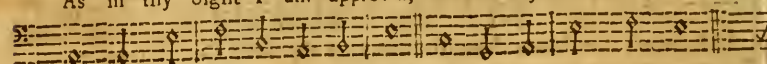
**T**O my just Plea, and sad Complaint attend, O righteous Lord!



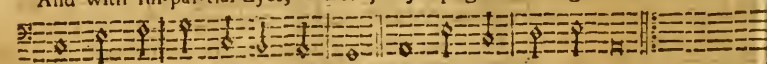
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious Ear afford.



As in thy Sight I am approv'd, so let my Sentence be;



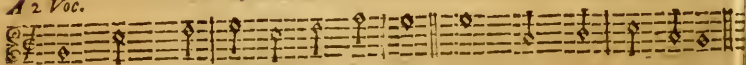
And with im-par-tial Eyes, O Lord, my upright Dealing see.



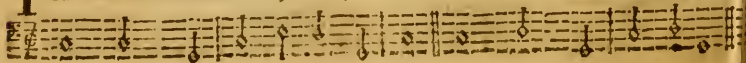
## PSALM XIX.

St. James's Tune.

A 2 Voc.



**T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord, which that alone can fill;



The Firmament and Stars express their great Cre-a-tor's Skill.

PSALM XXI.

Proper Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to St. David's Tune, as Ps. 117.]

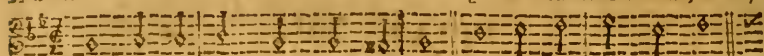
THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise shall in thy Strength rejoyce;

With thy Salvation crown'd shall raise to Heav'n his chearful Voice.

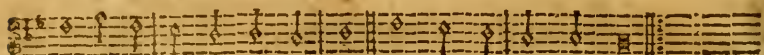
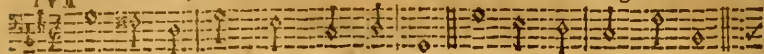
For thou, whate're his Lips request, not on-ly dost impart,

but hast, with thy Acceptance blest the Wishes of his Heart.

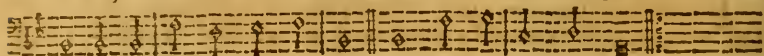
## P S A L M XXII.

*Salisbury Tune.**A 2. Voc.**[Or to London Old Tune, as Ps. 7.]*

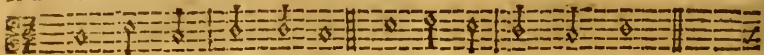
**M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me when I with Anguish faint?



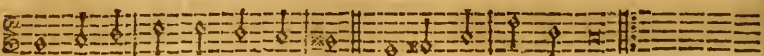
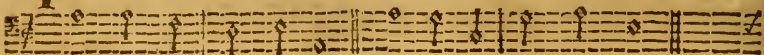
O why so far from me remov'd, and from my loud Complaint?



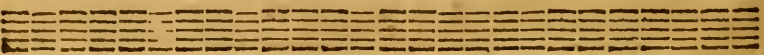
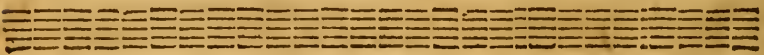
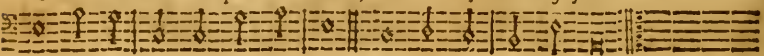
## P S A L M XXV.

*Southwell Tune.**A 2. Voc.*

**T**O God, in whom I trust, I lift my Heart and Voice;



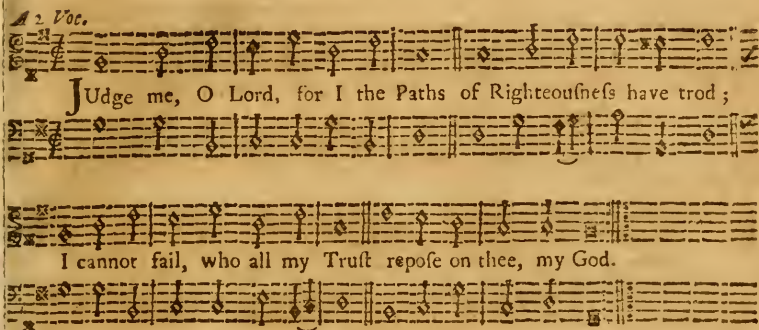
O let me not be put to Shame, nor let my Foes rejoyce.



PSALM XXVI.

York Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

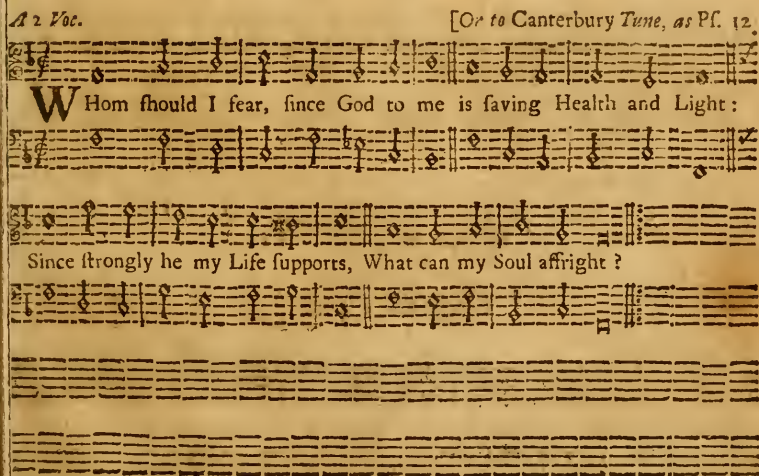


Judge me, O Lord, for I the Paths of Righteousness have trod;  
I cannot fail, who all my Trust repose on thee, my God.

PSALM XXVII.

Norwich Tune.

*A 2 Voc.* [Or to Canterbury Tune, as Ps. 12.]



Whom should I fear, since God to me is saving Health and Light:  
Since strongly he my Life supports, What can my Soul affright?

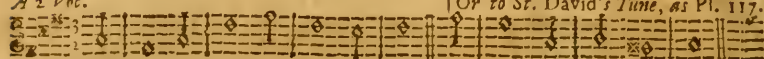


## P S A L M XXXIII.

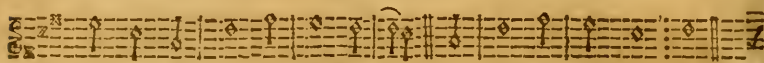
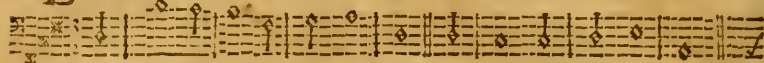
St. Matthew's Tune.

A 2 Voc.

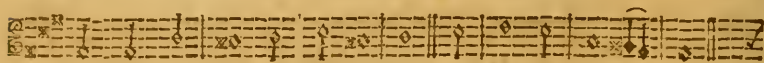
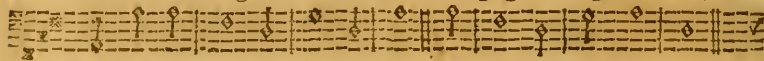
[Or to St. David's Tune, as Ps. 117.]



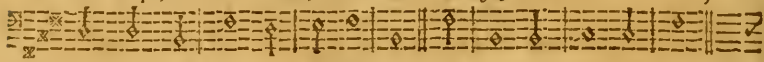
LET all the Just to God with Joy their chearful Voices raise;



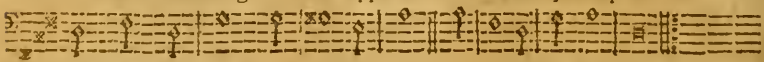
For well the Righteous it becomes to sing glad Songs of Praise,



Let Harps, and Pfalteries, and Lutes, in joy--ful Confort meet;



And new-made Songs of loud Applause the Harmony compleat.

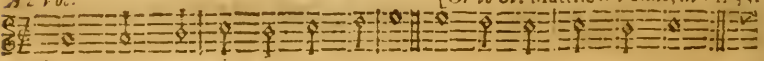


## P S A L M XXXIV.

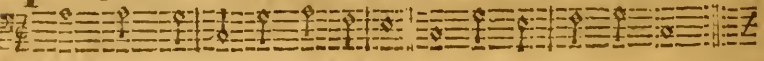
Litchfield Tune.

A 2 Voc.

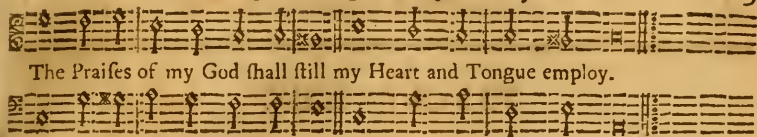
[Or to St. Matthew's Tune, as Ps. 37.]



Throug all the changing Scenes of Life, in Trouble and in Joy,







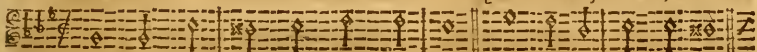
The Praifes of my God ſhall ſtill my Heart and Tongue employ.

PSALM XXXVIII.

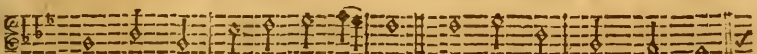
*All-Saints Tune.*

*A 2 Voc.*

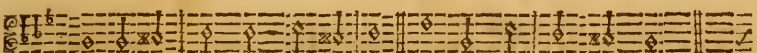
*[Or to Martyrs Tune, as Pſ. 11.]*



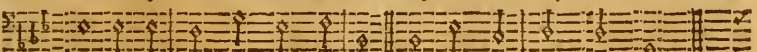
**T**H Y chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, refrain, though I de--ſerve it all;



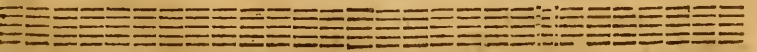
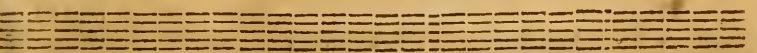
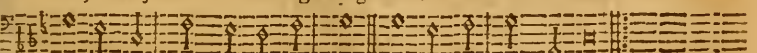
Nor let at once on me the Storm of thy Diſ-plea--ſure fall.



In -ev'ry wretched Part of me thy Arrows deep remain;



Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight I can no more ſuſtain.

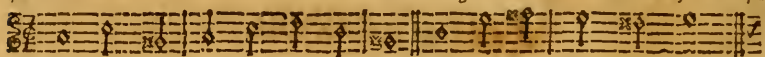


## PSALM XXXIX.

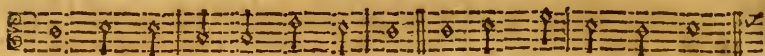
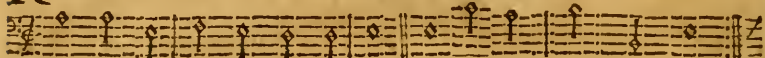
## The Penitents Tune.

A 2 Voc.

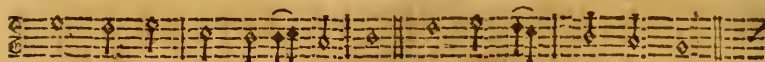
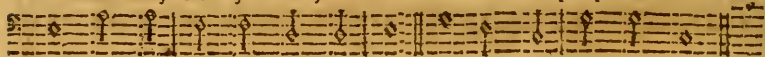
[Or to London Old Tune, as Pf. 7.]



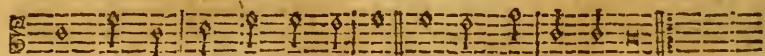
**R**esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways, I kept my Tongue in awe;



I curb'd my ha-asty Words, when I the Wicked prosp'rous saw.



Like one that's dumb I si--lent stood, and did my Tongue re--frain



From good Discourse; but that Restraint increas'd my inward Pain.

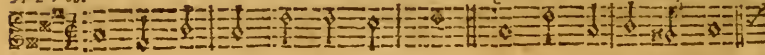


## PSALM XLII.

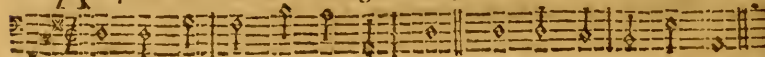
## St. Anne's Tune.

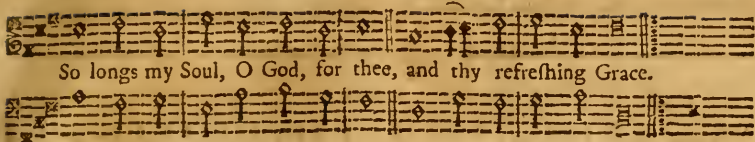
A 2 Voc.

[Or to Windfor Tune, as Pf. 12.]



**A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams, when heated in the Chace;



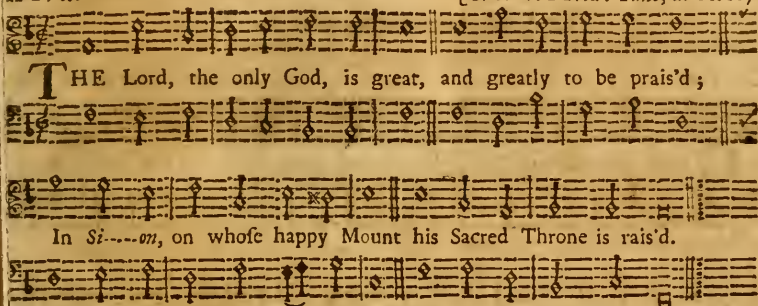


PSALM XLVIII.

Exeter Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to St. David's Tune, as Ps. 117]

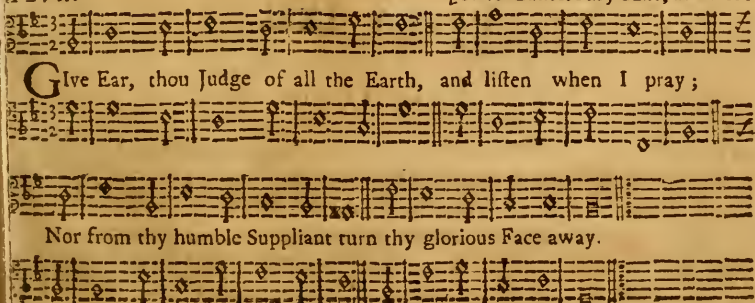


PSALM LV.

Manchester Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to Canterbury Tune, as Ps. 12.]



*Note*, All Psalms of Eight Syllables each Line (plac'd in Order in a Table at the End of this Supplement) may be sung to this Tune following, or any other of like Measure.

# PSALM LX.

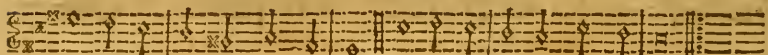
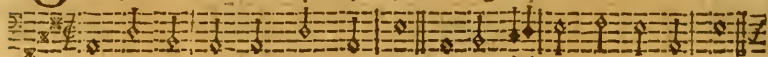
## The Old Ten Commandments Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

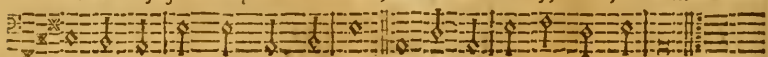
[Or to the 100th Psalm Tune.



O God, who hast our Troops disperst, forsaking those who left Thee first :



As we thy just Displeasure mourn, to us in Mercy, Lord, return.

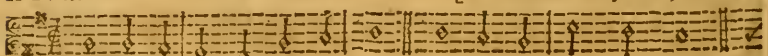


# PSALM LXXI.

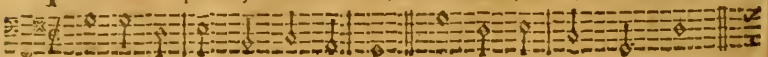
## The Old 68th Psalm Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

[Or to Canterbury Tune, as Ps. 12.]

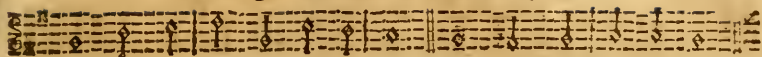


I N Thee I put my stedfast Trust; Defend me, Lord, from Shame:

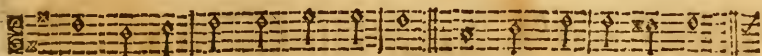
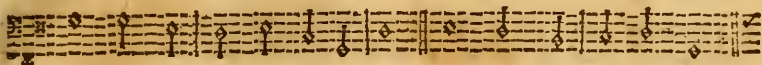


Incline

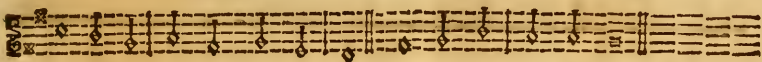
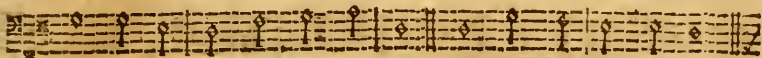




Incline thine Ear and save my Soul; For righ--teous is thy Name.



Be thou my strong a--bi--ding Place, to which I may re--sist;



'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe; Thou art my Rock and Fort.

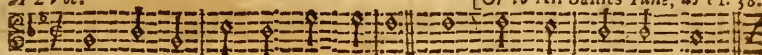


PSALM LXXVII.

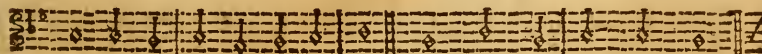
Proper Tune.

A 2 Voc.

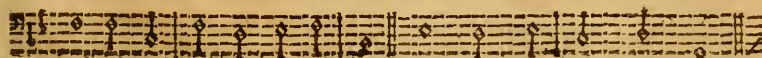
[Or to All Saints Tune, as Ps. 38.]



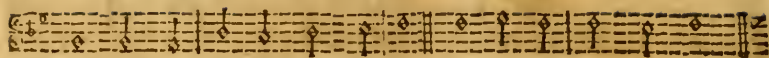
**T**O God I cry'd, who to my Help did gra--ciouf---ly re---pair;



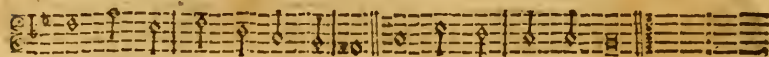
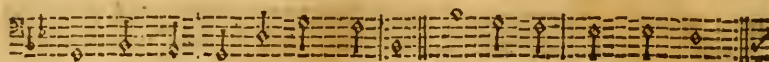
In Trouble's dismal Day I sought My God with hum---ble Pray'r.



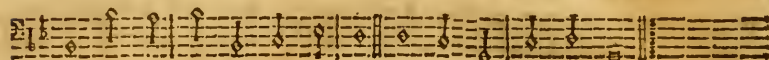




All Night my fest'ring Wound did run, No Med'cine gave Re—lief:



My Soul no Comfort would admit, my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

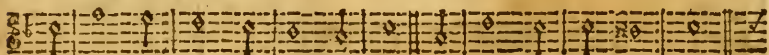
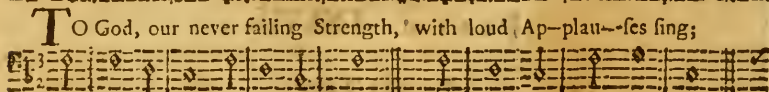
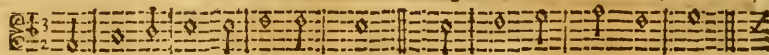


## PSALM LXXXI.

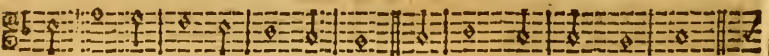
Proper Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

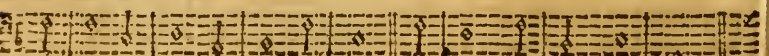
[Or to St. David's Tune, as Ps. 117.]



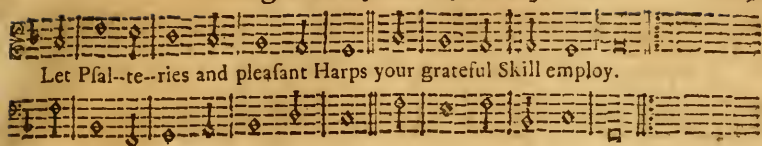
And jointly make a chearful Noise to Ja—cob's aw—ful King.



Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch your In—struments of Joy;



Let



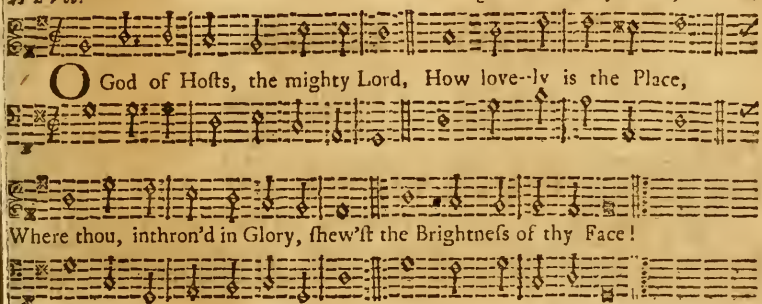
Let Psal-te-ries and pleasant Harps your grateful Skill employ.

PSALM LXXXIV.

Winchester Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to St. Mary's Tune, as Ps. 8.]



O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord, How love-ly is the Place,

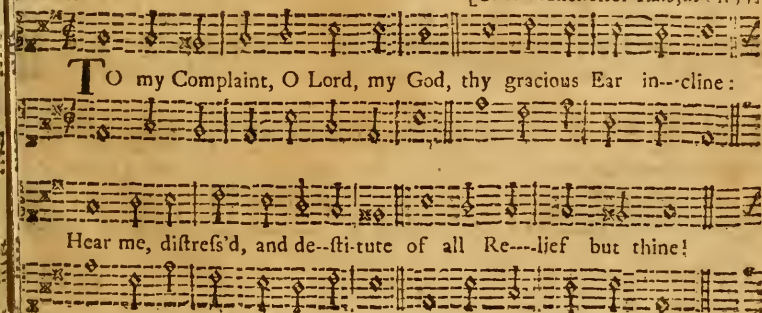
Where thou, inthron'd in Glory, shew'st the Brightness of thy Face!

PSALM LXXXVI.

Proper Tune.

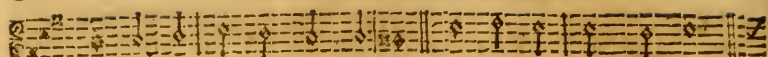
A 2 Voc.

[Or to Manchester Tune, as Ps. 55.]

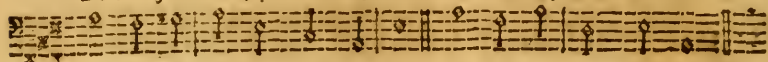


T O my Complaint, O Lord, my God, thy gracious Ear in--cline:

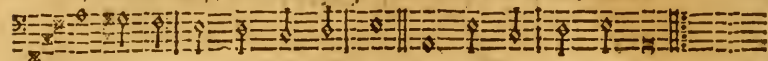
Hear me, distress'd, and de--sti-tute of all Re--lief but thine!



Do thou, O God, preserve my Soul, that does thy Name a-dore :



Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust relies on Thee, restore.

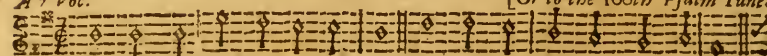


## PSALM LXXXVIII.

### The Old 51st Psalm Tune.

*A 7<sup>th</sup> Voc.*

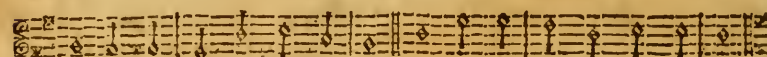
*[Or to the 100th Psalm Tune.]*



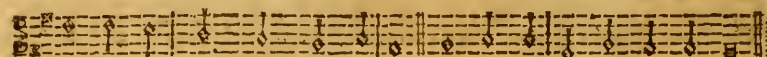
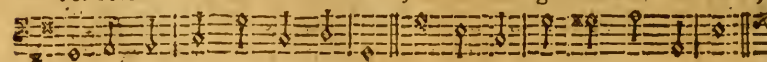
**T**O thee, my God and Saviour, I by Day and Night address my Cry :



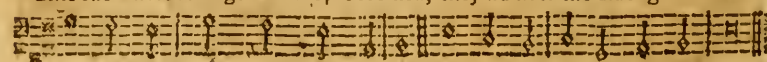
Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear ; to my Distress incline thine Ear.



For Seas of Trouble me invade : My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade ;



Like one whose Strength and Hopes are fled, they number me among the Dead.

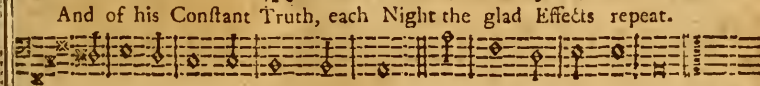
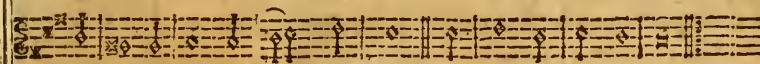
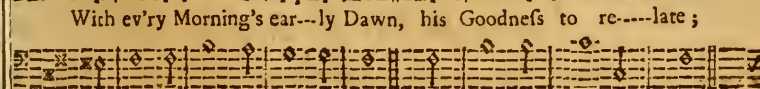
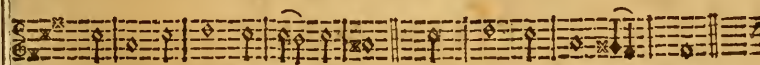
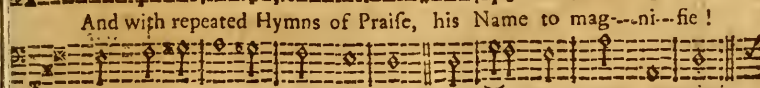
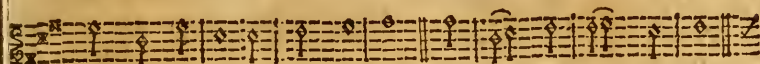
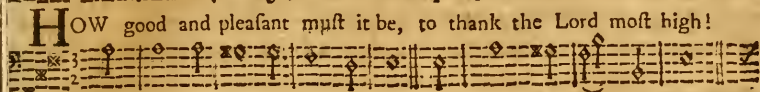
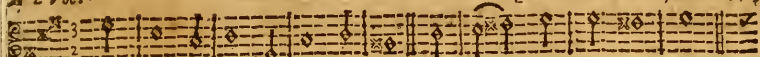


PSALM XCII.

St. John's Tune.

A 2 Voc.

[Or to the 8:th Psalm Tune]

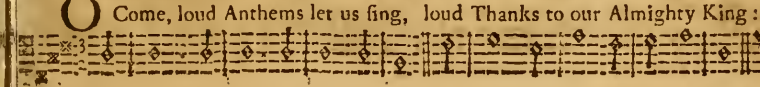
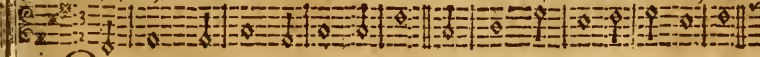


PSALM XCV.

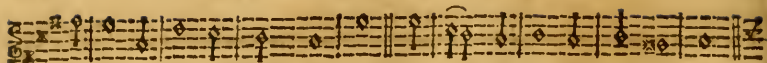
St. Luke's Tune.

A 2 Voc. (Slow.)

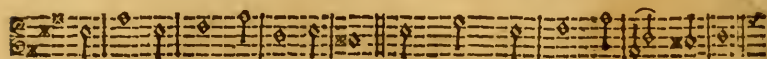
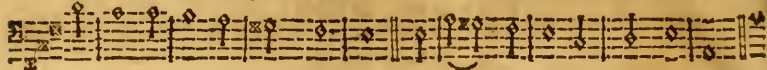
[Or to the 100th Ps. Tune.]



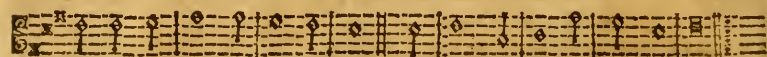
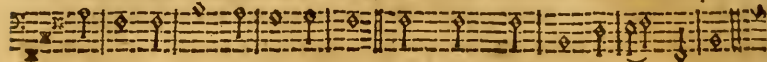




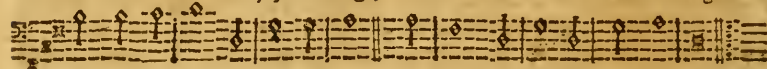
For we our Voices high should raise, when our Salvation's Rock we praise.



In--to his Presence let us hast, to thank him for his Favours past:



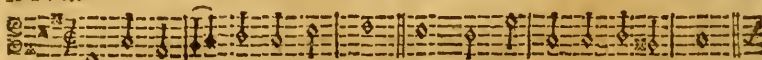
To him address in joyful Songs, the Praise that to his Name belongs.



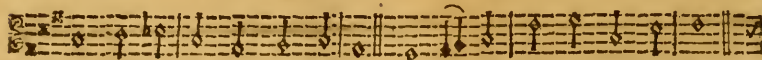
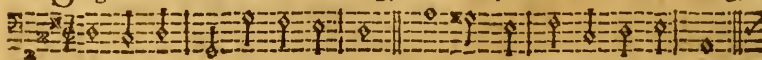
## PSALM XCVI.

St. Martin's Tune.

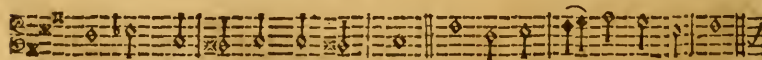
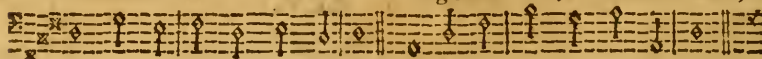
*A 2 Voc.*



Sing to the Lord a new-made Song; Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,



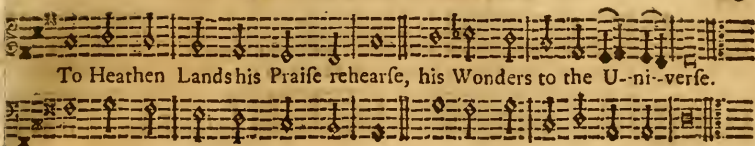
Her common Patron's Praise rebound. Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name;



From Day to Day his Praise proclaim, who us has with Salvation crown'd.

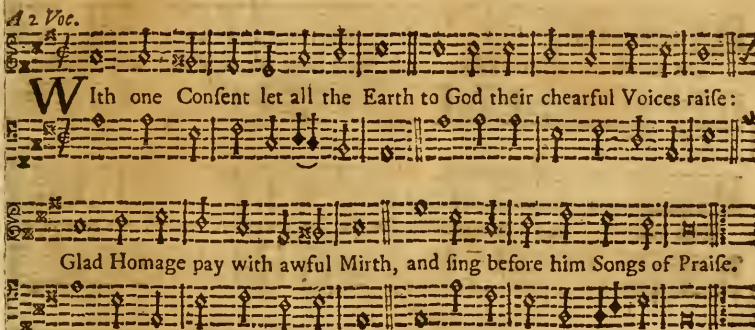






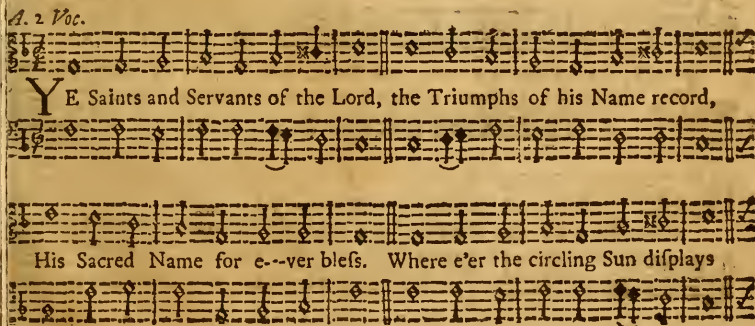
PSALM C.

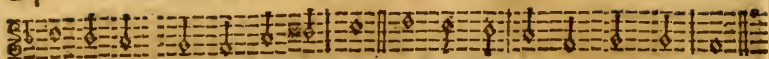
Proper Tune.



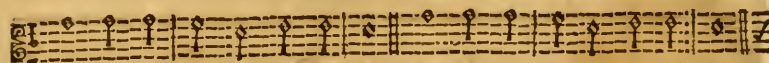
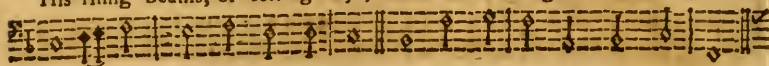
PSALM CXIII.

Proper Tune.

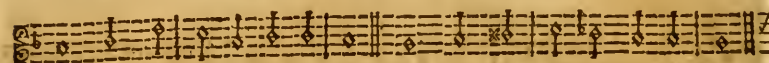
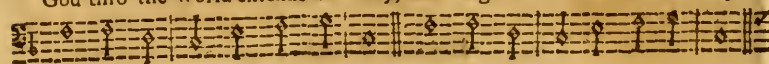




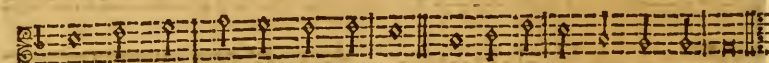
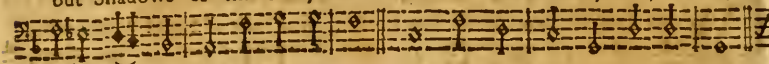
His rising Beams, or setting Rays, due Praise to his great Name address.



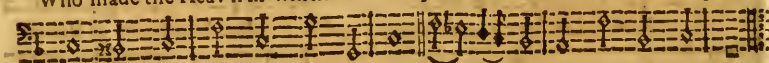
God thro' the World extends his Sway, the Region's of e—ter—nal Day



but Shadows of his Glory are. With him whose Ma—je—sty excels,



Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells, let no cre-a—ted Pow'r compare.

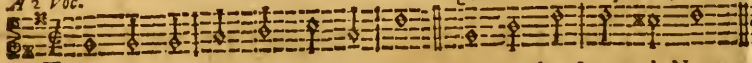


## PSALM CXV.

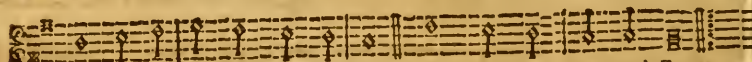
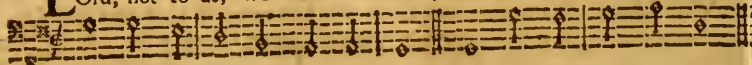
*Westminster Tune.*

*A 2 Voc.*

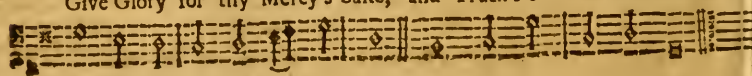
[Or to Canterbury Tune, as Pf. 12]



**L**ord, not to us, we claim no Share, but to thy Sa—cred Name



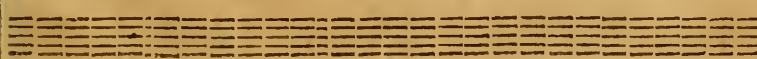
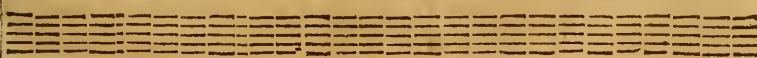
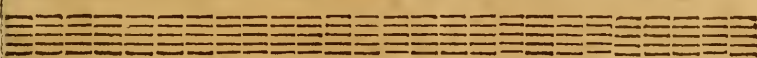
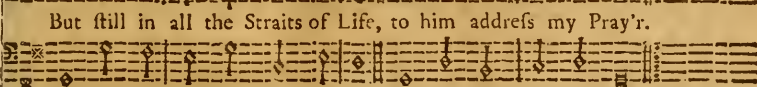
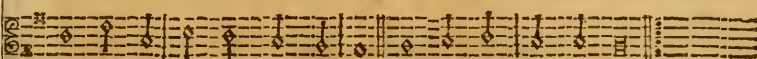
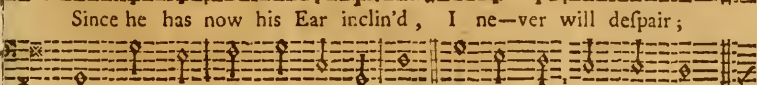
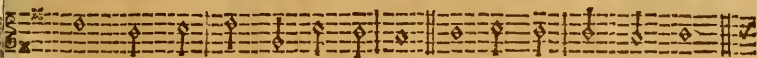
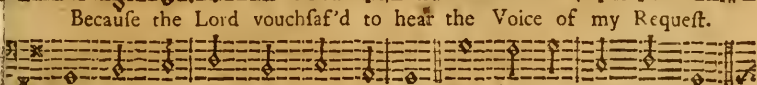
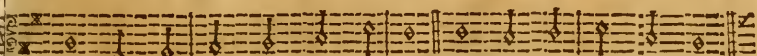
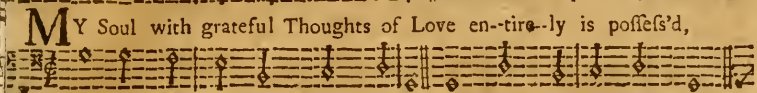
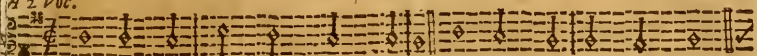
Give Glory for thy Mercy's Sake, and Truth's e—ter—nal Fame.



PSALM CXVI.

Proper Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

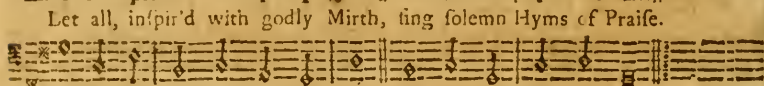
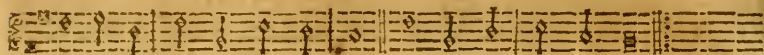
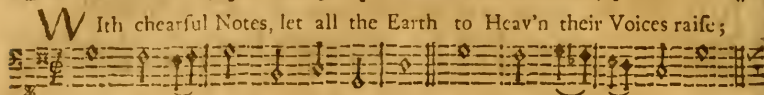


## PSALM CXVII.

St. David's Tune.

A 2. Voc.

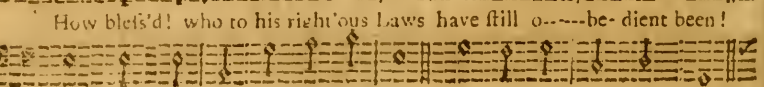
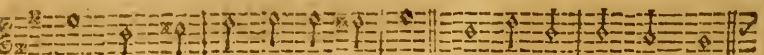
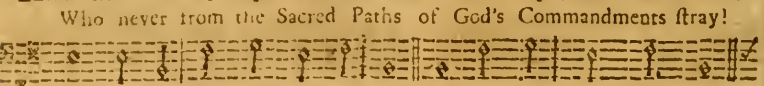
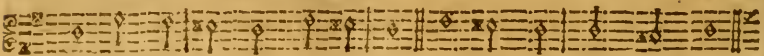
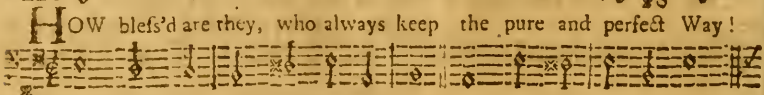
[Or to St. John's Tune, as Ps. 92.]



## PSALM CXIX.

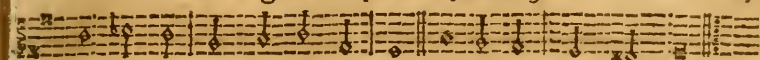
Proper Tune.

A 2. Voc.



And





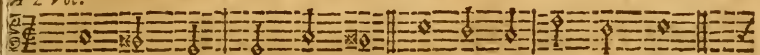
And have with fervent humble Zeal his Favour sought to win.



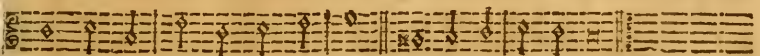
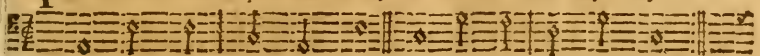
PSALM CXXX.

St. Giles's Tune.

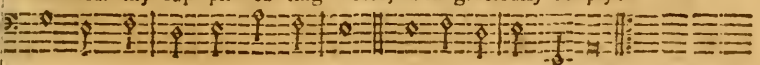
A 2 Voc.



From low---est Depths of Woe, to God I send my Cry:



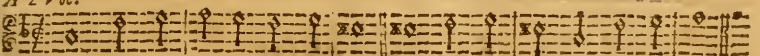
Lord hear my sup-pli---ca-ting Voice, and graciously re-ply!



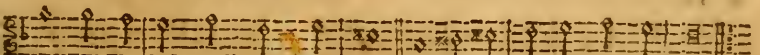
PSALM CXXXVII.

St. Mark's Tune.

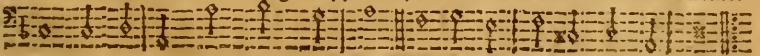
A 2 Voc.



When we, our weary Limbs to rest, sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream;



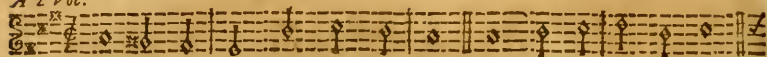
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd; and *Si-on* was our mournful Theme.



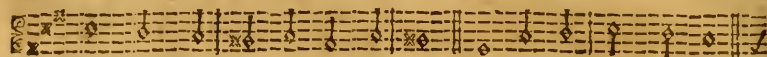
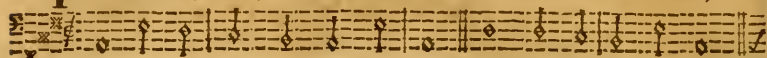


## P S A L M CXL.

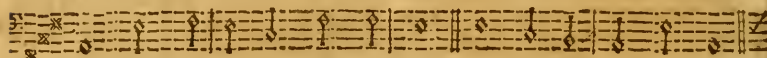
The Old 137th Psalm Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

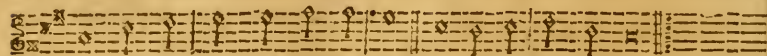
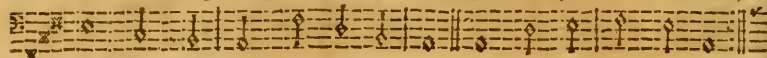
**P**reserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes, of treacherous In-tent;



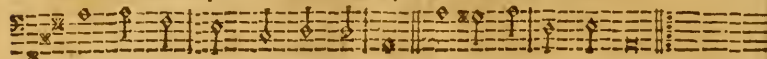
And from the Sons of Vi--o--lence, on o---pen Mischief bent.



Their stand'ring Tongue, the Serpent's Sting in Sharpness does exceed;



Between their Lips, the Gaul of Asps and Adders Venom breed.

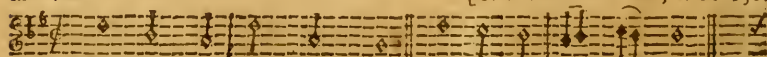


## P S A L M CXLII.

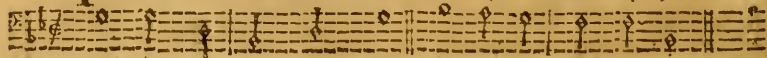
St. Thomas's Tune.

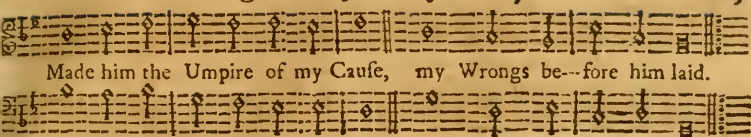
*A 2 Voc.*

[Or to St. Giles's Tune, as Ps. 130.]



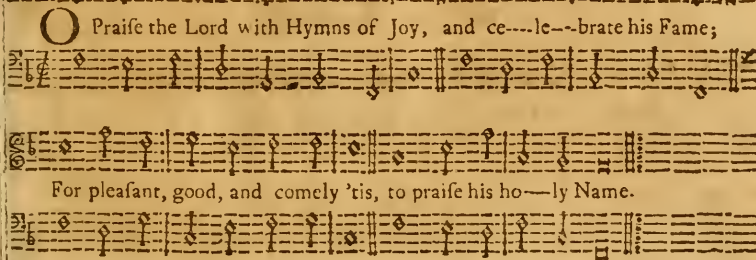
**T**O God with mournful Voice, in deep Di--stres I pray'd;





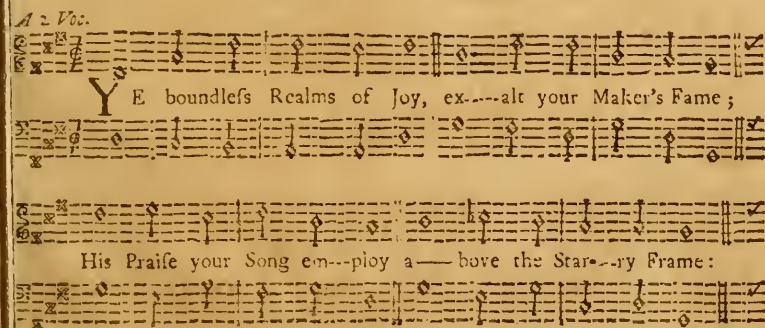
PSALM CXLVII.

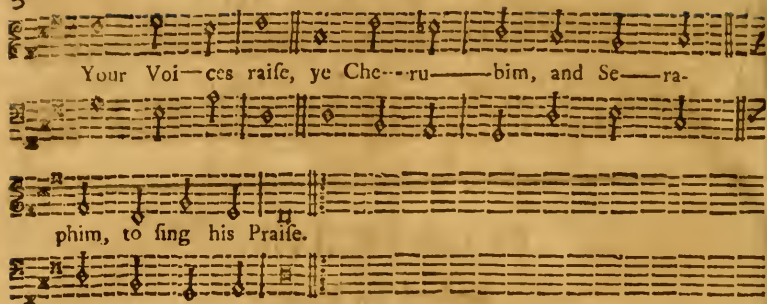
London New Tune.



PSALM CXLVIII.

Proper Tune.






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PSALM CXLIX.

This PSALM is to be sung to the Tune of the 67th Psalm  
 in the *Particular Measures* following, Page 33.

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# PSALMS

IN

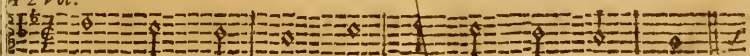
*Particular Measures,*

Which make up the *Whole Variety* of *METRES*  
in the *Old Version*: With *TUNES* proper to  
each of them.

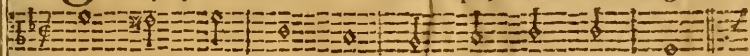
## PSALM XLVII.

The Old 50th Psalm Tune.

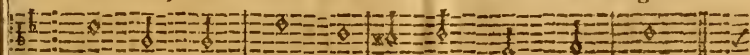
*A 2 Voc.*



O Clap your Hands! Ye Peo—ple, shout and sing



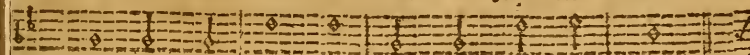
To God, the Great and U—ni—ver—sal King!



'Twas he sub—du'd whole Na—tions of our Foes;

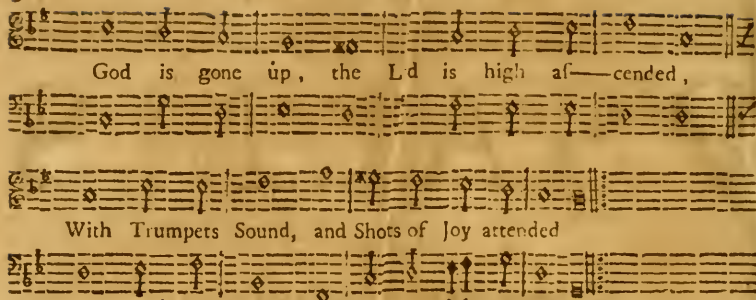


Then for our Lot the Pride of Ja—cob chose.



God





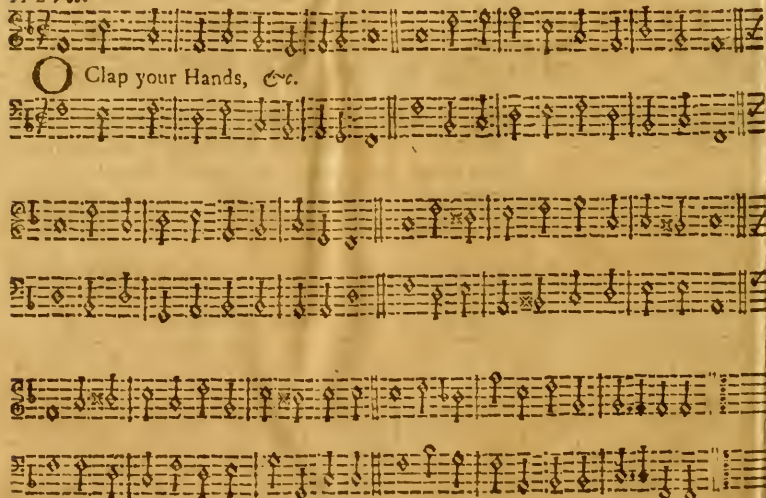
God is gone up, the Ld is high af—cended,  
With Trumpets Sound, and Shots of Joy attended

- 6, 7. To God, the Great  
and Universal King,  
Exalted Praise,  
With understanding, sing!
8. The Heathen he  
rules from his holy Throne;  
Whom he, in Time,  
shall call and make his own:
9. Whose Chiefs shall joyn  
With Saints by him elected;  
For by his Pow'r  
the Earth is all protected.

GLORIA PATRI.  
To Father, Son,  
and Spirit ever bless'd,  
All Honour, Praise,  
and Worship be address'd;  
As it was done  
in Ages long ago,  
As now it is,  
and shall continue so  
To the last Bounds  
and Date of Time extended,  
And still endure  
When Time his Course has ended.

### A New Tune to the same Psalm.

*A 2 Voc.*



Clap your Hands, &c.



PSALM XCIII.

To the same Tunes.

With Glory crown'd,  
and matchless Strength array'd,  
So firmly God  
the World's Foundation laid,  
That like his Throne,  
it shall remain the same,  
'Till he, who made,  
dissolves the mighty Frame.  
For he is God,  
in Majesty transcending,  
That always was,  
and never shall have Ending.

3, 4. His louder Voice,  
in Thunder from the Sky,  
Makes swelling Floods,  
and warring Seas comply.  
5. His Promises  
to all who him adore,  
Shall, like himself,  
endure for evermore.  
Who in his Courts  
expect to have their Dwelling,  
In Holiness  
must always be excelling:

PSALM CXVII.

To the same Tunes.

IN Praise to God,  
let all the People join,  
And distant Lands  
in praising him combine;  
'Tis just, the World  
should all, his Bounty praise,  
Since that extends  
to all the World its Rays:  
Then let Mankind,  
with one Consent, persevere  
In praising him,  
Whose Praise endures for ever.

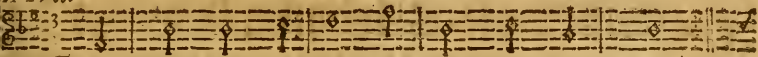
GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son,  
and Spirit ever bless'd,  
Immortal Praise  
and Glory be address'd;  
As it has been  
in Ages long ago,  
As now it is,  
and shall continue so  
Beyond the Date  
and Course of Time extending:  
For Time must cease,  
God's Praise shall have no Ending.

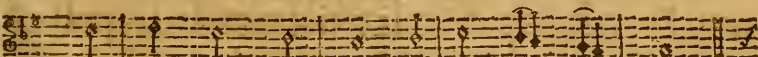
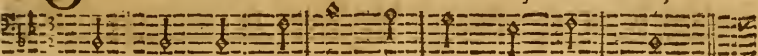
PSALM LXVII.

A New Tune to the 149th Psalm of the New Version, and  
the 104th Psalm of the Old.

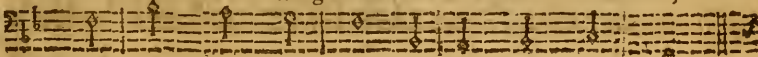
A 2 Voc.



OUR God bless us all with Mer——cy and Love;

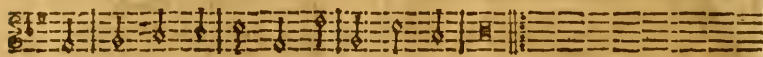


The che——r——shing Beams of Fa——vour be——stow;

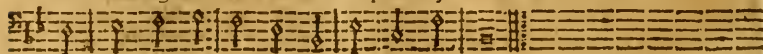




That Earth his just Deal—ings may see and ap—prove,



his healing Sal—va—tion all People may know.



3. Let therefore Mankind,  
O God, praise thy Name,
4. For Joy shout and sing,  
to see thy just Ways :  
With Wisdom thou govern'st  
the World's mighty Frame.
5. Let therefore all Nations,  
O God, give Thee Praise.

- 6, 7. Then shall the glad Earth  
afford her Increase ;  
And God, our own God,  
still present appear,  
To bless us and ours  
with Plenty and Peace ;  
And Earth's remote Borders  
of him stand in Fear.

## PSALM CXVII.

*To the same Tune.*

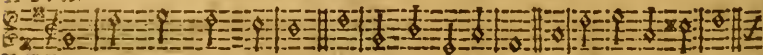
1. **T**HE Praise of our God  
all People repeat ;  
Throughout the wide World  
his Triumph extend
2. Whose Mercy and Kindness  
to us are so great !  
Whose Love has no Limit,  
his Truth has no End.

GLORIA PATRI.  
To Father, Son, Spirit,  
all Praise be address'd ;  
By Angels and Saints  
of ev'ry Degree :  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever bless'd ;  
As it has been, now is,  
and ever shall be.

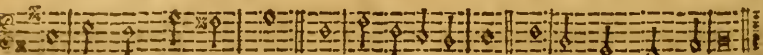
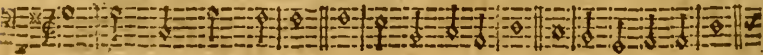
## PSALM CXI.

*A New Tune to the Old 111th Psalm.*

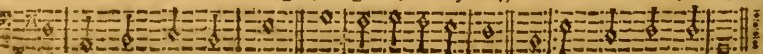
*A 2 Voc.*



**W**ith my whole Heart thy Fame, O Lord, I will proclaim in all the People's Sight:



The Works that thou hast wrought, are great, & duly sought of all whom they delight.



- 3, 4. God's Work is nobly vast,  
His Truth shall always last;  
His Works of wondrous Fashion  
Shall still be kept in Mind;  
The gracious Lord is kind,  
And full of sweet Compassion.
5. With Plenty he has stor'd  
Those who his Name ador'd;  
His Promise firmly stands:
6. His Pow'r he did express,  
And made his Saints possess  
The vanquish'd Heathen Lands.
- 7, 8. His Works are just and pure;  
All his Commands are sure,  
And shall endure for ever:

- In Judgment's Ballance weigh'd;  
And by the Model made  
Of Truth that varies never.
9. His People first he freed:  
Then, with the chosen Seed,  
A solemn League did frame;  
That they, for evermore,  
Devoutly should adore  
His holy, awful Name.
10. To fear th' Almighty King,  
Of Wisdom is the Spring;  
They only who persevere,  
His Precepts to fulfill,  
Have true and saving Skill:  
His Praise endures for ever.

PSALM CXXXI.

To the same Tune.

1. **T**Hou, Lord, my Witness art,  
I am not proud of Heart,  
Nor cast a scornful Eye.  
I have no vain Desire,  
Nor do my Thoughts aspire,  
At Things for me too high.
2. But with an humble Mind,  
Contented and resign'd,  
I have my self demean'd;  
All innocently mild,  
And peaceful as a Child,  
That from the Breast is wean'd.

3. Let *Isr'el* then like me,  
For Succour, Lord, on thee,  
With humble Trust rely;  
Make thee his only Stay,  
Ev'n from this present Day,  
To all Eternity.
- G L O R I A P A T R I.  
To God the Father, Son,  
and Spirit, Three in One,  
All Praise and Glory be;  
As 'twas in Ages past,  
Is now, and so shall last  
To all Eternity.

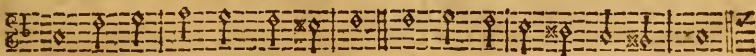
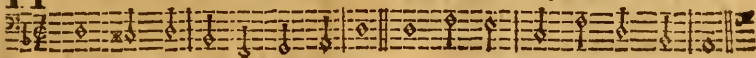
PSALM CXII.

The Old 112th Psalm Tune.

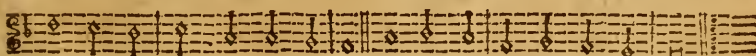
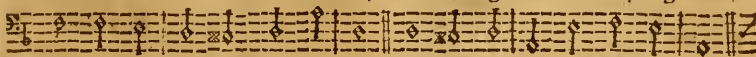
A 2 Voc.



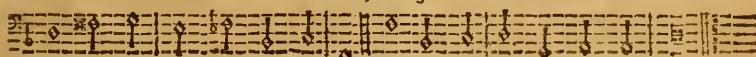
**H**OW blest'd is he, and on-ly he, who fears the Lord, and loves his Law!



His Seed on Earth renown'd shall be, and Blessings on their Offspring draw;



His House in Wealth shall never fail; His Justice shall his Heirs a-vail.



4. To him shall Light in Darkness rise;  
Kind, good and just, he gives & lend;  
5. While prudent Management supplies  
What he in Charity expends.  
6. The sweet Remembrance of the Just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust  
7, 8. Ill Tidings may assault his Ear,  
But never can his Heart surprize;  
Which, far above the Reach of Fear  
on God, his Safety's Rock, relies:
- Where seated in secure Repose,  
He sees the Shipwreck of his Foes.
9. The Poor he freely has reliev'd:  
His Truth shall last, his Honour grow;  
10. When Sinners, at his Triumph griev'd,  
Shall fret, & gnash their Teeth for Woe:  
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,  
And vanish with themselves away.

## PSALM CXXVII.

*To the same Tune.*

1. **I**N vain we build with vast Expence,  
Unless the Lord the Works sustain,  
Our Cities watch and ward in vain.  
2. Unless the Lord be their Defence,  
In vain we needful Rest forbear,  
And feed upon the Bread of Care.  
3. He freely on his Saints bestows  
Supplies of Life, for with Success,  
He does their daily Labour bless,  
And crowns their Nights with sweet  
(Repose).  
4. Children are Presents from the Lord,  
And sent as Piety's Reward:
- Like Arrows in a Giant's Hand,  
To Parents Safety they afford:  
5. The Man who has his Quiver stor'd  
With these defensive Arms, may stand,  
And bid Defiance to his Foes,  
Who him, at Law or War, oppose.

## GLORIA PATRI.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
(The blest Eternal Three in One)  
Be Homage and Obedience done,  
By Saints and Angels Sacred Host;  
As it has been in Ages past,  
Is now, and shall for ever last.*

## PSALM CXXXIV.

*To the same Tune.*

1. **A**LL you, who to the House of God,  
As faithful Servants have Access,  
2. And nightly wait in his Abode,  
Lift up your Hands in Holiness;  
And, with your Hands, devoutly raise  
Your Hearts and Voices in his Praise.  
3. Then by Commission from above,  
Bless you the People in his Name;  
And say, "The God of Peace and Love,  
Who did the whole Creation frame,  
" From Zion bless, for evermore,  
" Both you and yours, who him adore.

## GLORIA PATRI.

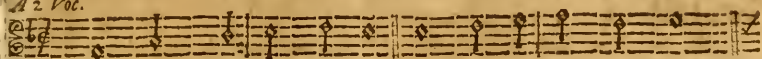
*To God Almighty, Father, Son,  
And Comforter the Holy Ghost,  
Be Honour, Worship, Homage done  
By Saints and Angels sacred Host;  
As 'twas in Ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.*



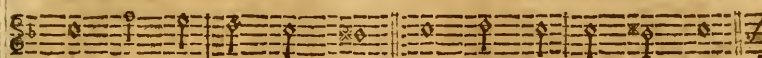
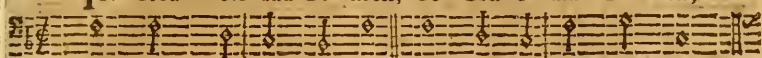
PSALM CXX.

The Old 120th Psalm Tune.

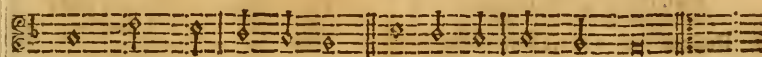
A 2 Voc.



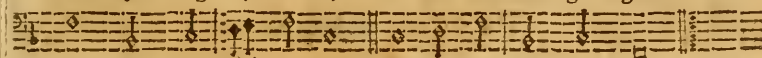
IN Trou—ble and Di—stres, To God I did ad—dress,



Who ref—cu'd me from Wrong; For Shel—ter, Lord, to Thee,



From ly—ing Lips I flee, and from the stand'ring Tongue.



3. Small Profit can accrue,  
But mighty Wrath is due,  
Perfidious Tongue, to thee:
4. Thy Sting on thee shall turn;  
Of Flames that fiercely burn,  
The Fewel thou shalt be.
5. With Grief, how am I press'd?  
A Sojourner distress'd,  
In Mesech's barren Soil!

- With Kedar Tents enclos'd,  
To Savages expos'd,  
And hourly made their Spoil.
6. My Dwelling is with those  
Who Peace and Love oppose,  
And Pleasure take in Harms:  
Sweet Peace is all I seek,  
But when of Peace I speak,  
They strait cry out, To Arms.

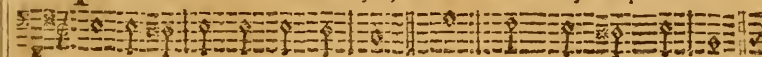
PSALM CXXI.

A New Tune to the Old 121st Psalm.

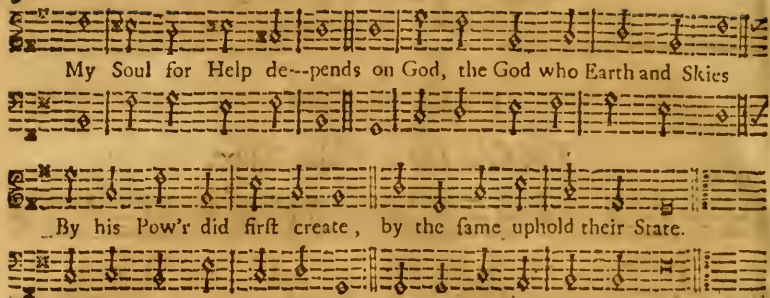
A 2 Voc.



TO Zion's Hill I lift mine Eyes, From whence my Help descends:







3. Thy God shall thee in safety keep,  
No Thunder can surprize
4. Thy Keeper's watchful Eyes.  
Our *Isr'el's* Shepherd will not sleep,
5. A true Guardian he will stand,  
With sure Aid on thy-right Hand.
6. No Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night,  
Shall ever do thee Harm,  
While his encircling Arm
7. Defends thee with resistless Might;

He shall thy dear Life protect,  
Evermore thy Ways direct.

### GLORIA PATRI.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Be all Obedsance done  
By Saints and Angels sacred Host;  
As 'twas, is, and so shall be,  
Henceforth to Eternity.*

## PSALM CXXIX.

*To the same Tune.*

1. **O**FT have they now may *Isr'el* say,  
2. Me from my Youth assail'd,  
3. But never quite prevail'd.
3. Oppress'd with cruel Wrongs, we lay;  
4. But the Righteous God reliev'd,  
And from Bondage us retriev'd.
5. Confusion, Ruin, most forlorn,  
Shall prove the wretched State  
Of all who *Sion* Hate.  
Untimely they shall fade, like Corn  
On the Tops of Houses seen,  
That decays as soon as green.
7. Which never for the joyful Day  
Of Harvest was design'd;  
For who will reap or bind?
8. When none that passes by will say,  
"May your Work have good Success,  
"God from Heav'n your Labour bless.

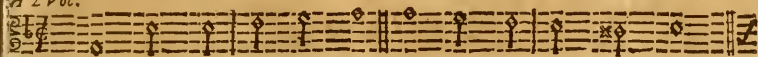
### GLORIA PATRI.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Be all Obedsance done  
By Saints and Angels sacred Host;  
As 'twas, is, and so shall be,  
Henceforth to Eternity.*

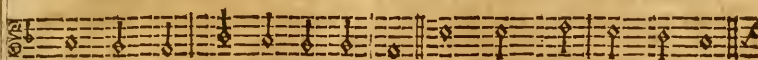
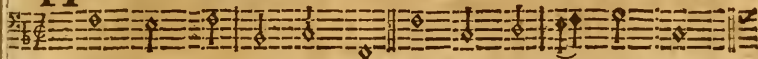
PSALM CXXII.

The Old 122d Psalm Tune.

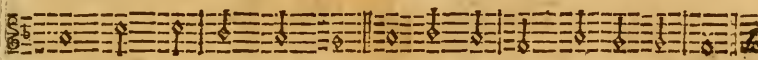
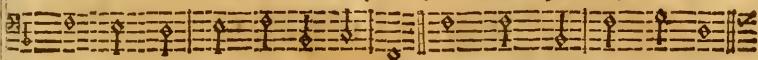
*A 2 Voc.*



**H**OW did my Soul re-joyce, to hear the Peo--plè's Voice?



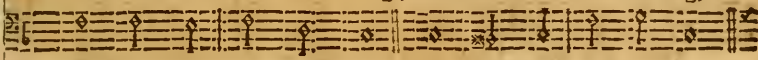
To Si--on's Courts let us re--pair: Je--ru--sa--lem, in thee



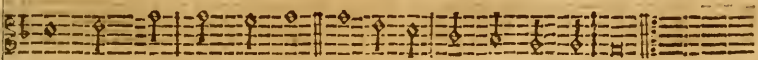
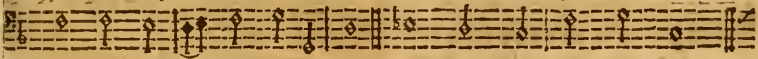
We shall af--sem--bled be, thou Ci--ty most compact and fair.



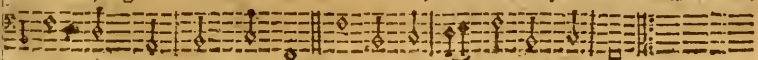
The Tribes shall thi--ther throng, Who to our God be-long,



To worship at his ho--ly Place; for there, with Ju--stice crown'd,



The Judgment-Seats are found of *David*, and his Royal Race.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>6. O pray for <i>Salem's</i> Peace;<br/>Their Blessings shall increase,<br/>Who hearty Zeal for Thee retain:</p> <p>7. May therefore Happiness<br/>Thy Palaces Possess,<br/>And Plenty in thy Streets remain.</p> | <p>8. For Friends and Brethren's Sake,<br/>Who in thy Joys partake,<br/>I'll seek thy Good, and wish thee well;</p> <p>9. But for the Temple, more,<br/>Where we our God adore, (dwell.<br/>And where our God vouchsafes to</p> |
|--|---|

## P S A L M CXXXIII.

*To the same Tune.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O 'Tis a joyful Sight!<br/>When Brethren do unite,<br/>And Hearts with mutual Love are fill'd!</p> <p>2. 'Tis like the Balsam shed<br/>On <i>Aaron's</i> sacred Head, (still'd:<br/>Which to his Garment's Hemm di-</p> | <p>3. Or like the Chrystal Drops,<br/>That early on the Tops<br/>Of <i>Herman</i> and Mount <i>Sion</i> shine:<br/>For <i>Sion</i> is the Place<br/>Of God's appointed Grace,<br/>The Seat and Spring of Life Divine.</p> |
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## P S A L M CXXIV.

The Old 124th Psalm Tune.

*A 2. Voc.*

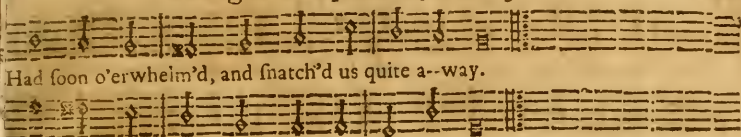
H A D not the Lord, (let thank—ful If—r'el say)

Had not the Lord been pleas'd to in—ter—pose

For our Re—lief, when Men a—gainst us rose;

Their swel—ling Rage, in that most dis—mal Day,

Had



Had soon o'erwhelm'd, and snatch'd us quite a-way.

But God be bless'd,  
his Praise we will declare,  
Whose Mercy did  
our sentenc'd Lives reprove,  
And from their Jaws  
the panting Prey retrieve.  
Our heedless Souls,  
by his most watchful Care,  
Are 'scap'd, like Birds,  
out of the Fowler's Snare.

The Snare is broke  
which they so closely laid,  
And we to Life  
and Liberty restor'd.  
Therefore on him,  
our ever gracious Lord,

We will rely,  
and still depend for Aid,  
On God, the God  
who Earth and Heaven made.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God most high,  
the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost,  
all Worship, Thanks and Praise  
Be now ascrib'd,  
as in the former Days  
From Time's first Birth,  
has constantly been done;  
And so shall be,  
when Time his Course has run.

PSALM LIV.

To the same Tune.

**T**O save me, Lord,  
thy Truth and Pow'r display;  
Hear my Complaint,  
and to my Words incline!  
Strangers, and such  
as fear no God, combine  
To make my Soul,  
my guiltless Soul, their Prey:  
But God will give  
my Friends and me the Day.

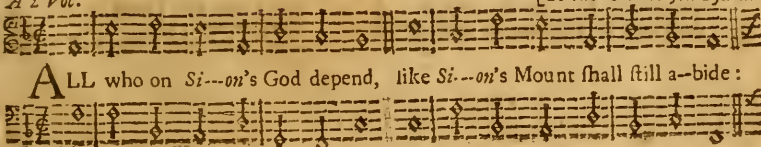
5. The God of Truth  
shall my false Foes requite;
6. Then to his Courts  
free Off'rings I will bring,  
To his bless'd Name  
with Praise and Comfort sing:
7. When he from Cares  
has freed my Soul outright,  
And my proud Foes  
dispers'd before my Sight.

PSALM CXXV. [First Metre.]

Fersey Tune.

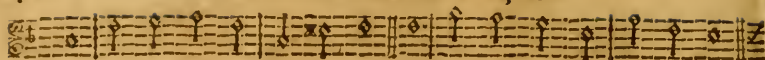
A 2 Voc.

[To the Old 125th Psalm.]

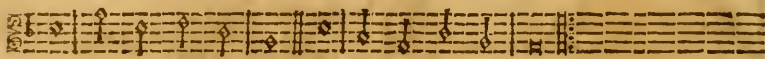
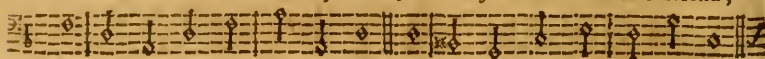


**A**LL who on Si--on's God depend, like Si--on's Mount shall still a-bide:

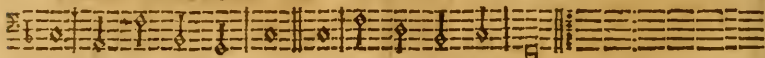




For as the Hills on ev'ry Side Je—ru—sa—lem's fair Gates defend;



So his surrounding Arm protects the Just from Harm.



3. Ungodly Tyrants may oppress  
The best of Saints, but ne'er prevail,  
To make their steady Virtue fail,  
Or seek base Means for their Redress:
4. For God will Grace impart,  
To all of upright Heart.
5. They who perversely turn aside (them  
To crooked Paths, the Lord shall  
With Reprobates to Death condemn:  
But Blessings for his Saints provide,

To make their Troubles cease,  
And crown their Days with Peace:

### GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
(The blest Eternal Three in One,  
Be Honour, Praise, and Worship done  
By Saints and Angels Sacred Host;  
As always was, is now,  
And ever shall be so.

## PSALM CXXV. [Second Metre.]

[To be sung to the Old Ten Commandments Tune, as Psalm LX. Page 16.]

1. **A**LL they whose Hopes on God (depend,  
Like *Sion's* Mount shall still abide:
2. For as surrounding Hills defend  
*Jerusalem* on ev'ry Side;  
So Day and Night,  
The Lord of Might  
His faithful People does embrace:  
And with strong Arm,  
From Fear and Harm,  
Will always guard his chosen Race.
3. Tho' Tyrants may sometimes prevail,  
They shall not them so long oppress,  
To make their Faith or Virtue fail,  
And seek base Means for their Re-  
(dress.
4. To those, O Lord,  
Who love thy Word,  
Do thou continue ever kind;  
To each true Heart  
Thy Grace impart,  
Let such thy constant Favour find.
5. All they who chuse the crooked Path,  
And wander in the Sinner's Way,  
The righteous Lord, incens'd to Wrath,  
Shall them with harden'd Sinners  
The Lord of Might (Slay  
Shall thus requite  
Those who against his Law rebel;  
But Truth and Peace  
Shall never cease  
Amongst his faithful Saints to dwell.



PSALM LIII.

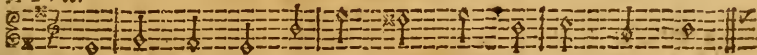
To the same Tune.

1. **T**HE wicked senseless Fool hath said  
Within his Heart, "There is no God.  
Corrupt they are, and all misled,  
Not one in Virtue's Way has trod.
2. The Lord look'd down  
From Heav'n his Throne,  
And all the Sons of Men did view;  
One Soul to find,  
Amongst Mankind,  
Who his just Will perform'd, or knew.
3. But all he saw were gone astray,  
All were become corrupt and base;  
Not one that walk'd in Virtue's Way,  
Not one of all the sinful Race.
4. Can they all be  
To that Degree  
Of Wickedness and Folly grown,  
That they, each Hour,  
My Saints devour,  
And God's Almighty Pow'r disown?
5. Therefore when quite of Fear bereft,  
At once with Shame and Death sur-  
priz'd,  
Their Carcasses on Earth were left,  
Contemn'd of God whom they de-  
spis'd.  
O would our God,  
From his Abode,  
March on, our Captive Sons to free!  
Could we survey  
That glorious Day,  
Then *Isr'el's* Joy compleat would be.

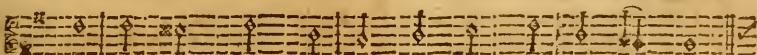
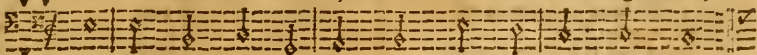
PSALM CXXVI.

A New Tune to the Old 126th Psalm.

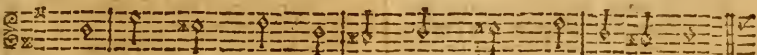
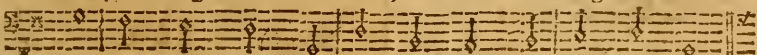
A 2. Voc.



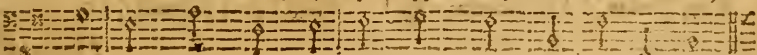
**W**hen *Si-on's* God her cap—tive Sons from Bon—dage freed,



A plea—sing Dream it seem'd, of what we long de—sire'd.

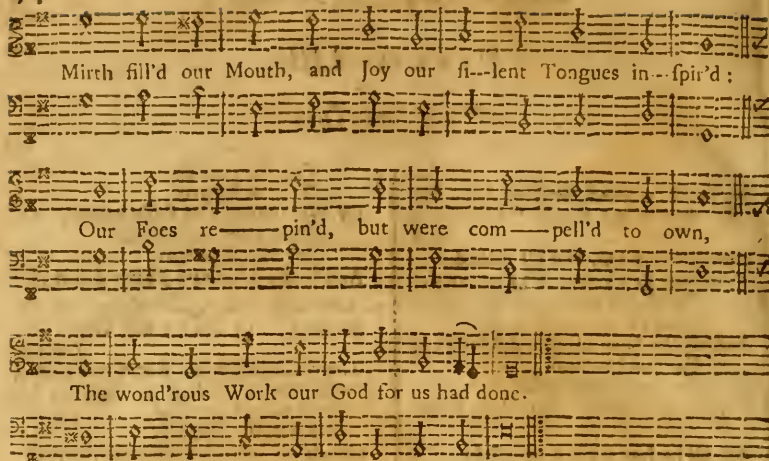


But when con—vinc'd, by hap—py Proofs, 'twas so in—deed;



G :

Mirch



3. 'Twas great, (said they) (strange;  
'Twas great, and most amazing  
What then should we, (Change?  
For whom he wrought the happy  
4. To us bring home  
The Remnant of our Captive Bands,
- More welcome far (Lands,  
Than Rain to parch'd and thirsty  
5, 6. Who sows good Grain,  
Altho' in Tears, shall come,  
And bring with Joy  
A full-ear'd Harvest home.

## P S A L M CXIV.

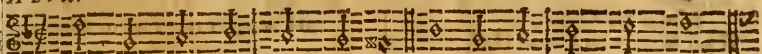
*To the same Tune.*

1. **W**hen *Isr'el*, who  
Had suffer'd cruel Bondage long,  
From *Egypt* march'd ;  
And pious *Jacob's* chosen Seed,  
From Men who spake  
A foreign and Offensive Tongue,  
By Miracles  
And most amazing Signs were freed.
2. The Lord of Hosts,  
From *Judah's* Royal Tent,  
Through *Isr'el's* Camp  
His Sov'reign Orders sent.
3. The frighted Sea, (with Awe ;  
And *Jordan's* Stream shrunk back
4. The Mountains skipp'd (Lambs ;  
Like Rams, the lesser Hills like
5. Why fled'st, thou Sea ? (draw?  
Why, *Jordan*, did thy Streams with-
6. What Terror seiz'd  
On you, O Mountains, that like Rams  
Ye skipp'd ? and why,  
Ye little Hills, did you,  
Like frighted Lambs,  
Your Leaders Flight pursue ?
7. Earth tremble on, (afraid,  
Well may thy Guilt make thee  
Before thy Lord  
And Maker's Presence to appear ;  
'Tis time, high time, (may'd,  
That Nature's Self should be dis-  
When *Jacob's* God, (near ;  
The mighty Lord of Hosts, draws
8. Whose Sov'reign Will  
Cou'd cancel Nature's Law,  
Turn Rocks to Lakes,  
From Flint a Fountain draw.

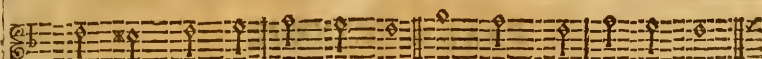
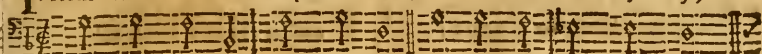
PSALM CXXX.

The Old 130th Psalm Tune.

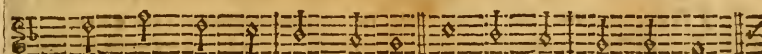
*A 2 Voc.*



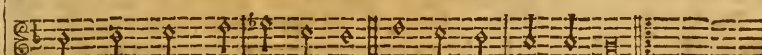
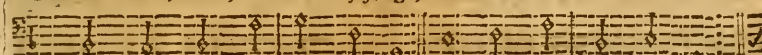
From the low—est Depths of Woe, to God I sent my Cry;



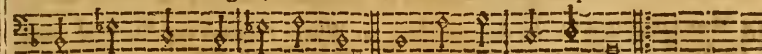
Hearken, Lord, to my Complaint, and gra—ciouſ—ly re—ply;



Should'ſt thou, Lord, fe-vere—ly judge, who can the Tri—al bear?



But thou doſt forgive, leſt we forſake thee thro' Deſpair.



GLORIA PATRI.

5. Lo! my Soul with Patience waits  
for thee, the Living Lord;  
All my Hopes are built upon  
thy never failing Word.
6. Iſr'el, in thy God confide,  
whoſe Mercies ne'er decay;  
Flowing Streams they are, to heal  
and waſh thy Guilt away.

To the Father, and the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghoſt,  
God ador'd by Saints on Earth,  
and by the Heav'nly Hoſt:  
Glory be, as always was  
in Ages heretofore;  
So 'tis now, and ſhall be ſo  
henceforth for evermore.

## PSALM LIV.

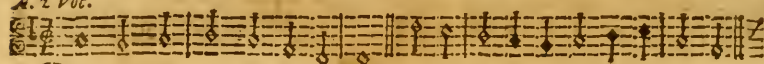
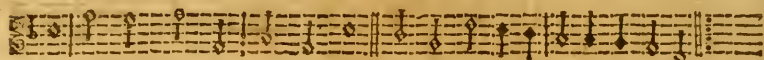
*To the same Tune.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. <b>S</b>ave me, Lord, for thy Name's Sake,<br/>and in thy Strength appear ;</p> <p>2. Judge my Cause, accept my Suit,<br/>and to my Words give Ear:</p> <p>3. Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,<br/>to ruin me design'd ;<br/>Cruel Men, who fear no God,<br/>against my Life combin'd.</p> <p>4. But the Lord vouchsafes at once,<br/>my Friends and me to guard :</p> | <p>5. The just God shall give my Foes<br/>their Falshoods due Reward.</p> <p>6. Then Free-Off'rings I will bring,<br/>with Comfort blefs his Name,</p> <p>7. Who has freed me from Distress,<br/>and brought my Foes to Shame.</p> |
|--|--|

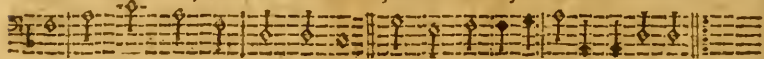
## GLORIA PATRI.

*To the Father, and the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost, &c.*

## PSALM CXXXVI.

*A New Tune to the Old 136th Psalm.**A. 2 Voc.***O** Praise the Lord, for he is good, for his Mercy endureth for ever.

The God of Gods, and Lord of Lords, for his Mercy endureth for ever.

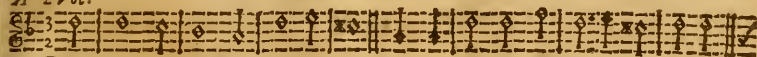


- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4, 3. Who wond'rous Works alone can do,<br/>for his Mercy endureth for ever.</p> <p>4. 5. Who by his Wisdom made the<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (Heav'n's,</p> <p>6. Who stretch'd the Earth above the<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (Seas,</p> <p>7. Who fill'd the Skies with shining<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (Lights,</p> <p>8. The glorious Sun that rules the Day,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c.</p> <p>9. The Moon and Stars that rule by<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (Night,</p> <p>10. All <i>Egypt's</i> first-born Sons he slew,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c.</p> <p>11, 12. And brought his People forth<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (with Might,</p> <p>13, 14. Thro' parted Waves, made<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (<i>Is'el</i> pass,</p> | <p>15. Where <i>Pharaoh</i> and his Host were<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (drown'd,</p> <p>16. Then thro' the Desert led our Tribes,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c.</p> <p>17, 18. Where great and famous Kings he<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (slew,</p> <p>19, <i>Sihon</i>, who <i>Ammon's</i> Scepter sway'd,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c.</p> <p>20. Gigantick Og, proud <i>Bashan's</i> King,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c.</p> <p>21, 22. And gave their Lands to his Elect,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c.</p> <p>23, 24. Thought on and sav'd us when<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (distress'd,</p> <p>25. With Food all Creatures he supplies,<br/>for his Mercy, &amp;c. (Heav'n,</p> <p>26. Give Thanks to God, the God of<br/>for his Mercy endureth for ever.</p> |
|---|--|

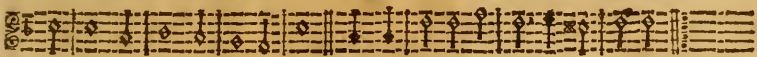


Another New Tune to the same Psalm.

A 2 Voc.



O Praise the Lord, &c.



A

# GLORIA PATRI:

To be sung to any Double TUNE of a PSALM  
of 8 and 6 Syllables.

**T**O God, our Benefactor, bring  
The Tribute of your Praise;  
Too small for an Almighty King,  
But all that we can raise.

Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,  
The God whom we adore;  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
When Time shall be no more.

The



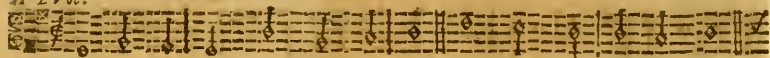
THE  
HYMNS;  
WITH  
TUNES

Proper to them.

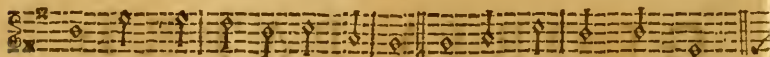
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Proper Tune.

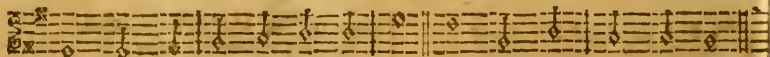
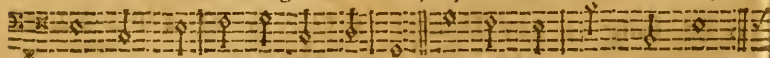
*A 2 Voc.*



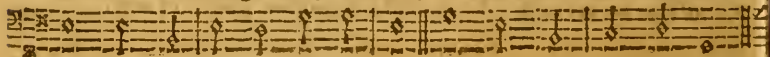
O God, we praise thee, and confess, that thou the on—ly Lord,



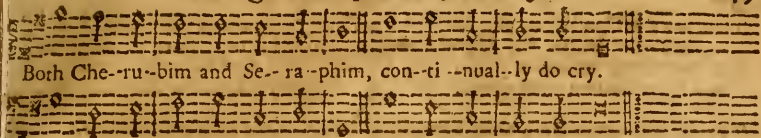
And e—ver--last-ing Fa-ther art, by all the Earth a--dor'd,



To thee all An--gels cry a--loud; to thee the Pow'rs on high,



Both



Both Che--ru--bim and Se--ra--phim, con--ti--nual--ly do cry.

O Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
whom heav'nly Hosts obey;  
The World is with the Glory fill'd  
of thy Majestick Ray.  
Th'Apostles glorious Company,  
and Prophets, crown'd with Light,  
With all the Martyrs noble Host,  
thy constant Praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the World,  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
That Thou eternal Father art,  
of Boundless Majesty.  
Thy honoured, true, and only Son,  
and Holy Ghost, the Spring  
Of never-ceasing Joy: O Christ,  
of Glory thou art King,

The Father's everlasting Son,  
thou from on high didst come  
To save Mankind, and didst not then  
disdain the Virgin's Womb.  
And having overcome the Sting  
of Death, thou open'dst wide  
The Gates of Heav'n to all, who firm  
in thy Belief abide.

PART II.

Crown'd with the Father's Glory, thou  
at God's Right Hand dost sit;  
Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge,  
to sentence or acquit.

O therefore save thy Servants, Lord,  
whose Souls so dearly cost:  
Nor let the Purchase of thy Blood,  
thy precious Blood, be lost.

We magnify Thee Day by Day,  
and ever worship Thee:  
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this Day  
for Sin and Danger free.  
Have Mercy, Mercy, on us, Lord!  
to us thy Grace extend,  
According as for Mercy, we  
on Thee alone depend.

In thee I have repos'd my Trust,  
and ever shall do so;  
Preserve me then from Ruin here,  
and from eternal Wo.

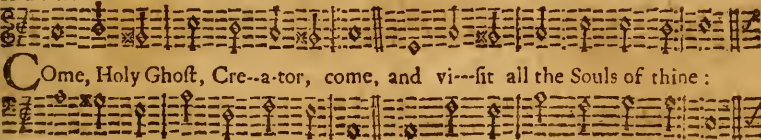
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

VENI CREATOR.

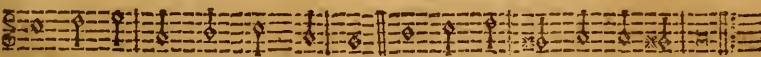
[First Metre.]

Proper Tune at Consecration of Priests.

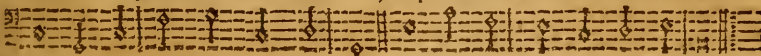
A 2 Voc.



Come, Holy Ghost, Cre--a--tor, come, and vi--sit all the Souls of thine:



Thou hast inspir'd our Hearts with Life; inspire them now with Life divine.



Thou art the Comforter, the Gift  
of God most high; the Fire of Love,  
The everlasting Spring of Joy,  
and holy Unction from above.

Thy Gifts are manifold; thou writ'st  
God's Laws in ev'ry faithful Heart:  
The Promise of the Father, thou  
dost heav'nly Eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark Souls, 'till they  
thy Love, thy heav'nly Love embrace,  
And (since we are by Nature frail)  
assist us with thy saving Grace.

Drive far from us the mortal Foe,  
and grant us to have Peace within;  
That with thy Light and Guidance blest,  
we may escape the Snare of Sin.

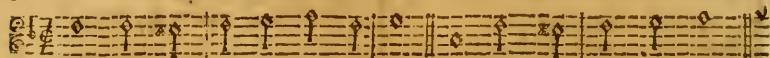
Teach us the Father to confess,  
and Son, who from the Grave reviv'd;  
And, with the Father and the Son,  
Thee, Holy Ghost, from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore may  
the Son, who was from Death restor'd,  
And Sacred Comforter, one God,  
to endless Ages be ador'd,

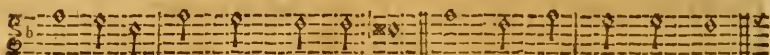
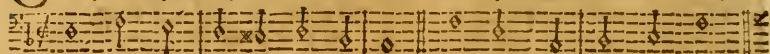
## VENI CREATOR.

[Second Metre.]

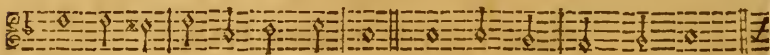
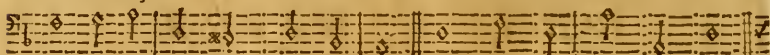
*A 2 Voc.*



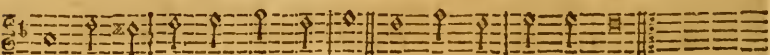
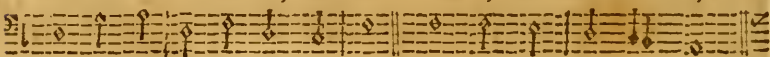
Come, Ho--ly Ghost, Cre--a--tor, come, in--spire the Souls of thine,



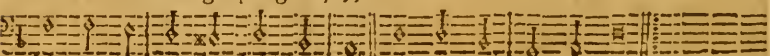
'Till ev'--ry Heart which thou hast made is fill'd with Grace Di--vine.



Thou art the Comforter, the Gift of God, and Fire of Love;



The e-ver-lasting Spring of Joy, and Unction from above.



My Gifts are manyfold; thou writ'st  
God's Laws in each true Heart:  
The Promise of the Father, thou  
doft heav'nly Speech impart.  
Enlighten our dark Souls, till they  
thy sacred Love embrace;  
Sift our Minds (by Nature frail)  
with thy celestial Grace.

Drive far from us the mortal Foe,  
and give us Peace within;  
That, by thy Guidance blest, we may  
escape the Snares of Sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,  
and Son from Death reviv'd;  
And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,  
who art from both deriv'd.

With Thee, O Father, therefore may  
the Son, from Death restor'd,  
And Sacred Comforter, one God  
devoutly be ador'd.

As in all Ages heretofore  
has constantly been done,  
As now it is; and shall be so,  
when Time his Course has run.

# B E N E D I C T U S.

Song of Zacharias, Luke I. v. 68.

Proper Tune.

*Ad. Voc.* [Or to St. Matthew's Tune, as Ps. 32.]

NOW blest'd be *Isr'el's* Lord and God, whose Mer- cy at our Need

Has vi—si—ted his People's Grief, and them from Bondage freed.

And rais'd in faithful *David's* House Sal—va—tion, which of old,

E'er since the World it self began, his Prophets had foretold.



To save us from our spiteful Foes,  
and keep his Oath in Mind,  
Which he to *Abr'am* heretofore,  
and to our Fathers sign'd;  
That we from Fear and Danger freed,  
his Temple may frequent;  
And all our Days, as in his Sight,  
in holy Life be spent.

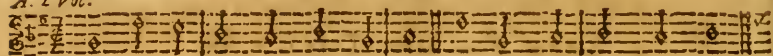
And thou, O Child, shalt then be call'd  
God's Prophet, to declare  
His Message, and before his Face  
his Passage to prepare.  
To give them Light, who now in Shades  
of Night and Death abide;  
And in the Way that leads to Peace,  
our Footsteps safely guide.

## MAGNIFICAT.

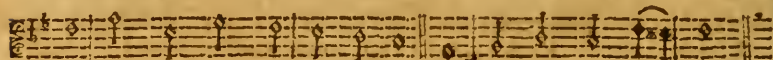
*Song of the B. Virgin, Luke l. v. 46.*

A New Tune.

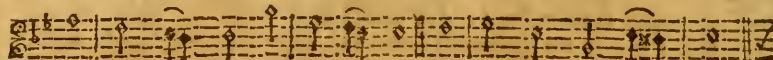
A. 2 Voc.



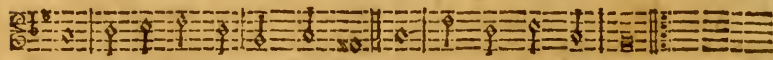
MY Soul and Spi---rit fill'd with Joy, my God and Sa---viour praise,



Whose Goodness did from poor Estate his hum---ble Handmaid raise.



Me bless'd of God, the God of Pow'r, all A---ges shall con---fess;



Whose Name is ho---ly, and whose Love, his Saints shall e---ver bless.

The Proud, and all their vain Designs,  
he quickly did confound;  
He cast the Mighty from their Seat,  
the Meek and Humble crown'd.

The Hungry with good Things are fill'd,  
The Rich with Hunger pin'd:  
He sent his Servant *Isr'el* Help,  
and call'd his Love to Mind;

Which

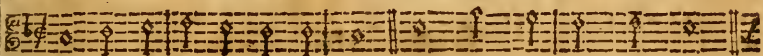


Which to our Father's, heretofore,  
by Oath he did ensure,  
To *Abr'am* and his chosen Seed,  
for ever to endure.

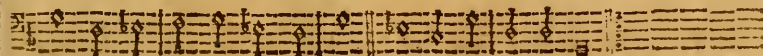
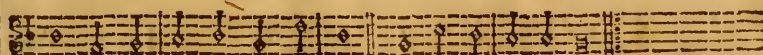
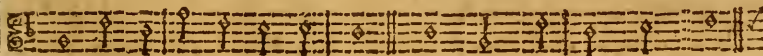
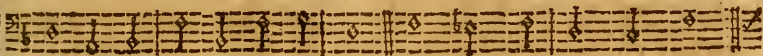
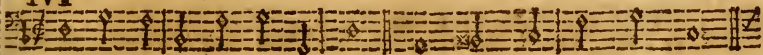
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

The Old Tune to the same Hymn.

*A 2 Voc.*



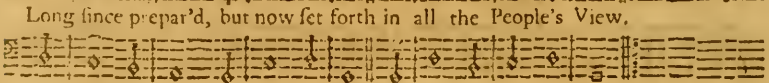
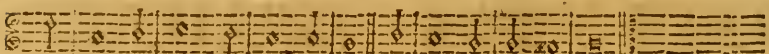
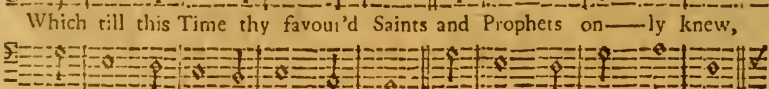
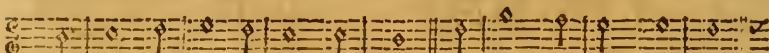
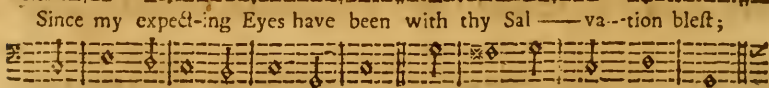
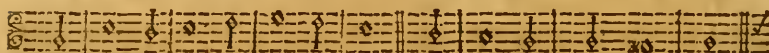
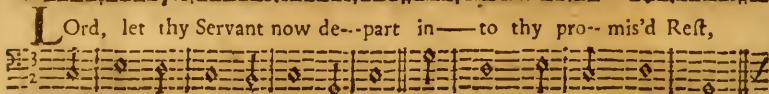
**M**Y Soul and Spirit, &c.



## NUNC DIMITTIS.

*Song of St. Simeon, Luke II. v. 29.*

Proper Tune.

*A 2 Voc.*

A Light, to shew the Heathen World  
the Way to saving Grace;  
But O, the Light and Glory both  
of *Israel's* chosen Race.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore,

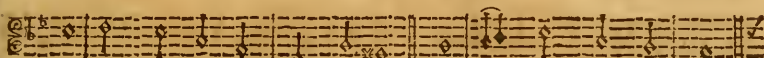
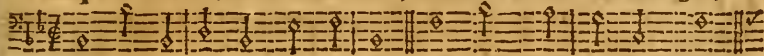
# The C R E E D.

## A New Tune.

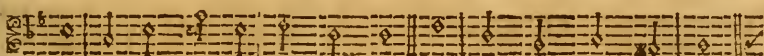
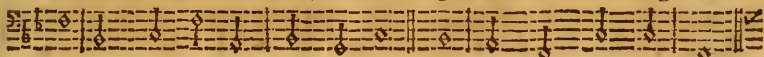
A 2 Voc.



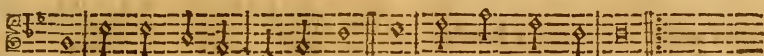
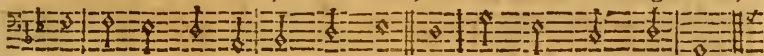
I Sted-fast-ly believe in GOD, the Fa—ther of all Might;



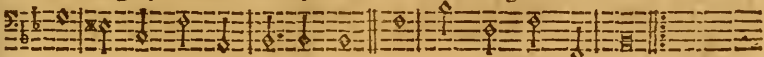
Who made this lower World, and all the glorious Worlds of Light.



And I be—lieve in Je—sus Christ, the e—ver—last—ing Word;



Th' Almighty Father's on—ly Son, and our most gracious Lord.



Conceiv'd by th'Holy Ghost, and of  
the Virgin Mary born;

By Pontius Pilate doom'd to bear  
most bitter Pains and Scorn.

Was crucifi'd; and, for a Time,  
both dead and bury'd lay;

Descended into Hell; and rose  
to Life on the Third Day;

Ascended up to Heav'n; and there  
at God's Right Hand is plac'd;

From whence he shall return to judge  
The Quick and Dead at last.

I likewise firmly do believe,

O Holy Ghost, in Thee;  
The Holy Universal Church,  
and Saints Community.

Forgiveness of repented Sins,  
(through Christ, our Sacrifice;)  
The Resurrection of the Dead,  
and Life that never dies.

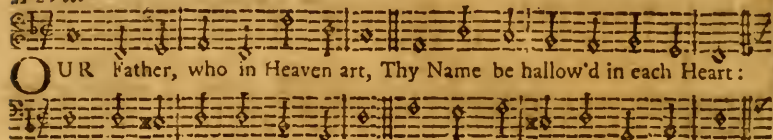
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

## The LORD'S PRAYER.

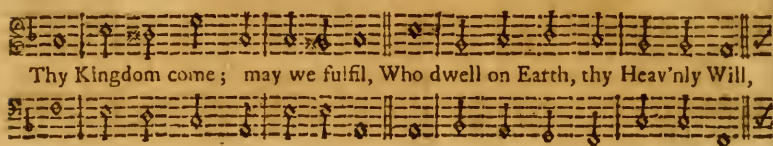
[ First Metre. ]

A New Tune.

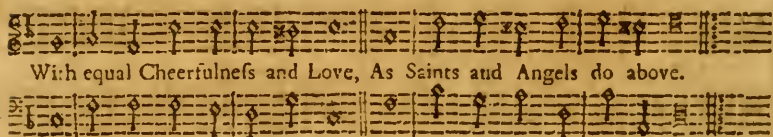
A 2 Voc.



OUR Father, who in Heaven art, Thy Name be hallow'd in each Heart :



Thy Kingdom come ; may we fulfil, Who dwell on Earth, thy Heav'nly Will,



With equal Cheerfulness and Love, As Saints and Angels do above.

Give us this Day our daily Bread ;  
 Us into no Temptation lead ;  
 But with thy Grace preserve us still  
 From Sin, and ev'ry Thing that's ill.  
 For thine the Kingdom, and the Pow'r  
 And Glory are for evermore.

## GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom all the Sacred Host  
 Of Saints and Angels do adore,  
 All Glory be ; as heretofore  
 It was, is now, and so shall be  
 To Ages of Eternity.

## The LORD'S PRAYER.

[ Second Metre. ]

*To the 119th Psalm Tune, or any other Tune of 8 and 6 Syllables.*

OUR Father, who in Heaven art,  
 all hallow'd be thy Name ;  
 Thy Kingdom come ; thy Will be done,  
 throughout this earthly Frame,  
 As cheerfully as 'tis by those  
 who dwell with Thee on high ;  
 Lord, let thy Bounty Day by Day  
 our daily Food supply ;

As we forgive our Enemies,  
 thy Pardon, Lord, we crave ;  
 Into Temptation lead us not,  
 but us from Evil save.  
 For Kingdom, Pow'r and Glory, all  
 belong, O Lord, to Thee ;  
 Thine from Eternity they were,  
 and Thine shall ever be.

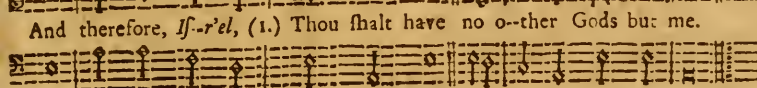
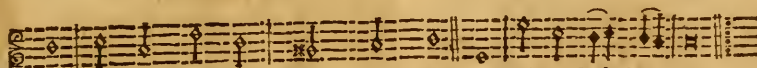
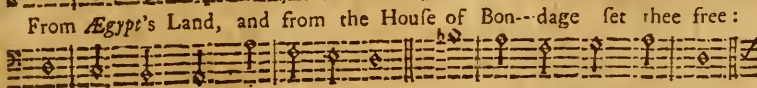
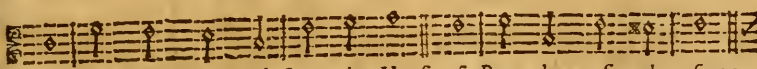
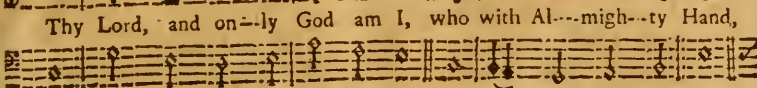
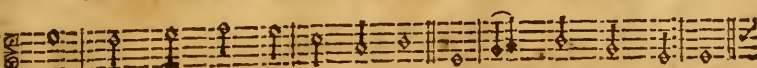
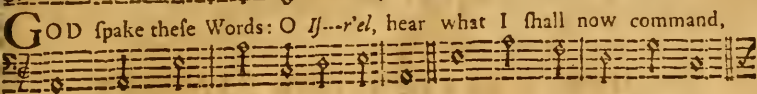
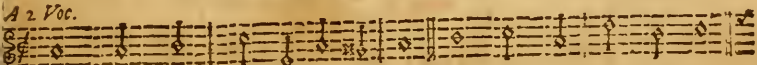
The



# The TEN COMMANDMENTS.

A New Tune.

A 2 Voc.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>(2.) Thou shalt no graven Image make,<br/>nor Likeness shalt thou feign,<br/>Of any Thing that Heav'n or Earth,<br/>or watry Deeps contain.<br/>Thou shalt not bow thy self to them,<br/>nor outward Worship pay;<br/>Much less shalt thou, in Heart, adore,<br/>and to an Idol pray.<br/>For I thy God, a jealous God,<br/>the Father's Sin chastize<br/>To third and fourth Descent, of all<br/>who are my Enemies.<br/>But Mercy do to Thousands shew,<br/>and bounteously repay<br/>All those who me sincerely love,<br/>and my Commands obey.</p> | <p>(3.) The sacred Name of God thy Lord<br/>thou never shalt prophane;<br/>For God will them nor guiltless hold,<br/>who takes his Name in vain.<br/>(4.) Remember thou the Sabbath Day<br/>to keep with holy Care;<br/>Six Days for Labour thou shalt take,<br/>to finish each Affair:<br/>But God, thy Lord, the Seventh Day<br/>his Sabbath did ordain,<br/>In which thou shalt from ev'ry kind<br/>of worldly Work refrain.<br/>Thy self, thy Children, Servants, then<br/>from Labour shall be free,<br/>Thy Cattle, and the Stranger, whom<br/>thou tak'st to dwell with thee.</p> |
|---|--|



For God thy Lord the solemn Space  
of Six whole Days did take,  
The Heav'ns, Earth and Seas, and all  
therein contain'd, to make;  
But rested on the Seventh Day,  
which, for that Cause, he blest,  
And sanctify'd it to be kept  
a Day of holy Rest.

(5.) Honour thy Parents, that thou mayst  
both long and happy live  
In that blest Land, which God, thy Lord,  
did for thy Dwelling give.

(6.) From Murder. (7.) From Adultery:  
(8.) And Theft thou shalt forbear:  
(9.) Nor falsely shalt in any Case  
against thy Neighbour swear.  
(10.) Thou shalt not cover House, or Wife,  
or Man or Maid of his,  
Or Ox, or Ass, or ought whereof  
he rightful Owner is.

*Have Mercy therefore on us, Lord,  
and all our Hearts incline,  
With Diligence and Care, to keep  
those righteous Laws of thine.*

## The LAMENTATION of a SINNER.

*To the same Tune.*

O Lord, turn not thy Face from me,  
who lie in woful State,  
Lamenting all my sinful Life  
before thy Mercy Gate:

A Gate that opens wide to those  
that do lament their Sin:  
Shut not that Gate against me, Lord,  
but let me enter in.

And call me not to strict Account,  
how I have sojourn'd here:  
For then my guilty Conscience knows  
how vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my Life  
to Thee, who best can tell  
What I have been, and what I am;  
I know thou know'st it well.

The Circumstances of my Crimes,  
their Number, and their Kind,  
Thou know'st 'em all, and more, much  
than I can call to Mind. (more)

Therefore, with Tears, I come to beg  
of my offended God,  
For Pardon, like a Child that dreads  
his angry Parents Rod.

So come I to thy Mercy Gate,  
where Mercy doth abound,  
Imploring Pardon for my Sin,  
to heal my deadly Wound.

O Lord, I need not to repeat  
the Comfort I would have:  
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,  
the Blessing I do crave.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask;  
this is the total Sum:  
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit;  
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.*

## SONG of the Angels, at the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour.

*Luke II. from ver. 8. to ver. 15.*

*To St. James's Tune, (Page 8.) or any other Tune of 8 and 6 Syllables.*

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks  
all feated on the Ground, (by Night  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
and Glory shone around:

" Fear not, said he, (for mighty Dread  
" had seiz'd their troubled Mind)  
" Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring  
" to you, and all Mankind:

" To

" To you, in *David's* Town, this Day  
 " is born, of *David's* Line,  
 " The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
 " and this shall be the Sign:  
 " The heav'nly Babe you there shall find  
 " to humane View display'd,  
 " All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,  
 " and in a Manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
 appear'd a shining Throng  
 Of Angels praising God, and thus  
 address their joyful Song:

" All Glory be to God on high,  
 " and to the Earth be Peace;  
 " Good Will; henceforth, from Heav'n to  
 " begin and never cease. (Men,

## For EASTER-DAY.

### [ First Hymn. ]

To *St. Anne's* Tune, (Page 14.) or any other Tune of 8 and 6 Syllables.

1 Cor. **S**ince Christ, our Passover, is slain  
 1. 7. a Sacrifice for all;  
 Let all with thankful Hearts agree  
 to keep the Festival:

Not with the Leaven, as of old,  
 of Sin and Malice fed;  
 But with unfeign'd Sincerity,  
 and Truth's unleaven'd Bread.

Rom: Christ being rais'd by Pow'r divine,  
 6. 9. and rescu'd from the Grave,  
 Shall die no more; Death shall on  
 no more Dominion have: (him

v. 10. For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins  
 he once vouchsaf'd to die;  
 But that he lives, he lives to God,  
 for all Eternity:

v. 11. So count your selves as dead to Sin,  
 but graciously restor'd,  
 And made, henceforth, alive to God,  
 through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 the God whom we adore,  
 Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
 and shall be evermore.

## For EASTER-DAY.

### [ Second Hymn. ]

To *St. Anne's* Tune, (Page 14.) or any other Tune of 8. and 6 Syllables.

(made  
 1 Cor. **C**hrist from the Dead is rais'd, and  
 15. the First Fruits of the Tomb;  
 v. 20. For, as by Man came Death, by Man  
 did Resurrection come.

v. 21. For, as in *Adam*, all Mankind  
 did Guilt and Death derive;  
 So, by the Righteousness of Christ,  
 shall all be made alive.

Colos. If then ye risen are with Christ,  
 3. 1. seek only how to get (Christ  
 The Things that are above, where  
 at God's right Hand is set.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 the God whom we adore,  
 Be Glory; as it was, is now,  
 and shall be evermore,

## Three HYMNS for the Holy Communion.

To be sung to any Tune of 3 and 6 Syllables.

### HYMN I.

#### Out of the Revelations of St. John.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>Ch.</i> 4. <b>T</b>Hou God, all Glory, Honour, Pow'r<br/>art worthy to receive, (made,<br/>Since all Things by thy Pow'r were<br/>and by thy Bounty live.</p> <p><i>Ch.</i> 5. And worthy is the Lamb, all Pow'r,<br/><i>v.</i> 12. Honour and Wealth, to gain<br/>Glory and Strength; who for our Sins<br/>a Sacrifice was slain.</p> | <p><i>v.</i> 9. All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd<br/>and ransom'd us to God,<br/>From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast,<br/>by thy most precious Blood.</p> <p><i>v.</i> 13. Blessing and Honour, 'Glory, Pow'r,<br/>by all in Earth and Heav'n,<br/>To him that sits upon the Throne,<br/>and to the Lamb, be giv'n.</p> |
|--|--|

### HYMN II.

#### Revelations, Chap. 19.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><i>v.</i> 5. <b>A</b>LL ye who faithful Servants are<br/>of our Almighty King (great,<br/>Both high and low, and small and<br/>his Praise devoutly sing!</p> <p><i>v.</i> 7. Let us rejoyce and render Thanks<br/>to his most holy Name;<br/>Rejoyce, rejoyce, for now is come<br/>the Marriage of the Lamb.</p> | <p>His Bride her self has ready made,<br/><i>v.</i> 8. How pure and white her Dress!<br/>which is her Saints Integrity,<br/>and spotless Holiness.</p> <p>O therefore bless'd is ev'ry one;<br/>who to the Marriage Feast,<br/>And holy Supper of the Lamb,<br/>is call'd a welcome Guest.</p> |
|---|--|

### HYMN III.

#### The Thanksgiving in the Church Communion-Service.

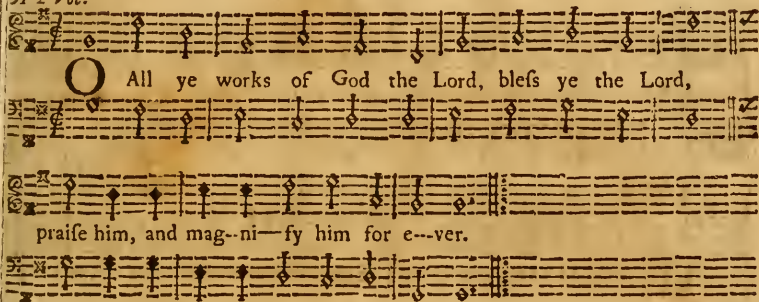
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>T</b>O God be Glory, Peace on Earth,<br/>to all Mankind good Will!<br/>We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,<br/>and glorify Thee still:</p> <p>And Thanks for thy great Glory give,<br/>that fills our Souls with Light;<br/>O Lord! God! Heav'nly King! the God<br/>and Father of all Might.</p> <p>And Thou, begotten Son of God<br/>before all Time begun;<br/>O Jesu Christ! God, Lamb of God!<br/>the Father's only Son!</p> | <p>Have Mercy thou, that tak'st the Sins<br/>of all the World away!<br/>Have Mercy, Saviour of Mankind,<br/>and hear us when we pray!</p> <p>O thou who sitt'st at God's right Hand,<br/>upon the Father's Throne,<br/>Have Mercy on us, thou, O Christ,<br/>who art the Holy One!</p> <p>The Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,<br/>whom Earth and Heav'n adore,<br/>In Glory of the Father art<br/>most high for evermore.</p> |
|--|--|

The SONG of the Three Holy Children.

*Benedicite, omnia Opera Domini.*

A New Tune.

A 2 Voc.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2. O ye the Angels of the Lord,<br>blefs, &c.   | 18. O let the Earth eke blefs the Lord,<br>&c.  |
| 3. O ye the Starry Heavens high,<br>&c.         | 19. O ye the Mountains and the Hills,<br>&c.  |
| 4. O ye the Waters above the Sky,<br>&c.        | 20. O all ye green Things on the<br>Earth, &c.  |
| 5. O ye the Powers of the Lord,<br>&c.          | 21. O ye the ever-springing Wells,<br>&c.   |
| 6. O ye the shining Sun and Moon,<br>&c.        | 22. O ye the Seas, and eke the Floods,<br>&c.   |
| 7. O ye the glist'ring Stars of Heav'n,<br>&c.  | 23. Whales, and all that in Waters<br>move, &c.   |
| 8. O ye the Show'rs and dropping<br>Dew, &c.    | 24. O all ye flying Fowls of th'Air,<br>&c.   |
| 9. O ye the blowing Winds of God,<br>&c.        | 25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle eke, &c.   |
| 10. O ye the Fire and warming Heat,<br>&c.      | 26. O all ye Children of Mankind, &c.   |
| 11. Ye Winter and the Summer Tide,<br>&c.       | 27. Let <i>Israel</i> eke blefs the Lord, &c.   |
| 12. O ye the Dews and binding Frosts,<br>&c.    | 28. O ye the Priests of God the Lord,<br>&c.  |
| 13. O ye the Frosts and chilling Cold,<br>&c.   | 29. O ye the Servants of the Lord, &c.  |
| 14. O ye congealed Ice and Snow,<br>&c.         | 30. Ye Spirits and Souls of righteous<br>Men, &c.   |
| 15. O ye the Nights and lightsome<br>Days, &c.  | 31. Ye holy, and ye meek of Heart,<br>&c.   |
| 16. O ye the Darknes and the Light,<br>&c.      | 32. O <i>Ananias</i> , blefs the Lord; blefs<br>thou the Lord, praise him, &c.                                |
| 17. O ye the Light'nings and the<br>Clouds, &c. | 33. O <i>Azarias</i> , blefs the Lord; blefs<br>thou the Lord, praise him, &c.                                |
|   | 34. And <i>Misael</i> , blefs thou the Lord;<br>blefs thou the Lord, praise him, and<br>magnify him for ever. |



## An HYMN on the Divine Use of MUSICK.

## A New Tune.

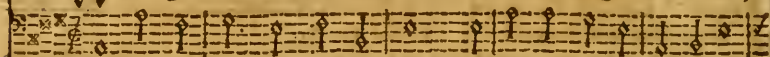
A. 3 Voc.



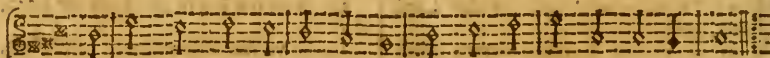
WE sing to Thee, whose Wisdom form'd the curious Organ of the Ear;



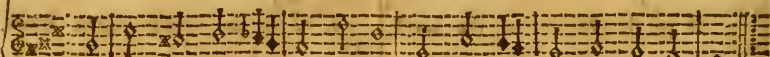
WE sing to Thee, whose Wisdom form'd the curious Organ of the Ear;



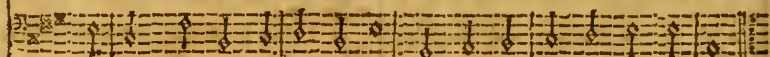
WE sing to Thee, whose Wisdom form'd the curious Organ of the Ear;



And thou, who gav'st us Voices, Lord, our grateful Songs in Kindness hear.



And thou, who gav'st us Voices, Lord, our grateful Songs in Kindness hear.



And thou, who gav'st us Voices, Lord, our grateful Songs in Kindness hear.

We'll joy in God, who is the Spring  
of lawful Joy, and harmless Mirth;  
Whose boundless Love is justly call'd,  
*The Harmony of Heav'n and Earth.*

Thy Praises, dearest Lord, aloud  
our grateful Anthems shall rehearse;  
Which rightly Tun'd, are rightly stil'd,  
*The MUSICK of the Universe.*

And whilst we sing, we'll consecrate  
to Thee that violated Art,  
In off'ring up, by every Tongue,  
with every Song a flaming Heart.

We'll hallow Pleasure, and redeem  
from vulgar Use our Tuneful Voice:  
Those Lips that wantonly have sung,  
shall be employ'd in nobler Joys.

Thus we, poor Mortals, here on Earth  
will imitate the heav'nly Quires;  
And in exalted Notes, we'll send  
in holy Hymns our rais'd Desires.

And that we may be sure above,  
when there we come our Part to know;  
We'll practise, both at Home and Church,  
our *Hallelujahs* here below.



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A  
T A B L E

OF ALL THE

*Psalms and Hymns*

IN THIS

SUPPLEMENT;

WITH

the TUNES proper to each of them, and the  
PSALMS adapted to each TUNE.

*To which is added,*

A TABLE of PSALMS suited to the *Feasts*  
and *Fasts* of the Church, &c.

ALSO,

ABLES of all the PSALMS of the  
*New Version* of N. Brady and N. Tate; the *Old Version* of  
T. Sternhold and J. Hopkins; and the *Version* of Dr. Patrick;  
directing what *Tunes* are fitted for each *Psalms*.

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the Whole made very Plain and Easy for all that delight  
in PSALMODY.

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**F**OR your *Instructions* to the Singing of these *PSALMS*,  
you are referr'd to the **INTRODUCTION**,  
plac'd at the Beginning of this Supplement, *Page v, &c.*

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✱ *Note:* All **P S A L M S** of *Prayer, Mourning, Distress, &c.* are to be sung  
to grave, flat Tunes; as *London Old, Bristol, Martyrs, Manchester, All-Saints,*  
*The Penitents, &c.* And all **P S A L M S** of *Thanksgiving, Praise, &c.*  
to airy, sharp Tunes, as *St. David's, London New, St. Mary's, St. Matthew's,*  
*St. James's, St. Anne's, St. Luke's, St. John's, &c.*

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# A TABLE OF THE SUPPLEMENT, &c.

**PSALMS** of the New Version, with their TUNES,  
in Order as they are placed, and the Psalms adapted  
to each Tune.

*Note, The Psalms and Hymns mark'd thus\*, have New Tunes to them.*

Pag.	Psal.	NAMES of the Tunes.	Psalms adapted to each Tune.
1	1	<i>Proper.</i>	
2	2	Cambridge.	10.
2	3	*St. Paul.	35, 56, 61, 64, 71, 85, 115.
3	4	Oxford.	
3	5	*St. Andrew.	23, 41, 125.
4	6	Briftol.	38, 61, 83.
4	7	London <i>Old.</i>	6, 22, 39, 56, 61, 79, 90, 129.
5	8	St. Mary, <i>alias</i> Hackney.	9, 33, 66, 84, 92, 98, 99, 105, 108, 135, 145.
5	9	Gloceſter.	
6	11	Martyrs.	2, 15, 35, 38, 74, 83, 124, 129, 134, 141.
6	12	Canterbury.	4, 17, 20, 23, 27, 55, 71, 78, 85, 125.
7	13	Windſor.	1, 41, 42, 54, 72, 102, 131, 146.
7	15	*Sion.	16, 24, 48, 84, 121, 125, 128.
8	17	Old 18th Psalm Tune.	
8	19	*St. James.	1, 8, 26, 41, 127, 128.
9	21	<i>Proper.</i>	
10	22	Salisbury.	64, 79.
10	25	Southwell.	31, 51, 67, 130, 142.

# A TABLE of

Pag.	Pfal.	NAMES of the Tunes.	Psalms adapted to each Tune.
11	26	York.	5, 10, 53, 58, 64, 75, 82, 94, 132, 143.
11	27	Norwich.	58, 109, 129.
12	33	*St. Matthew.	34, 99, 105, 108, 133.
12	34	Litchfield.	44, 52, 94.
13	36	*All-Saints.	28, 77.
14	39	*The Penitents.	6, 7, 22, 23, 74, 90, 102; <i>The 10 Commandments, and Lamentation of a Sinner.</i>
14	42	*St. Anne.	105, 126, 133, 135, 145.
15	48	Exeter.	59, 72, 99.
15	55	Manchester.	27, 28, 86, 102, 146.
16	60	Old Ten Com- mandments Tune.	
16	71	Old 68th Psalm Tune.	
17	77	Proper.	
18	81	Proper.	92, 122.
19	84	Winchester.	133.
19	86	Proper.	
20	88	Old 51st Pf. Tu.	69, 70.
21	92	*St. John.	30, 117, 118, 122, 133.
21	95	*St. Luke.	57, 101, 103, 104, 106, 111, 150; (Or as Pf. 100.)
22	96	*St. Martin.	
23	100	Proper.	18, 29, 32, 36, 40, 62, 65, 73, 89, 107, 114, 123, 144.
23	113	Proper.	37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 87, 91, 110, 120. (Or to the Old 112th Psalm Tune, Page 35.)
24	115	Westminster.	1.
25	116	Proper.	
26	117	St. David.	8, 9, 33, 66, 84, 92, 98, 99, 105, 108, 133, 135, 145.
26	119	Proper.	
27	130	*St. Giles.	25, 31, 51, 67, 142.
27	137	*St. Mark.	14, 80. (Or as Psalm 100.)
28	140	Old 137th Pf. T.	
28	142	*St. Thomas.	25, 31, 51, 67, 130.
29	147	London New.	9, 24, 99, 116.
29	148	Proper.	
30	149	*To the 67th Psalm Tune in Particular Measures, Pag. 33.	
49		Veni Creator, } (1st Metre.) }	43, 47, 68, 103, 111, 112, 139. (Or as Pf. 100.)

# the SUPPLEMENT, &c.

**PSALMS** in Particular Measures; which make up the whole Variety in the Old Version of Tho. Sternhold and J. Hopkins.

Pag.	Psalms in Particular Measures.	The Tunes to each Psalm.
31	{ * Pfal. 47 }	<i>The Old 50th Psalm Tune; and a New Tune to the same Psalm.</i>
32		
33		
33	93 }	<i>To the 149th Psalm of the New Version, and the 104th of the Old.</i>
33	117 }	
33	*Pfalms 67 }	
34	117 }	<i>To the Old 111th Psalm.</i>
34	*Pfalms 111 }	
35	131 }	
35	Pfalms 112 }	<i>Old 112th Psalm Tune.</i>
36	127 }	
36	134 }	
37	Pfalms 120 —	<i>Old 120th Psalm Tune.</i>
37	*Pfalms 121 }	
38	129 }	
39	Pfalms 122 }	<i>Old 122d Psalm Tune.</i>
40	133 }	
40	Pfalms 124 }	
41	54 }	<i>Old 124th Psalm Tune.</i>
41	*Pfalms 125 }	
41	(1st Metre) }	
42	Pfalms 125 }	<i>JERSEY Tune: To the Old 125th Psalm.</i>
42	(2d Metre) }	
43	Pfalms 53 }	
43	*Pfalms 126 }	<i>To the Old Ten Commandments Tune, Page 16.</i>
44	114 }	
45	Pfalms 130 }	
46	54 }	<i>Old 130th Psalm Tune.</i>
46	{ **Pfal. 136 —	
47		
47	A Double Gloria Patri of 8 and 6 Syllables.	



# A TABLE of

## The HYMNS.

Pag.	NAMES of the Hymns.	The Tunes proper to them.
48	<i>Te Deum Laudamus</i>	Proper.
49	<i>Veni Creator</i> , (First Metre.)	Proper, at Consecration of Priests.
50	<i>Veni Creator</i> . (2d Met.)	Proper.
51	<i>Benedictus</i> .	Proper.
52	{ * <i>Magnificat</i> .	New Tune, and the Old Proper Tune.
53	<i>Nunc Dimittis</i> ,	
54	* <i>Credo</i> ,	Proper.
55	* <i>Lord's Prayer</i> ,	119th Psalm Tune, or any other of 8 and 6 Syllables.
56	(First Metre.) }	
56	<i>Lord's Prayer</i> ,	
	(Second Metre.) }	
57	* <i>Ten Commandments</i> .	To St. JAMES's Tune, Pag. 8. or any other of 8 and 6 Syllables.
58	<i>Lamentation of a Sinner</i> .	
58	<i>Song of the Angels at our Saviour's Nativity</i> .	
59	<i>For Easter-Day</i> ,	To St. ANNE's Tune, Pag. 14. or any other of 8 and 6 Syllables.
	(First Hymn.) }	
59	<i>For Easter-Day</i> ,	To any Tune of a Psalm or Hymn of 8 and 6 Syllables.
	(Second Hymn.) }	
60	1 <i>Hymn for the</i>	
60	2 <i>d Holy Com-</i>	To any Tune of a Psalm or Hymn of 8 and 6 Syllables.
60	3 <i>munion</i> .	
61	* <i>Song of the Three Holy Children</i> .	A Tune in Three Parts.
62	* <i>Hymn on Divine Use of Mulick</i> .	

Proper PSALMS, suited to the FEASTS and FASTS of the Church, &c.

For CHRISTMAS-Day.

PSALM 2. from Verse 5, to the End. Ps. 45. v. 6, 7. Ps. 89. v. 26, 27, 28, 29. Ps. 110. Ps. 118. v. 19, to the End. The Song of the Angels, &c.

For Ash-Wednesday, or in any Time of Lent.

Psalm 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143.

For

# the SUPPLEMENT, &c.

*For Good-Friday, or Passion Week.*

Psalms 2. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 22. v. 4, to 9. and v. 14, to 20. Ps. 31. v. 11, to 15. Ps. 35. v. 11, 12. Ps. 40. v. 5, to 11. Ps. 54. Ps. 69, 70, 88.

*For Easter-Day.*

Psalms 16. v. 8, 9, 10, 11. Ps. 45. v. 6, 7. Ps. 89. v. 5, 6, 7, 8. Ps. 118. v. 19, to 26. *Easter Hymns. Te Deum.*

*For Ascension-Day, or the Sunday after.*

Psalms 24, 47, 68, 97, 99, 108.

*For Whitsunday.*

Psalms 48. Ps. 51. v. 10, 11, 12. Ps. 68. v. 11, to 23. Ps. 104. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 122. Ps. 143. v. 10, 11. *The Creed. Veni Creator.*

*For Trinity-Sunday.*

Psalms 33. v. 4, 5, 6, 7. Ps. 81. Ps. 136. v. 4, to 10. *Te Deum.*

*For the 30th of January, being the Day of the Martyrdom of King Charles I.*

Psalms 7. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Ps. 25. v. 19, 20, 21, 22. Ps. 41. v. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Ps. 56. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Ps. 59. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 94. v. 20, 21. Ps. 140. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

*On a KING or QUEEN's Accession to the Crown.*

Psalms 18. v. 43, 44, 45, 46. Ps. 21. the 4 first Staves. Ps. 28. the last Verses. Ps. 45. the 5 last Verses. Ps. 101, 121.

*For the 29th of May.*

Psalms 18. v. 15, 16, 17, 18. Ps. 66. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 126.

*For the 5th of November.*

Psalms 7. the two last Staves. Ps. 124, 126, 129.

*In Time of Conspiracy and Rebellion.*

Psalms 5. v. 9, to the End. Ps. 10, 17, 27, 28, 31, 33, 35, 44, 46, 49, 52, 54, 55, 57, 59, 60, 62, 64, 68, 71, 74, 79, 83, 109, 140, 141.

*On a Publick Fast in Time of War.*

Psalms 20. the 3 first Staves. Ps. 33. the 2 last Staves. Ps. 68. v. 1, 2, 3. Ps. 74. v. 22, 23. Ps. 79. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Ps. 81. the 2 last Staves. Ps. 144. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

*When bad Success.*

Psalms 44. v. 9, to 15. and v. 23, 24, 25, 26. Ps. 74. v. 10, to 15. Ps. 81. the 2 last Staves. Ps. 108. v. 11, 12, 13.

*Thanksgiving for a Victory.*

Psalms 9. the 3 first Staves. Ps. 18. v. 37, to 43. and the 5 last Verses. Ps. 20. the two last Staves. Ps. 21. the two last Staves. Ps. 28. the two last Staves. Ps. 68. v. 11, 12. Ps. 78. v. 65, 66. Ps. 98. v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Ps. 118.

*Thanksgiving Psalms in General.*

Psalms 33, 66, 81, 84, 92, 95, 96, 98, 100, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 113, 117, 118, 135, 136, 138, 145, 147, 148, 150.

*The Excellency of God's Word.*

Psalms 12, 19, 119.

*The Blessed Man described.*

Psalms 1, 15, 24, 32, 92, 112, 119, 128.

*For the Holy Sacrament.*

Psalms 23. Ps. 26. v. 6, 7. Ps. 27. v. 4, 5, 7, 8, 9. Ps. 36. v. 5, to 11. Ps. 42. v. 1, 2. Ps. 43. v. 3, 4, 5. Ps. 84, 103, 116, 122. And Hymns for the Sacrament.

Whether in *Adversity* or *Prosperity*, often sing the *SONG of the Three Holy Children*; in which, all *Creatures* or *Things* that have Breath are invited to give *GOD Praise.*

# A TABLE of

## *A TABLE of the Whole Book of PSALMS of the New Version of Dr. Brady and Mr. Tate; and what Tunes in this Supplement may be sung to each Psalm.*

*The 94 Psalms following, of 8 Syllables each in the First and Third Lines, and 6 Syllables each in the Second and Fourth Lines, may be sung to any Tune of the same Measure; (viz.)*

**P** SALM 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30, 33, 34, 35, 38, 39, 41, 42, 44, 45, 48, 49, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 61, 64, 66, 71, 72, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 90, 92, 94, 98, 99, 102, 105, 108, 109, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119 (to its proper Tune), 121, 122, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 138, 140, 141, 143, 145, 146, 147.

*The 37 Psalms following, of 8 Syllables each Line, to any Tune of the same Measure; (viz.)*

Psalms 14, 18, 29, 32, 36, 40, 43, 47, 57, 60, 62, 65, 68, 69, 70, 73, 80, 88, 89, 93, 95, 96, 97, 100 (to its proper Tune), 101, 103, 104, 106, 107, 111, 112, 114, 123, 137, 139, 144, 150.

*Nineteen Psalms in different Metres, and what Tunes are proper to each of them; (viz.)*

Psalms 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142; are to be sung to the following Tunes only, as Southwell, St. Giles, and St. Thomas.

Psalms 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 87, 91, 110, 113, 120; to the Proper Tune of Psalm 113, or to the Old 112th.

Psalms 136, 148; to the 148th Psalm Tune.

Psalms 149; to the 67th Psalm Tune in the Psalms of Particular Measures.

## *A TABLE of the Whole Book of PSALMS of the Old Version of T. Sternhold and J. Hopkins; the Tunes in this Supplement being fitted to each Psalm.*

*The 129 Psalms following, of 8 and 6 Syllables, may be sung to any Tune of the same Measure in this Supplement; (viz.)*

**P** SALM 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51 (2d Metre), 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119 (to its Proper Tune), 123, 128, 129, 131, 132, 133, 135, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 149, 150.

*The 2 Psalms following, to any Tune of a Psalm of 8 Syllables each Line; (viz.)*

Psalms 51; and Ps. 100, (which commonly is sung to its Proper Tune.)

## the SUPPLEMENT, &c.

*The 9 Psalms following in different Metres, and what Tunes are proper to each of them; (viz.)*

Psalms 25, 45, 2d Metre of Psalm 50, 67, 70, 134; to Southwell, St. Giles, or St. Thomas's Tune only.

Psalm 113; to its Proper Tune.

Psalm 136 (2d Metre), 148; to the 148th Psalm Tune.

*The 15 Psalms in Particular Measures, the Tunes fitted to them being plac'd in Order in the Psalms of Particular Measures; (viz.)*

Psalm 50, 104, 111, 112, 120, 121, 122, 124, 125 (1st and 2d Metres), 126, 127, 130, 136

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*A TABLE of the Whole Book of PSALMS of Dr. Patrick's Version, the Tunes in this Supplement being fitted to each Psalm.*

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*The 55 Psalms of 8 and 6 Syllables, to any Tune of the same Measure; (viz.)*

**P**SALM 2, 3, 4, 8, 11, 15, 16, 19, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 28, 34, 36, 40, 46, 47, 50, 54, 56, 57, 60, 63, 64, 66, 75, 84, 86, 89, 92, 94, 98, 102, 105, 108, 111, 117, 118, 119 (to its Proper Tune), 120, 121, 123, 124, 128, 129, 131, 135, 138, 141, 142, 143, 146, 150.

*The 42 Psalms (2d Metres) of 8 and 6 Syllables, to any Tune of the same Measure; (viz.)*

Psalms 1, 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 23, 29, 30, 32, 33, 37, 39, 42, 43, 49, 51, 65, 73, 79, 90, 91, 93, 95, 96, 97, 100, 103, 104, 110, 112, 115, 116, 125, 126, 130, 133, 134, 139, 145, 147.

*The 81 Psalms of 8 Syllables each Line, may be sung to any Tune of a Psalm of the same Measure; (viz.)*

Psalms 1, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 23, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 51, 52, 55, 58, 59, 61, 65, 68, 69, 72, 73, 74, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 87, 88, 90, 91, 93, 95, 96, 97, 99, 100 (to its proper Tune), 103, 104, 106, 107, 109, 110, 112, 115, 116, 122, 125, 126, 127, 130, 132, 133, 134, 137, 139, 140, 144, 145, 147, 149.

*The 16 Psalms in other Measures; (viz.)*

Psalms 25, 53, 62, 67, 70, 71; to Southwell, St. Giles, or St. Thomas's Tune only.

Psalms 20, 82, 85, 101, 113, 114, and 2d Metre of Ps. 136; to the 113th Ps. Tune.

Psalms 135 (2d Metre), 136, 148; to the 148th Psalm Tune.

## F I N I S.

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### Advertisement.

**S**old by James Holland, at the Bible and Ball at the West-End of St. Paul's, London, Dr. Brady's and Mr. N Tate's New Version of the Psalms in large 8°, on a fair Character (for the Use of Clerks and Aged Persons) single, or bound up with Common-Prayer Books, with the Supplement, or without. The same likewise in 12°. All Sorts of Large and Small Bibles and Common-Prayer Books, bound in Turkey-Leather. A New Set of Cuts for the Common-Prayer, Engraven by John Sturt, [far Exceeding any done before,] and neatly printed both in 8° and 12°. A Compleat History of the Holy Bible, in 3 Volumes in 8°, adorn'd with above 150 Copper Cuts, curiously Engraven by John Sturt. The Duty of Man's Works; and Duty of Man, in all Sizes.







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